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VOLUME 19
PATMORE-PRESCOTT

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THE WORLD'S BEST LITERATURE

ST. MATTHEW

This portrayal of the saint is from a Latin copy of the Gospels, now in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin. It is sometimes called the "Great Gospel of Columba," but is better known as the "Book of Kells," of which St. Columba was patron. The book was written about 660 A. D. and was a treasured possession of the monastery, except for a short time in 1006 A. D. when it was stolen, until it came into the possession of the Bishop Usher. During the wars of Cromwell the book was confiscated and carried to England, coming later into the hands of Charles II, by whom it was given to its present custodian. The manuscript is a fine example of the Irish school of illuminating, showing the characteristic style of treating the human and animal forms.

UNIVERSITY EDITION
THE WARNER LIBRARY
IN THIRTY VOLUMES
VOLUME 19

THE WORLD'S BEST LITERATURE

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FOUNDED BY
CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER



NEW YORK
PRINTED AT THE KNICKERBOCKER
PRESS FOR THE WARNER LIBRARY COMPANY
TORONTO: GLASGOW, BROOK & COMPANY

1917

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CONTENTS

COVENTRY PATMORE, 1823-1896	PAGE
CRITICAL ESSAY, by Maurice Francis Egan	11179
Wind and Wave	11182
The Toys	11183
If I Were Dead	11183
To the Body	11184
Love Serviceable	11185
Sahara	11186
Married Life	11188
The Queen	11190
Wisdom	11191
Pathos	11192
 JAMES KIRKE PAULDING, 1779-1860	
CRITICAL ESSAY	11195
Pliny the Younger	11196
A Woman's Privilege	11200
Sybrandt Receives Back his Estate	11206
 PAUSANIAS, SECOND CENTURY	
CRITICAL ESSAY, by B. Perrin	11210
The Acropolis of Athens and its Temples	11215
The Temple of Zeus at Olympia	11218
 THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK, 1785-1866	
CRITICAL ESSAY	11223
From 'Maid Marian'	11226
 GEORGE PEELE, ? 1553-? 1598	
CRITICAL ESSAY	11258
Old Age	11259
David and Bethsabe	11260
From 'A Farewell to Sir John Norris and Sir Francis Drake'	11261

PHILEMON, MENANDER, AND THE LOST ATTIC COMEDY—*Continued* PAGE

Philemon: Peace is Happiness; Tears; Tyranny of Custom; Diversity of Character	11403
Menander: Desert a Beggar Born; Monotony; The Claims of Long Descent; The Poor Relation Goes a-Visiting; The Misery of Tyranny; Knowledge; Aphorisms	11405
The Arbitrants	11408 b

STEPHEN PHILLIPS, 1868-1915

CRITICAL ESSAY, by Brooks Henderson	11408 k
From 'Paola and Francesca'	11408 l
Ulysses and Calypso	11408 n

WENDELL PHILLIPS, 1811-1884

CRITICAL ESSAY, by George W. Smalley	11409
The Hero of Hayti	11412
Antiquity of Inventions and Stories	11424

PIERRE OF PROVENCE AND THE BEAUTIFUL MAGUELONNE

CRITICAL ESSAY, by Olga Flinch	11428
--	-------

PILPAY

CRITICAL ESSAY, by Charles R. Lanman	11437
The Talkative Tortoise	11440
The Golden Goose	11444
The Gratitude of Animals	11446
The Dullard and the Plow-Shaft	11447
The Widow's Mite	11449
What's in a Name?	11451
The Buddhist Duty of Courtesy to Animals	11453
Monkeys in the Garden	11456
The Antelope, the Woodpecker, and the Tortoise	11457
Prince Five-Weapons	11460
An "Example" of the Evils of Rashness	11463
The Lion-Makers	11470
The King and the Hawk	11471
The Ass in the Lion's Skin	11474
The Hare-Mark in the Moon	11475
Count Not your Chickens before they be Hatched	11479
The Transformed Mouse	11480
The Greedy Jackal	11482
"How Plausible"	11483
The Man in the Pit	11485

PINDAR, 522-? 450 B.C.

	PAGE
CRITICAL ESSAY, by Basil L. Gildersleeve	11487
First Olympian Ode	11492
Second Olympian Ode	11494
Third Olympian Ode	11497
Seventh Olympian Ode	11498
First Pythian Ode	11501

ALEXIS PIRON, 1689-1773

CRITICAL ESSAY	11506
From 'La Métromanie'	11507
The Others	11512
Experience	11512
Epitaph	11512

AUGUST VON PLATEN, 1796-1835

CRITICAL ESSAY	11513
Remorse	11515
Before the Convent of St. Just, 1556	11516
The Grave in the Busento	11516
Venice	11517
"Fair as the Day"	11517
To Schelling	11518
Voluntary Exile	11518

PLATO, 427-347 B.C.

CRITICAL ESSAY, by Paul Shorey	11519
From the 'Protagoras': Socrates and the Sophists	11530
From the 'Phædo': Socrates Prepares for Death	11535
From the 'Apology': Socrates's Remarks after Condemnation	11538
From the 'Phædrus': Mythic Description of the Soul	11541
From the 'Gorgias': Myth of the Judgment of the Dead	11545
From the 'Republic': Figure of the Cave	11549
From 'The Statesman': The Ideal Ruler Portrayed	11553

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS, ? 254-184 B.C.

CRITICAL ESSAY, by Gonzalez Lodge	11557
From 'Miles Gloriosus'	11563
Prologue of 'Casina'	11567
Prologue of 'Trinummus'	11568
Prologue of 'Rudens'	11568
Epilogue of the 'Captives'	11569
Epilogue of 'Asinaria'	11569
Busybodies	11569
Unpopularity of Tragedy	11570
Mixture of Greek and Roman Manners	11570
Rewards of Heroism	11570

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS—*Continued*

PAGE

Fishermen's Luck	11571
Plautus's Epitaph on Himself	11572

PLINY THE ELDER, 23-79

CRITICAL ESSAY	11573
Introduction to Lithology	11575
Anecdotes of Artists	11577
The Most Perfect Works of Nature	11581

PLINY THE YOUNGER, 61-? 113

CRITICAL ESSAY	11583
Portrait of a Rival	11586
To Minutius Fundanus: How Time Passes at Rome	11587
To Socius Senecio: The Last Crop of Poets	11588
To Nepos: Of Arria	11589
To Marcellinus: Death of Fundanus's Daughter	11591
To Calpurnia	11592
To Tacitus: The Eruption of Vesuvius	11593
To Calpurnia	11596
To Maximus: Pliny's Success as an Author	11596
To Fuscus: A Day in the Country	11597
To the Emperor Trajan: Of the Christians; and Trajan's Answer	11598

PLUTARCH, c. 50-120

CRITICAL ESSAY, by Edward Bull Clapp	11601
Pericles	11605
Coriolanus	11609
Plutarch on Himself	11632
Antony and Cleopatra	11633
Letter to his Wife on their Daughter's Death	11641
The Wife of Pythes	11645
The Teaching of Virtue	11646
The Need of Good Schoolmasters	11648
Mothers and Nurses	11649

EDGAR ALLAN POE, 1809-1849

CRITICAL ESSAY, by Frederic W. H. Myers	11651
A Descent into the Maelstrom	11655
The Fall of the House of Usher	11670
For Annie	11687
Song from 'The Assignation'	11690
The Raven	11691
The Bells	11694
Annabel Lee	11696
Ulalume	11698
To Helen	11700

POETRY OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

	PAGE
CRITICAL ESSAY, by John Erskine	11700 a

POLYBIUS, 204-122 B.C.

CRITICAL ESSAY, by B. Perrin	11701
Scope of Polybius's History	11705
Polybius and the Scipios	11707
The Fall of Corinth	11709

ALEXANDER POPE, 1688-1744

CRITICAL ESSAY, by Thomas R. Lounsbury	11711
From the 'Essay on Criticism'	11725
The Game of Cards	11731
From the 'Essay on Man'	11735
From the 'Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot'	11743
The Goddess of Dullness is Addressed on Education	11748
The Triumph of Dullness	11751
The Universal Prayer	11752
Ode: The Dying Christian to his Soul	11753
Epitaph on Sir William Trumbal	11754
Messiah: A Sacred Eclogue	11754

WILLIAM SYDNEY PORTER (O. HENRY), 1862-1910

CRITICAL ESSAY, by Stephen Leacock	11756 a
The Cop and the Anthem	11756 g

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED, 1802-1839

CRITICAL ESSAY	11757
Twenty-Eight and Twenty-Nine	11759
The Vicar	11761
The Belle of the Ball	11764

WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT, 1796-1859

CRITICAL ESSAY, by Francis Newton Thorpe	11767
The Melancholy Night	11771
The Spanish Arabs.	11779
The Capture of the Inca	11787
The Personal Habits of Philip II.	11794
The Spanish Moors Persecuted into Rebellion	11799

ILLUSTRATIONS

ST. MATTHEW

Illuminated manuscript *Frontispiece*

MORTUARY ROLL OF ST. VITALIS

Facsimile manuscript *Facing page* 11216

PETRARCH

Photogravure " " 11357

PLATO

Half tone " " 11519

EDGAR ALLAN POE

Portrait from wood " " 11651

ALEXANDER POPE

Portrait from wood " " 11711

WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT

Portrait from wood " " 11767

PHILIP II. RECEIVING A DEPUTATION

Photogravure " " 11796

COVENTRY PATMORE

(1823-1896)

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

COVENTRY KEARSEY DEIGHTON PATMORE was born at Woodford, in Essex, England, on July 23d, 1823. The best impression of the personality of this distinguished man may be found in the pages of the *Contemporary Review*. It was written by Edmund Gosse shortly after Patmore's death, which occurred in December 1896. It gives real insight into the character and accidental peculiarities of a great psychological interpreter.

In the last ten years, Patmore's intention and quality have begun once more to receive deserved attention and appreciation, attracted principally by his 'Odes' (in 'The Unknown Eros') and the strong mystical characteristics of his prose essays, 'Principles in Art' and 'Religio Poetæ.'

Patmore's 'Poems' (1844) attracted the attention of Lord Houghton. They pleased the Pre-Raphaelites, to whom he was introduced by Tennyson; and he contributed 'The Seasons' to *The Germ*, which was the organ of Rossetti and his colleagues. Patmore's poetic road was not smooth. 'The Angel in the House' had what Mr. Gosse calls a "rustic success." After that it became, in the mind of most readers, a work to be classed with Mr. Tupper's 'Proverbial Philosophy.' It included 'Tamerton Church Tower' (1853), 'The Betrothal' (1854), and 'The Espousal' (1856); the two latter he printed in 'The Angel in the House' (1858), to which he afterwards added 'Faithful Forever' (1860) and 'The Victories of Love' (1863). Then came 'Amelia' and 'The Unknown Eros' (1877).



COVENTRY PATMORE

His important prose works are 'Principles in Art' (1889), 'Religio Poetæ' (1893), and 'The Rod, the Root, and the Flower' (1895). Mr. Gosse laments the destruction of 'Sponsa Dei,' a "vanished masterpiece, not very long, but polished and modulated to the highest degree of perfection."

The reason why the sensitive and singular poet destroyed 'Sponsa Dei' may be inferred from the underlying motive of much of 'The Unknown Eros.' He was a mystic; he dwelt on the heights with St. John of the Cross, St. Teresa, and the English poet Crashaw. And his favorite theme was the spiritual beauty of the body redeemed by Christ from degradation. He found in the sacramental union of man and wife the truest and most glowing symbol of the union of God and man; as he says in his 'Scire Te Ipsum,'—

"God, Youth, and Goddess, one, twain, trine,
In altering wedlock, flamed benign."

If men knew the Christian mystics better, or many were able to comprehend them, the 'Sponsa Dei,' which concerned itself with human love as typical of the Divine, would not shock "the general reader." But though Patmore had a deep contempt for this undistinguished person, his conscience was scrupulous when it came to consider the moral effect of his beautiful revelation upon the weaker brethren, and so the last of his works was destroyed.

In his essay on 'Love and Poetry' in 'Principles in Art,' he expresses his sense of the relation of human love to life.—

"Every man and woman who has not denied or falsified nature knows, or at any rate feels, that love, though the least 'serious,' is the most significant of all things. The wise do not talk much about this knowledge, for fear of exposing its delicate edge to the stolid resistance* of the profligate and unbelieving; and because its light, though, and for the reason that, it exceeds all others, is deficient in definition. But they see that to this momentary transfiguration of life all that is best in them looks forward or looks back, and that it is for this the race exists, and not this for the race,—the seed for the flower, not the flower for the seed. All religions have sanctified this love, and have found in it their one word for and image of their fondest and highest hopes; and the Catholic has exalted it into a 'great sacrament,' holding that, with Transubstantiation,—which it resembles,—it is only unreasonable because it is above reason. . . . Nothing can reconcile the intimacies of love to the higher feelings, unless the parties to them are conscious—and true lovers always are—that for the season at least, they justify the words, 'I have said, Ye are gods.' Nuptial love bears the clearest marks of being nothing other than the rehearsal of a communion of a higher nature."

The poet who interprets this love is a seer, a mystic,—one who knows the meaning of hidden things, the heart of the mysteries; and "perfect poetry and song are in fact nothing more than perfect speech upon high and moving objects." Thus Patmore speaks in his essay on 'English Metrical Law.' He earnestly believed it; and though he was not in love with modern scientific methods, he was willing to put the form of poetry to any test, in order that the divinity of its spirit might be better understood and expressed.

"With this reprint I believe," he says, in the preface to the fifth collective edition of his 'Poetical Works,' "that I am closing my task as a poet, having traversed the ground and reached the end which in my youth I saw before me. I have written little, but it is all my best; I have never spoken when I had nothing to say, nor spared time or labor to make my words true. I have respected posterity; and should there be a posterity which cares for letters, I dare to hope that it will respect me."

Time has begun to show that Patmore had ground for his hope. The peculiar management of the catalexis in his odes has repelled many who do not seriously consider the relations of music and rhythm, to whom psychology as applied to poetical form does not appeal; and the boldness of his images, invariably borrowed from the Scriptures, or the mystical outpourings of saints madly ecstatic with Divine love, shocks folk brought up in those modern ideas of purity which he condemns. In his prose—marvelously effective and condensed—he is at times arrogant, intolerant, and always he is a reckless Tory. Nevertheless his poetry and prose are treasures, the value of which is becoming more and more apparent every day. With the author of 'Religio Medici,' the writer of 'Religio Poetæ' hated the multitude; he wrote only for the elect; and probably it would not please him if he knew that his fame is so rapidly spreading, that there are those of the multitude who respect and admire more in his work than 'The Toys,'—which long ago seized the popular heart, though constructed on that catalectic method which has caused some critics to pause when they had expected to go on admiring.

Coventry Patmore assisted Lord Houghton in editing the 'Life and Letters of Keats' (1848); he wrote a curious pamphlet, 'How I Managed my Estate' (1886); the 'Life of Bryan Waller Procter' (1877); and part of a translation from A. Bernard on the 'Love of God' (1881).

His odes revive a quality not found in English poetry since Crashaw; and his prose has, above all, that distinction which he so loved. He is fervent, sincere, exalted; and if we do not understand him in his highest moods, it is because we have not yet learned to look with undazzled eyes at the very face of the sun.

Maurice Francis Egan

WIND AND WAVE

THE wedded light and heat,
 Winnowing the witless space,
 Without a let,
 What are they till they beat
 Against the sleepy sod, and there beget
 Perchance the violet!
 Is the One found,
 Amongst a wilderness of as happy grace,
 To make heaven's bound;
 So that in Her
 All which it hath of sensitively good
 Is sought and understood
 After the narrow mode the mighty heavens prefer?
 She, as a little breeze
 Following still Night,
 Ripples the spirit's cold, deep seas
 Into delight;
 But in a while,
 The immeasurable smile
 Is broke by fresher airs to flashes blent
 With darkling discontent,
 And all the subtle zephyr hurries gay,
 And all the heaving ocean heaves one way,
 T'ward the void sky-line and an unguessed weal;
 Until the vanward billows feel
 The agitating shallows, and divine the goal,
 And to foam roll,
 And spread and stray
 And traverse wildly, like delighted hands,
 The fair and fleckless sands,
 And so the whole
 Unfathomable and immense
 Triumphant tide comes at the last to reach
 And burst in wind-kissed splendors on the deafening beach,
 Where forms of children in first innocence
 Laugh and fling pebbles on the rainbowed crest
 Of its untired unrest.

THE TOYS

MY LITTLE son, who looked from thoughtful eyes
 And moved and spoke in quiet grown-up wise,
 Having my law the seventh time disobeyed,
 I struck him, and dismissed
 With hard words and unkind,—
 His mother, who was patient, being dead.
 Then fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,
 I visited his bed,
 But found him slumbering deep,
 With darkened eyelids, and their lashes yet
 From his late sobbing wet.
 And I, with moan,
 Kissing away his tears, left others of my own;
 For on a table drawn beside his head,
 He had put, within his reach,
 A box of counters, and a red-veined stone,
 A piece of glass abraded by the beach,
 And six or seven shells,
 A bottle with bluebells,
 And two French copper coins, ranged there with careful art,
 To comfort his sad heart.
 So when that night I prayed
 To God, I wept, and said:—
 Ah, when at last we lie with tranced breath,
 Not vexing thee in death,
 And thou rememberest of what toys
 We made our joys,
 How weakly understood
 Thy great commanded good,
 Then, fatherly not less
 Than I whom thou hast molded from the clay,
 Thou'lt leave thy wrath, and say,
 "I will be sorry for their childishness."

"IF I WERE DEAD"

IF I were dead, you'd sometimes say, Poor child!"
 The dear lips quivered as they spake,
 And the tears brake
 From eyes which, not to grieve me, brightly smiled.
 Poor child, poor child!

I seem to hear your laugh, your talk, your song.
It is not true that Love will do no wrong.

Poor child!

And did you think, when you so cried and smiled,
How I, in lonely nights, should lie awake,
And of those words your full avengers make?

Poor child, poor child!

And now, unless it be
That sweet amends thrice told are come to thee,
O God, have thou *no* mercy upon me?

Poor child!

TO THE BODY

CREATION'S and Creator's crowning good;
Wall of infinitude;
Foundation of the sky,
In heaven forecast
And longed for from eternity,
Though laid the last;
Reverberating dome,
Of music cunningly built home
Against the void and indolent disgrace
Of unresponsive space;
Little sequestered pleasure-house
For God and for his Spouse;
Elaborately, yea, past conceiving, fair,
Since, from the graced decorum of the hair,
Even to the tingling, sweet
Soles of the simple, earth-confiding feet,
And from the inmost heart
Outwards unto the thin
Silk curtains of the skin,
Every least part
Astonished hears
And sweet replies to some like region of the spheres;
Formed for a dignity prophets but darkly name,
Lest shameless men cry "Shame!"
So rich with wealth concealed
That heaven and hell fight chiefly for this field;
Clinging to everything that pleases thee
With indefectible fidelity;
Alas, so true

To all thy friendships that no grace
 Thee from thy sin can wholly disembrace;
 Which thus 'bides with thee as the Jebusite,
 That, maugre all God's promises could do,
 The chosen People never conquered quite;
 Who therefore lived with them,
 And that by formal truce and as of right,
 In metropolitan Jerusalem.

For which false fealty
 Thou needs must, for a season, lie
 In the grave's arms, foul and unshriven,
 Albeit in heaven
 Thy crimson-throbbing glow
 Into its old abode aye pants to go,
 And does with envy see
 Enoch, Elijah, and the Lady, she
 Who left the roses in her body's lieu.
 Oh, if the pleasures I have known in thee
 But my poor faith's poor first-fruits be,
 What quintessential, keen, ethereal bliss
 Then shall be his
 Who has thy birth-time's consecrating dew
 For death's sweet chrism retained,
 Quick, tender, virginal, and unprofaned!

LOVE SERVICEABLE

From 'The Angel in the House'

WHAT measure Fate to him shall mete
 Is not the noble lover's care;
 He's heart-sick with a longing sweet
 To make her happy as she's fair.
 Oh, misery, should she him refuse,
 And so her dearest good mistake!
 His own success he thus pursues
 With frantic zeal for her sole sake.
 To lose her were his life to blight,
 Being loss to hers; to make her his,
 Except as helping her delight,
 He calls but accidental bliss;
 And, holding life as so much pelf
 To buy her posies, learns this lore:
 He does not rightly love himself
 Who does not love another more.

SAHARA

From 'The Angel in the House'

I stood by Honor and the Dean,
 They seated in the London train.
 A month from her! yet this had been,
 Ere now, without such bitter pain;
 But neighborhood makes parting light,
 And distance remedy has none.
 Alone, she near, I felt as might
 A blind man sitting in the sun;
 She near, all for the time was well:
 Hope's self, when we were far apart,
 With lonely feeling, like the smell
 Of heath on mountains, filled my heart.
 To see her seemed delight's full scope;
 And her kind smile, so clear of care.
 Even then, though darkening all my hope,
 Gilded the cloud of my despair.

She had forgot to bring a book.
 I lent one: blamed the print for old;
 And did not tell her that she took
 A Petrarch worth its weight in gold.
 I hoped she'd lose it; for my love
 Was grown so dainty, high, and nice,
 It prized no luxury above
 The sense of fruitless sacrifice.

The bell rang; and with shrieks like death,
 Link catching link, the long array,
 With ponderous pulse and fiery breath.
 Proud of its burthen, swept away.
 And through the lingering crowd I broke,
 Sought the hillside, and thence, heart-sick,
 Beheld, far off, the little smoke
 Along the landscape kindling quick.

What should I do, where should I go,
 Now she was gone, my love! for mine
 She was, whatever here below
 Crossed or usurped my right divine.
 Life without her was vain and gross,
 The glory from the world was gone;

And on the gardens of the Close
As on Sahara shone the sun.
Oppressed with her departed grace,
My thoughts on ill surmises fed;
The harmful influence of the place
She went to, filled my soul with dread.
She, mixing with the people there,
Might come back altered, having caught
The foolish, fashionable air
Of knowing all and feeling naught.
Or giddy with her beauty's praise,
She'd scorn our simple country life,
Its wholesome nights and tranquil days,
And would not deign to be my wife.
"My wife," "my wife,"—ah, tenderest word!
How oft, as fearful she might hear,
Whispering that name of "wife," I heard,
The chiming of the inmost sphere.

I passed the home of my regret.
The clock was striking in the hall,
And one sad window open yet,
Although the dews began to fall.
Ah, distance showed her beauty's scope!
How light of heart and innocent
That loveliness which sickened hope
And wore the world for ornament!
How perfectly her life was framed;
And, thought of in that passionate mood,
How her affecting graces shamed
The vulgar life that was but good!

I wondered, would her bird be fed,
Her rose-plots watered, she not by;
Loading my breast with angry dread
Of light, unlikely injury.
So, filled with love and fond remorse,
I paced the Close, its every part
Endowed with reliquary force
To heal and raise from death my heart.
How tranquil and unsecular
The precinct! Once through yonder gate
I saw her go, and knew from far
Her love-lit form and gentle state.

Her dress had brushed this wicket; here
 She turned her face, and laughed, with light
 Like moonbeams on a wavering mere.
 Weary beforehand of the night,
 I went; the blackbird in the wood
 Talked by himself, and eastward grew
 In heaven the symbol of my mood,
 Where one bright star engrossed the blue.

MARRIED LIFE

From 'The Wedding Sermon' in 'The Victories of Love'

LOVERS, once married, deem their bond
 Then perfect, scanning naught beyond
 For love to do but to sustain
 The spousal hour's delighted gain.
 But time and a right life alone
 Fulfill the promise then foreshown.
 The bridegroom and the bride withal
 Are but unwrought material
 Of marriage; nay, so far is love,
 Thus crowned, from being thereto enough,
 Without the long compulsive awe
 Of duty, that the bond of law
 Does oftener marriage love evoke,
 Than love which does not wear the yoke
 Of legal vows submits to be
 Self-reined from ruinous liberty.
 Lovely is love; but age well knows
 'Twas law which kept the lover's vows
 Inviolatè through the year or years
 Of worship pieced with panic fears,
 When she who lay within his breast
 Seemed of all women perhaps the best,
 But not the whole, of womankind,
 Or love, in his yet wayward mind,
 Had ghastly doubts its precious life
 Was pledged for aye to the wrong wife.
 Could it be else? A youth pursues
 A maid, whom chance, not he, did choose,
 Till to his strange arms hurries she
 In a despair of modesty.

Then simply and without pretense
Of insight or experience,
They plight their vows. The parents say,
"We cannot speak them yea or nay:
The thing proceedeth from the Lord!"
And wisdom still approves their word;
For God created so these two,
They match as well as others do
That take more pains, and trust him less
Who never fails, if asked, to bless
His children's helpless ignorance
And blind election of life's chance.
Verily, choice not matters much,
If but the woman's truly such,
And the young man has led the life
Without which how shall e'er the wife
Be the one woman in the world?
Love's sensitive tendrils sicken, curled
Round folly's former stay; for 'tis
The doom of all unsanctioned bliss
To mock some good that, gained, keeps still
The taint of the rejected ill.

Howbeit, though both were perfect, she
Of whom the maid was prophecy
As yet lives not, and Love rebels
Against the law of any else;
And as a steed takes blind alarm,
Disowns the rein, and hunts his harm,
So misdespairing word and act
May now perturb the happiest pact.

The more, indeed, is love, the more
Peril to love is now in store.
Against it nothing can be done
But only this: leave ill alone!
Who tries to mend his wife, succeeds
As he who knows not what he needs.
He much affronts a worth as high
As his, and that equality
Of spirits in which abide the grace
And joy of her subjected place;
And does the still growth check and blur
Of contraries, confusing her
Who better knows what he desires
Than he, and to that mark aspires

With perfect zeal, and a deep wit
 Which nothing helps but trusting it.
 So loyally, o'erlooking all
 In which love's promise short may fall
 Of full performance, honor that
 As won, which aye love worketh at!

THE QUEEN

To heroism and holiness
 How hard it is for man to soar;
 But how much harder to be less
 Than what his mistress loves him for!
 He does with ease what do he must
 Or lose her; and there's naught debarred. . . .
 Ah, wasteful woman! she that may
 On her sweet self set her own price,
 Knowing he cannot choose but pay,—
 How has she cheapened Paradise!
 How given for naught her priceless gift!
 How spoiled the bread and spilled the wine,
 Which, spent with due respective thrift,
 Had made brutes men and men divine!
 O queen! awake to thy renown,
 Require what 'tis our wealth to give,
 And comprehend and wear the crown
 Of thy despised prerogative!
 I who in manhood's name at length
 With glad songs come to abdicate
 The gross regality of strength,
 Must yet in this thy praise abate,—
 That through thine erring humbleness
 And disregard of thy degree,
 Mainly, has man been so much less
 Than fits his fellowship with thee.
 High thoughts had shaped the foolish brow,
 The coward had grasped the hero's sword,
 The vilest had been great, hadst thou,
 Just to thyself, been worth's reward:
 But lofty honors undersold
 Seller and buyer both disgrace;
 And favor that makes folly bold
 Puts out the light in virtue's face.

WISDOM

WHAT'S that which Heaven to man endears,
And that which eyes no sooner see
Than the heart says, with floods of tears,
"Ah, that's the thing which I would be!"
Not childhood, full of frown and fret;
Not youth, impatient to disown
Those visions high, which to forget
Were worse than never to have known;
Not great men, even when they're good;—
The good man whom the Lord makes great,
By some disgrace of chance or blood
He fails not to humiliate;—
Not these: but souls, found here and there,
Oases in our waste of sin,
Where everything is well and fair,
And God remits his discipline;
Whose sweet subdual of the world
The worldling scarce can recognize,
And ridicule against it hurled
Drops with a broken sting, and dies;
Who nobly, if they cannot know
Whether a scutcheon's dubious field
Carries a falcon or a crow,
Fancy a falcon on the shield;
Yet ever careful not to hurt
God's honor, who creates success,
Their praise of even the best desert
Is but to have presumed no less;
And should their own life plaudits bring,
They're simply vexed at heart that such
An easy, yea, delightful thing
Should move the minds of men so much.
They live by law,—not like the fool,
But like the bard, who freely sings
In strictest bonds of rhyme and rule,
And finds in them not bonds, but wings.
They shine like Moses in the face,
And teach our hearts, without the rod,
That God's grace is the only grace,
And all grace is the grace of God.
Their home is home; their chosen lot
A private place and private name:
But if the world's want calls, they'll not
Refuse the indignities of fame.

PATHOS

From 'Principle in Art'

PITY differs from pathos in this: the latter is simply emotional, and reaches no higher than the sensitive nature; though the sensitive nature, being dependent for its power and delicacy very much upon the cultivation of will and intellect, may be indefinitely developed by these active factors of the soul. Pity is helpful, and is not deadened or repelled by circumstances which disgust the simply sensitive nature; and its ardor so far consumes such obstacles to merely emotional sympathy, that the person who truly pities, finds the field of pathos extended far beyond the ordinary limits of the dainty passion which gives tears to the eyes of the selfish as well as the self-sacrificing. In an ideally perfect nature, indeed, pity, and pathos which is the feeling of pity, would be coextensive; and the latter would demand for its condition the existence of the former, with some ground of actual reality to work beneficially upon. On the other hand, entire selfishness would destroy even the faintest capacity for discerning pathos in art or circumstance. In the great mass of men and women there is sufficient virtue of pity, pity that would act if it had the opportunity, to extend in them the *feeling* of pity—that is, pathos—to a far larger range of circumstances than their active virtue would be competent to encounter, even if it had the chance.

Suffering is of itself enough to stir pity; for absolute wickedness, with the torment of which all wholesome minds would be quite content, cannot be certainly predicted of any individual sufferer: but pathos, whether in a drawing-room tale of delicate distress, or in a tragedy of Æschylus or Shakespeare, requires that some obvious goodness or beauty or innocence or heroism should be the subject of suffering, and that the circumstance or narration of it should have certain conditions of repose, contrast, and form. The range of pathos is immense, extending from the immolation of an Isaac or an Iphigenia to the death of a kitten that purrs and licks the hand about to drown it. Next to the fact of goodness, beauty, innocence, or heroism in the sufferer, contrast is the chief factor in artistic pathos. The celestial sadness of Desdemona's death is immensely heightened by the black shadow of Iago; and perhaps the most intense touch of pathos in all history is that of Gordon murdered at Khartoum, while his betrayer occupies himself, between the acts of a comedy at the Criterion, in devising how best he may excuse his presence there

by denying that he was aware of the *contretemps*, or by representing his news of it as non-official. The singer of Fair Rosamund's sorrows knew the value of contrast when he sang:—

“Hard was the heart that gave the blow,
Soft were the lips that bled.”

Every one knows how irresistible are a pretty woman's tears.

“Naught is there under heaven's wide hollowness
That moves more dear compassion of mind
Than beauty brought to unworthy wretchedness.”

It is partly the contrast of beauty, which is the natural appanage of happiness, that renders her tears so pathetic; but it is still more the way in which she is given to smiling through them. The author of the ‘Rhetoric’ shows his usual incomparable subtilty of observation when he notes that a little good coming upon or in the midst of extremity of evil is a source of the sharpest pathos; and when the shaft of a passionate female sorrow is feathered with beauty and pointed with a smile, there is no heart that can refuse her her will. In absolute and uncontrolled suffering there is no pathos. Nothing in the ‘Inferno’ has this quality except the passage of Paolo and Francesca, still embracing, through the fiery drift. It is the embrace that makes the pathos, “tempering extremities with extreme sweet,” or at least with the memory of it. Our present sorrows generally owe their grace of pathos to their “crown,” which is “remembering happier things.” No one weeps in sympathy with the “base self-pitying tears” of Thersites, or with those of any whose grief is without some contrasting dignity of curb. Even a little child does not move us by its sorrow, when expressed by tears and cries, a tenth part so much as by the quivering lip of attempted self-control. A great and present evil, coupled with a distant and uncertain hope, is also a source of pathos; if indeed it be not the same with that which Aristotle describes as arising from the sequence of exceeding ill and a little good. There is pathos in a departing pleasure, however small. It is the fact of sunset, not its colors,—which are the same as those of sunrise—that constitutes its sadness; and in mere darkness there may be fear and distress, but not pathos. There are few things so pathetic in literature as the story of the supper which Amelia, in Fielding's novel, had prepared for her husband, and to which he did not come; and

that of Colonel Newcome becoming a Charter-house pensioner. In each of these cases the pathos arises wholly from the contrast of noble reticence with a sorrow which has no direct expression. The same necessity for contrast renders reconciliations far more pathetic than quarrels, and the march to battle of an army to the sound of cheerful military music more able to draw tears than the spectacle of the battle itself.

The soul of pathos, like that of wit, is brevity. Very few writers are sufficiently aware of this. Humor is cumulative and diffusive, as Shakespcare, Rabelais, and Dickens well knew; but how many a good piece of pathos has been spoiled by the historian of Little Nell by an attempt to make too much of it! A drop of citric acid will give poignancy to a feast; but a draught of it—! Hence it is doubtful whether an English eye ever shed a tear over the 'Vita Nuova,' whatever an Italian may have done. Next to the patient endurance of heroism, the bewilderment of weakness is the most fruitful source of pathos. Hence the exquisitely touching points in 'A Pair of Blue Eyes,' 'Two on a Tower,' 'The Trumpet-Major,' and other of Hardy's novels.

Pathos is the luxury of grief; and when it ceases to be other than a keen-edged pleasure it ceases to be pathos. Hence Tennyson's question in 'Love and Duty,' "Shall sharpest pathos blight us?" involves a misunderstanding of the word; although his understanding of the thing is well proved by such lyrics as 'Tears, idle tears,' and 'Oh, well for the fisherman's boy.' Pleasure, and beauty which may be said to be pleasure visible, are without their highest perfection if they are without a touch of pathos. This touch, indeed, accrues naturally to profound pleasure and to great beauty, by the mere fact of the incongruity of their earthly surroundings and the sense of isolation, peril, and impermanence caused thereby. It is a doctrine of that inexhaustible and (except by D ante) almost unworked mine of poetry, Catholic theology, that the felicity of the angels and glorified saints and of God himself would not be perfect without the edge of pathos, which it receives from the fall and reconciliation of man. Hence, on Holy Saturday, the Church exclaims, "O felix culpa!" and hence "there is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety-and-nine righteous who need no repentance." Sin, says St. Augustine, is the necessary shadow of heaven; and pardon, says some other, is the highest light of its beatitude.

JAMES KIRKE PAULDING

(1779-1860)

JAMES K. PAULDING was an accomplished man of letters, who as writer, statesman, and man of the world, cut a considerable figure in the life of his time. He is best remembered now for his association with Washington Irving; but his prose had a literary quality and finish which make it good reading to-day. He had a satiric humor, of the sort more familiar in Irving's serio-comic Knickerbocker 'History of New York.' Had his activities been less diffused, had he stuck with more of single purpose to literature, his literary impress would have been deeper. As it is, he is an interesting part of the intellectual life of the early century in the United States.

James Kirke Paulding was born at Nine Partners, Dutchess County, New York, on August 22d, 1779. He got a scanty schooling in his native place, and when only nineteen went to New York City, where his sister married Washington Irving's elder brother William, with whom Paulding lived. This brought him into close literary and social communion with the Irvings, and led to the collaboration of the three young men in the famous *Salmagundi*, a semi-weekly periodical, the first numbers of which appeared in January 1807. The clever pages, satirizing the follies of the day with searching yet kindly humor, were very warmly received: the suspension of *Salmagundi* within the year was due to the publisher's refusal to pay the authors for their services. The bulk of the papers was written by Paulding and Washington Irving, William Irving's part being minor. In 1819 Paulding put out another *Salmagundi*, written solely by himself; but—perhaps because Irving's magic hand was missed—its reception was comparatively cold. But in his other works—and his pen was prolific—Paulding was decidedly a popular writer. 'The Diverting History of John Bull and Brother Jonathan,' in 1812, ran through many editions. For his best novel, 'The Dutchman's Fireside,' published in 1831, and based on Mrs. Crant's descriptions of the manner



JAMES K. PAULDING

of the early Dutch settlers, he received the comfortable sum of \$1500; six editions appeared in a year, and the story was republished in England and translated into French and Dutch. For the Kentucky story of 'Westward Ho' (1832) he was paid the same sum. Considering the time, these facts imply an established reputation. As a poet he was less successful. His most elaborate metrical writing is 'The Backwoodsman' (1818), a study of emigrant life. The 'Life of George Washington,' published in 1835 and addressed to the youth of the country, is his most important critical work.

In 1814 Paulding's brochure on 'The United States and England' made him known to President Madison, and political preferment resulted. He was appointed secretary of the first board of Navy Commissioners, and in Buchanan's administration served in the Cabinet as Secretary of the Navy. That he was a conservative, not quick to receive new ideas, is shown by his opposition to the introduction of steam in ships, and by the fact that one of his latest pieces of writing was a defense of slavery in all its workings. After retiring from public life, Paulding purchased a residence near Hyde Park on the Hudson River, and passed his concluding years in dignified ease, writing occasional magazine articles. He died on April 6th, 1860; his dear and long-time friend, Irving, having passed away but a few months before. 'The Literary Life of James Kirke Paulding' by his son William was published in 1867.

Paulding is most enjoyable for the present reader in his lighter papers, and the literary skits of his early days. As joint author of the Salmagundi papers he has a certain distinction which in literary history will preserve his name.

PLINY THE YOUNGER

From 'The Dutchman's Fireside.' Copyright 1868, by William I. Paulding.
Published by Charles Scribner & Co.

MADAM VANCOUR was extremely fortunate in procuring a most efficient auxiliary in the engineering of this her good work, in the person of Master Pliny Coffin (the sixteenth), whilom of Nantucket Island. Pliny was the youngest of nine sons and an unaccountable number of daughters, born unto Captain Pliny Coffin (the fifteenth). Being called after his uncle, Deacon Pliny Mayhew (the tenth), he was patronized by that worthy "spermaceti candle of the church," as he was called, and sent to school at an early age, with a view to following in the footsteps of the famous divine. But Pliny the younger had a

natural and irresistible vocation to salt water; insomuch that at the age of eighteen months or thereabouts, being left to amuse himself under the only tree in Nantucket, which grew in front of Captain Coffin's (the fifteenth) house, he crawled incontinently down to the seaside, and was found disporting himself in the surf like unto a young gosling. In like manner did Pliny the younger, at a very early age, display a vehement predilection for great whales; to the which he was most probably incited by the stories of his father, Pliny the elder, who had been a mighty harpooner in his day. When about three years old, one of these monsters of the deep was driven ashore in a storm at Nantucket, where he perished, to the great joy of the inhabitants, who flocked from all parts to claim a share in his spoil. On the morning of that memorable day, which is still recorded in the annals of Nantucket, Pliny the younger was missing, and diligent search being made for him, he was not to be found in the whole island; to the grief of his mother, who was a very stout woman, and had killed three Indians with her own fair hand. But look ye: while the people were gathered about the body of the whale, discussing the mysterious disappearance of the child, what was their astonishment to behold him coming forth from the stomach of the huge fish, laughing right merrily at the prank he had played!

But the truth must be confessed: he took his learning after the manner that people, more especially doctors, take physic,—with many wry faces and much tribulation of spirit. In fact he never learned a lesson in his whole life until, arriving at his fifth year, by good fortune a primer was put into his hand wherein was the picture of a whale; with the which he was so utterly delighted that he mastered the whole distich under it in the course of the day. The teacher aptly took the hint, and by means of pasting the likeness of a whale at the head of his lessons, carried him famously along in the career of knowledge. In process of time he came to be of the order of deacons, and was appointed to preach his first sermon; whereby a great calamity befell him, which drove him forth a wanderer on the face of the earth. Unfortunately the meeting-house where he was to make his first essay stood in full view of the sea, which was distinctly visible from the pulpit; and just as Pliny the younger had divided his text into sixteen parts, behold! a mighty ship appeared, with a bone in her teeth, plunging her way towards the island with clouds of canvas swelling in the wind. Whereupon

the conviction came across his mind that this must be the Alb-tross, returning from a whaling voyage in the great South Sea; and sad to relate, his boyish instincts got the better of his better self. Delirious with eager curiosity, he rushed from the pulpit, and ran violently down to the seaside, like one possessed, leaving Deacon Mayhew and the rest of the expectant congregation astonished nigh on to dismay. The deacon was wroth, and forthwith disinherited him. The people said he was possessed of a devil, and talked of putting him to the ordeal; whereupon the unfortunate youth exiled himself from the land of his nativity, and went to seek his fortune among the heathen, who had steeples to their churches, and dealt in the abomination of white sleeves. Of his wanderings, and of the accidents of his pilgrimage, I know nothing, until his stars directed him to the Flats, where there were no salt-water temptations to mislead him.

As one of the contemplated improvements of Madam Vancour was the introduction of the English language among her pupils, instead of the barbarous Dutch dialect, she eagerly caught at the first offer of Pliny, and engaged him forthwith to take charge of her seminary. In this situation he was found by Catalina, who, as we have before stated, in the desolation of her spirit, resolved to attempt the relief of her depression by entering upon the difficult task of being useful to others. She accordingly occasionally associated herself with Master Pliny in the labors of his mission, greatly to the consolation of his inward man. He took great pains to initiate her into the mysteries of his new philosophical, practical, elementary, and scientific system of education, on which he prided himself exceedingly—and with justice, for it hath been lately revised and administered among us with singular success, by divers ungenerous pedagogues, who have not had the conscience to acknowledge whence it was derived.

As Newton took the hint of the theory of gravitation from seeing an apple fall to the ground, and as the illustrious Marquis of Worcester deduced the first idea of the application of steam from the risings and sinkings of a pot-lid, so did Master Pliny model and graduate his whole system of education from the incident of the whale in the primer. Remembering with what eagerness he himself had been attracted towards learning by a picture, he resolved to make similar illustrations the great means of drawing forth what he called the "latent energies of the infant genius, spurring on the march of intellect, and accelerating the development of mind." But as woodcuts were scarce articles

in those times, he devoted one day in the week to sallying forth with all his scholars, in order to collect materials for their studies; that is, to gather acorns, pebbles, leaves, briars, bugs, ants, caterpillars, and what not. When he wanted an urchin to spell "bug," he placed one of these specimens directly above the word; and great was his exultation at seeing how the child was assisted in cementing B-U-G together, by the presence of the creature itself. In this way he taught everything by sensible objects; boasting at the same time of the originality of his method, little suspecting that he had only got hold of the fag-end of Chinese emblems and Egyptian hieroglyphics.

But pride will have a fall. One day, at Catalina's suggestion, Master Pliny put his scholars to the test, by setting them to spell without the aid of sensible objects, and by the mere instrumentality of the letters. They made sad work of it: hardly one could spell "ant" without the presence of the insect to act as prompter. They had become so accustomed to the assistance of the *thing*, that they paid little or no attention to the letters which represented it; and Catalina ventured to hint to Master Pliny that the children had learned little or nothing. They knew what an ant was before, and that seemed to be the extent of their knowledge now.

"Yes," answered he, "but it makes the acquisition of learning so easy."

"To the teacher, certainly," replied the young lady. In fact, when she came to analyze the improvements in Master Pliny's system, she found that they all tended to one point,—namely, diminishing not the labor of the scholar in learning, but that of the master in teaching.

I forbear to touch on all the other various plans of Master Pliny for accelerating the march of mind. Suffice it to say, they were all, one after another, abandoned, being found desperately out at the elbows when subjected to the test of wear and tear. Yet have they been revived with wonderful success by divers illustrious and philosophical pédagogues abroad and at home, who have brought the system to such perfection that they have not the least trouble in teaching, nor the children anything but downright pleasure in learning. Happy age! and happy Pliny, had he lived to this day to behold the lamp which he lighted shining over the whole universe. He however abandoned his system at the instance of a silly girl, and soon after deserted the

Flats: the same cause being at the bottom of both issues,—a woman.

The evil spirit which influenced Master Pliny to run out of the pulpit now prompted him to run his head into the fire. Pliny was a rosy-cheeked, curly-headed, fresh-looking man, exceedingly admired by the Dutch damsels thereabout, and still more by a certain person who shall be nameless. He thought himself an Adonis; and argued inwardly that no young lady in her senses would turn schoolmistress without some powerful incitement. The said demon whispered that this could be nothing but admiration for his person, and love of his company. Upon this hint he began, first to ogle the young lady, then to take every opportunity to touch her hand or press against her elbow, until she could not but notice the peculiarity of his conduct. Finally he wrote her a love epistle, of such transcendent phraseology that it frightened Catalina out of school forever. She did not wish to injure the simple fellow, and took this method of letting him know his fate. Poor Pliny the younger pined in thought, and soon after took his departure for the land of his nativity, where on arrival he was kindly forgiven by his uncle the deacon, and received into the bosom of the meeting-house. Here he preached powerfully many years, never ran after whale-ships more, and in good time, by the death of his father, came to be called Pliny the elder.

A WOMAN'S PRIVILEGE: AND THE CHARMS OF SNUFF-COLOR

From 'The Dutchman's Fireside.' Copyright 1868, by William I. Paulding.
Published by Charles Scribner & Co.

How OFT from color of men's clothes
Is born a frightful train of woes!

OUR heroine was a delightful specimen of the sex; born, too, before the commencement of the brilliant era of public improvement and the progress of mind. I could never learn that she spoke either French or Italian, though she certainly did English and Dutch; and that with a voice of such persuasive music, such low, irresistible pathos, that Gilfillan often declared there was no occasion to understand what she said, to be drawn into anything. But in truth she was marvelously

behind the present age of development. She had never in her life attended a lecture on chemistry—though she certainly understood the ingredients of a pudding; and was entirely ignorant of the happy art of murdering time in strolling up and down Broadway all the morning, brought to such exquisite perfection by the ladies of this precocious generation. Indeed, she was too kind-hearted to murder anything but beaux, and that she did unwittingly. Still, she was a woman, and could not altogether resist the contagion of the ridicule lavished on poor Sybrandt's snuff-colored inexpressibles. Little did she expect the time would one day come when this would be the fashionable color for pantaloons, in which modern Corinthians would figure at balls and assemblies, to the delight of all beholders.

Being a woman, then, she did not pause to inquire whether snuff-color was not in the abstract just as respectable as blue or red, or even imperial purple. She tried it by the laws of fashion, and it was found wanting. Now there is an inherent relation between a man and his apparel. As dress receives a grace sometimes from the person that wears it, so does it confer a similar benefit. They cannot be separated—they constitute one being; and hence some modern metaphysicians have been exceedingly puzzled to define the precise line of distinction between a dandy and his costume. It was through this mysterious blending of ideas that the fortunes of our hero came nigh to being utterly shipwrecked. Catalina confounded the obnoxious habiliments with the wearer thereof; and he too, for the few hours that the party lasted and the young lady remained under the influence of fashion, became ridiculous by the association.

By degrees she found herself growing ashamed of her old admirer, whose attentions she received with a certain embarrassment and disdain, which he saw and felt immediately; for Sybrandt was no fool, although he did wear a suit made by a Dutch tailor. Neither did he lack one spark of the spirit becoming a man conscious of his innate superiority over the gilded swarm around him. The moment he saw the state of Catalina's feelings, he met her more than half-way, and intrenched himself behind his old defenses of silent neglect and proud humility. He spoke to her no more that evening.

Though Catalina was conscious in her heart that she merited this treatment, this was a very different thing from being satisfied

with it. Gilfillan would not have behaved so, thought she, while she remembered how the worse she used him the more lowly and attentive he became. She mistook this submission to her whims or indifference for a proof of superior love, and therein fell into an error which has been fatal to the happiness of many a woman, and will be fatal to that of many more, in spite of all I can say on the subject. The error I would warn them against is that of confounding subserviency with affection. They know little of the hearts of men, if they are ignorant that the man who loves as he ought, and whose views are disinterested, will no more forget what is due to himself than what is due to his mistress. He will sink into the slave of no woman whom he does not intend to make a slave in return. It is only your fortune-hunters that become the willing victims of caprice, and submit to every species of mortification the ingenuity of wayward vanity can invent, in the hope that this degrading vassalage may be at length repaid, not by the possession of the lady, but by her money. It must be confessed that the event too often justifies the expectation.

Be this as it may, before the conclusion of this important evening the company perceived evident signs of a coolness between the lovers; and Gilfillan, who watched them with the keen sagacity of a man of the world, redoubled his attentions. It is hardly necessary to say that our heroine received them with corresponding complacency,—for as I observed before, she was a woman; and what woman ever failed to repay the neglect of her lover, even though occasioned by a fault of her own, with ample interest? “If she thinks to make me jealous, she is very much mistaken,” thought Sybrandt, while he fretted in an agony of vexation.

The next morning Sybrandt breakfasted at home, saying little and thinking a great deal,—the true secret of being stupid. Mrs. Aubineau asked him fifty questions about the ball, and especially about Miss Van Borsum. But she could get nothing out of him, except that he admired that young lady exceedingly. This was a bouncer, but “at lovers’ perjuries —” the quotation is somewhat musty. Catalina immediately launched out in praise of Gilfillan, and made the same declaration in reference to him. This was another bouncer. He amused her and administered to her vanity; but the truth is, she neither admired nor respected

him. Still, the attentions of an aide-de-camp were what no mortal young lady of that age could bring herself voluntarily to relinquish, at least in New York. Our hero, though he had his mouth full of muffin at the moment Catalina expressed her approbation of Gilfillan, rose from the table abruptly, and seizing his hat, sailed forth into the street, though Mrs. Aubineau called after to say she had made an engagement for him that morning.

"Catalina," said Mrs. Aubineau, "do you mean to marry that stupid man in the snuff-colored clothes?"

"He has a great many good qualities."

"But he wears snuff-colored breeches."

"He is brave, kind-hearted, generous, and possesses knowledge and talents."

"Well, but then he wears snuff-colored breeches."

"He has my father's approbation, and—"

"And yours?"

"He had when I gave it."

"But you repent it now?" said Mrs. Aubineau, looking inquiringly into her face.

"He saved my life," replied Catalina.

"Well, that calls for gratitude, not love."

"He saved it twice."

"Well, then you can be twice as grateful; that will balance the account."

"But he saved it four times."

"Well, double and quits again."

"But my dear madam, I—I believe—nay, I am sure that I love my cousin in my heart."

"What! in his snuff-colored suit?"

"Why, I am not quite sure of that, at least here in New York among the fine red coats and bright epaulettes; but I am quite sure I could love him in the country."

"In his snuff-colors?"

"In any colors, I believe. To tell you the truth, cousin, I am ashamed of the manner in which I received him after an absence of months, and of my treatment at the ball last night. I believe the evil spirit beset me."

"It was only the spirit of woman, my dear, whispering you to woo the bright prospect that beckons you. Do you know you can be a countess in prospective whenever you please?"

"Perhaps I might; but I'd rather be a happy wife than a titled lady."

"You would!" exclaimed her cousin, lifting up her eyes and hands in astonishment.

"Indeed I would."

"Then you must be more or less than woman," cried the other, panting for breath.

"Listen to me, my dear cousin. I know you meant it all for my happiness in giving encouragement to Sir Thicknesse and Colonel Gilfillan. But the truth is, I don't like either of them, and I do like my cousin Sybrandt. Sir Thicknesse is a proud, stupid dolt, without heart or understanding; and Colonel Gilfillan, with a thousand good qualities, or rather impulses (for he is governed by them entirely), is not, I fear,—nay, I know,—a man of integrity or honor."

"Not a man of honor!" exclaimed Mrs. Aubineau again, with uplifted eyes and hands: "Why, he has fought six duels!"

"But he neither pays his debts nor keeps his promises."

"He'd fight a fiery dragon."

"Yes, but there are men, and very peaceable men too, whom he is rather afraid of," said Catalina, smiling,—“his tradesmen. The other day I was walking with him, and was very much surprised at his insisting we should turn down a dirty, narrow lane just as he had done so he changed his mind, and was equally importunate with me to turn into another. I did not think it necessary to comply with his wishes, and we soon met a tradesman who respectfully requested to speak with my colonel. ‘Go to the devil for an impudent scoundrel!’ cried he in a great passion, and lugged me almost rudely along, muttering, ‘An impudent rascal, to be dunning a gentleman in the street!’”

"Well?"

"Well—I know enough of these tradesmen to be satisfied that they would not venture to dun an officer in the street if they could meet with him elsewhere. The example of my dear father has taught me that one of the first of our duties is a compliance with the obligations of justice."

"Well, Catalina, I must say people get very odd notions in the country. What do you mean to do with your admirers?"

"Why, from the behavior of Sir Thicknesse last night I hope I shall be troubled with him no more. If Colonel Gilfillan calls this morning, I shall take the opportunity of explaining to him

frankly and explicitly the state of my obligations and affections. I will appeal to his sense of decorum and propriety for the discontinuance of his attentions; and if he still persists, take special care to keep out of his way until the state of the river will admit of my going home."

And I, thought Mrs. Aubineau, shall take special care to prevent all this. "But what do you mean to do with the man in the snuff-colored suit?"

"Treat him as he merits. I have been much more to blame than he; it is but just, therefore, that I should make the first advances to a reconciliation. I shall seize the earliest occasion of doing so, for his sake as well as my own; for my feelings since our first meeting here convince me I cannot treat him with neglect or indifference without sharing in the consequences."

"Well, you are above my comprehension, Catalina; but I can't help loving you. I can have no wish but for your happiness."

"Of that," said Catalina good-humoredly, "I am perhaps old enough to judge for myself."

"I don't know that, my dear. Women can hardly tell what is for their happiness until they have been married a twelvemonth. But what do you mean to do with yourself to-day?"

"I mean to stay at home and wait the return of my cousin. The sooner we come to an understanding the better."

"And I shall go visiting, as I have no misapprehensions to settle with Mr. Aubineau. Good-morning—by the time I come back I suppose it will be all arranged. But, my dear Catalina," added she, suddenly turning back, and addressing her with great earnestness,— "my dear friend, do try and persuade him to discard his snuff-colored suit, will you?"

"I shall leave that to you, cousin; for my part, I mean to endure it as a punishment for my bad behavior to the owner." But Catalina never had an opportunity of acting up to her heroic determination.

SYBRANDT RECEIVES BACK HIS ESTATE—WITH AN INCUMBRANCE

From 'The Dutchman's Fireside.' Copyright 1868, by William I. Paulding.
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[Colonel Sybrandt Westbrook, who loves Catalina and is loved by her in return, has been thought to be dead, and reappears like a ghost upon the scene. He has been disinherited by his uncle in Catalina's favor. There has been a misunderstanding between the lovers, due to a miscarriage of letters.]

WHILE the reader has been traveling backwards, the pale and gentle Catalina had been let into the secret of the ghost story by her mother. At first she became paler than ever, and could hardly support herself on her chair. Then she turned red, and a rosy blush of hope and love beamed on her cheek, where for many a day it had not beamed before. "I will bestow it all on him again," thought she, and her full heart relieved itself in a shower of silent tears.

That night a thousand floating dreams of the past and the future flitted before her troubled mind, and as they reigned in turn, gave birth to different purposes and determinations. But the prevailing thought was, that her cousin had treated her unjustly and unkindly, and that it became the dignity of her sex to maintain a defensive stateliness, a cold civility, until he had acknowledged his errors and begged forgiveness. She settled the matter by deciding that when Sybrandt came the next day to take his leave, she would deliver him a deed for the estate of his uncle, which her father was to have prepared for her, insist on his acceptance, and then bid him adieu for ever without a sigh or a tear. In the morning she begged that when Sybrandt came to call on her mother, she might be permitted to see him alone. Her request was acquiesced in, and she waited in trembling anxiety his promised visit. He came soon after breakfast, and Madam Vancour was struck with the improvement which a military uniform, in place of a suit of Master Ten Broeck's snuff-colored cloth, produced. After a somewhat painful and awkward interview, Sybrandt forced himself to inquire after Catalina.

"She has had a long illness," said the mother, "and you will scarcely know her. But she wishes to see you."

"To see *me*?" cried Sybrandt, almost starting out of his skin.

"Ay—you—her old playmate, and cousin. Is that so very extraordinary?" replied Madam, smiling. "She is in the next room: go to her."

"Go—go—to her," stammered our hero: "surely you cannot mean—"

"I mean just what I say. She is waiting to see you in the next room. I hope you don't mean to keep her waiting much longer." And Madam again smiled.

"What *can* this mean?" thought Sybrandt, while he crept towards the door with about the eagerness that a man feels who is on the point of being hanged.

"I shall tell Catalina how anxious you were to see her."

"They must think I have no feeling—or they have none themselves;" and the thought roused his native energies. He strutted into the next room as if he was leading his regiment to battle.

"Don't look so fierce, or you will frighten my daughter," said Madam.

But Catalina was frightened almost out of her wits already. She was too much taken up in rallying her own self-possession to observe how Sybrandt looked when he walked. He had indeed been some moments in the room before either could utter a single word. At length their eyes met, and the excessive paleness each observed in the countenance of the other went straight to the hearts of both.

"Dear cousin," said Sybrandt, "how ill you look." This was rather what is called a left-handed compliment. But Catalina was even with him, for she answered in his very words:—

"Dear cousin, how ill *you* look."

Pride and affection were now struggling in the bosoms of the two young people. Sybrandt found his courage, like that of Bob Acres, "oozing out at the palms of his hands," in the shape of a cold perspiration; but the pride of woman supported Catalina, who rallied first, and spoke as follows, at first in a faltering tone, but by degrees with modest firmness:—

"Colonel Westbrook," said she, "I wished to see you on a subject which has occasioned me much pain—the bequest of my uncle. I cannot accept it. It was made when we all thought you were no more."

She uttered this last part of the sentence with a plaintiveness that affected him deeply. "She feels for me," thought he; "but then she would not answer my letter."

Catalina proceeded:—"I should hate myself, could I think for a moment of robbing you of what is yours—what I am sure my uncle intended should be yours, until he thought you dead." And the same plaintive tones again thrilled through Sybrandt. "But she would not answer my letter," thought he again.

"Sybrandt," continued she, "I sent for you with the full approbation of my father and mother, to make over this property to you, to whom it belongs. I am of age; and here is the conveyance. I beseech you, as you value my peace of mind, to accept it with the frankness with which it is offered."

"What, rob my cousin? No, Catalina: never."

"I feared it," said Catalina with a sigh: "you do not respect me enough to accept even justice at my hands."

"It would be meanness—it would be degradation; and since you charge me with a want of respect to you, I must be allowed to say that I am too proud to accept anything, much less so great a gift as this, from one who did not think the almost death-bed contrition of a man who had discovered his error, and was anxious to atone for it, worthy of her notice."

"What—what do you mean?" exclaimed Catalina.

"The letter I sent you," replied he proudly. "I never meant to complain or remonstrate; but you have forced me to justify myself."

"In the name of heaven, what letter?"

"That which I wrote you the moment I was sufficiently recovered of my wounds—to say that I had had a full explanation with Colonel Gilfillan; to say that I had done you an injustice; to confess my folly; to ask forgiveness; and—and to offer you every atonement which love or honor could require."

"And you wrote me such an one?" asked Catalina, gasping for breath.

"I did: the messenger returned; he had seen you gay and happy; and he brought a verbal message that my letter required no answer."

"And is this—is this the sole—the single cause of your subsequent conduct? Answer me, Sybrandt, as you are a man of honor—is it?"

"It is. I cannot—you know I never could—bear contempt or scorn from man or woman."

"What would you say, what would you do, if I assured you solemnly I never saw that letter, or dreamed it was ever written?"

"I would say that I believed you as I would the white-robed truth herself; and I would on my knees beg your forgiveness for twice doubting you."

"Then I do assure you, in the singleness of my heart, that I never saw or knew aught of it."

"And did—did Gilfillan speak the truth?" panted our hero.

She turned her inspiring eye full upon the youth, and sighed forth in a whisper, "He did," while the crimson current revisited her pale cheek, and made her snow-white bosom blush rosy red. . . .

"You are mine then, Catalina, at last," faltered Sybrandt, as he released her yielding form from his arms.

"You will accept my uncle's bequest?" asked she, with one of her long-absent smiles.

"Provided you add yourself, dearest girl."

"You must take it with that incumbrance," said she; and he sealed the instrument of conveyance upon her warm, willing lips.

"What can they have to talk about all this time, I wonder?" cogitated the old lady, while she fidgeted about from her chair towards the door, and from the door to her chair. As she could distinguish the increasing animation of their voices, she fidgeted still more; and there is no knowing what might have been the consequence, if the lovers had not entered the room, looking so happy that the old lady thought the very elixir of life was in them both. The moment Sybrandt departed, Catalina explained all to her mother. "Alas!" thought the good woman; "she will never be a titled lady: yet who knows but Sybrandt may one day go to England and be knighted?" This happy thought reconciled her at once to the whole catastrophe, and she embraced her daughter, sincerely wishing her joy at the removal of all her perplexities.

PAUSANIAS

(SECOND CENTURY A. D.)

BY B. PERRIN •

THIS name stands for no distinct and heroic personality like that of the great Spartan victor at Platæa, but for a collection of interesting items about the antiquities, history, geography, mythology, and religions of ancient Greece. All these items interest us; but they evidently interested the author of the collection for special reasons. He had certain leanings towards special classes of objects among the antiquities; towards special phases and periods of history, mythology, or religion. He has therefore omitted many items which would have interested us far more than many which he offers. His selection is often tantalizing or aggravating. But he seems to have begun his work for himself more than for others; and only after his selections and collections were made, did he attempt to give his work a literary dress which should appeal to lovers of literary form. His work is therefore, more than works composed primarily and wholly for effect upon others, an expression of himself. And this is fortunate, at least on this account,—that we know absolutely nothing of the author except what may be inferred from his work.

He nowhere mentions his own name. He may have done so in an introduction or a conclusion to the work, which, if they ever existed, have been lost. But his book is cited by later writers as the work of Pausanias; and they call it, what he never expressly calls it himself, a 'Guide to Greece.' He himself calls it rather a 'Commentary on Greece.'

The beginning is abrupt, the close is even fragmentary; and he has not fulfilled the desire which he expresses (i. 26) of "describing the whole of Greece." He has commented on the antiquities, history, mythology, geography, and religious cults of Attica and Megara, the Argolis (Corinthia), Laconia, Messenia, Elis, Achaia, Arcadia, Bœotia, and Phocis. That is, he has started with Athens, and proceeded through the Isthmus of Corinth and around the Peloponnesus, then crossed the Corinthian gulf, and begun with the territories north of Attica and Athens. What he would have included under his term "Greece," and how much longer his collection was designed to be,

cannot be inferred from him. His work breaks off abruptly with a legend about the building of the temple of Æsculapius at Naupactus.

Various phrases of the author imply that he was a Lydian; but whether Magnesia or Pergamum or still another city was his birth-place or home, he does not clearly show. His work was prepared slowly and published gradually. At least, the first book was issued before the other nine; and he more than once feels moved to supplement deficiencies in the first. The material which he gives us on Elis is divided into two books. The charmed number of the Muses is thus abandoned for no apparent reason. The other titles correspond each with a book. This division into books may not be due to Pausanias himself, but a younger contemporary cites his work in the divisions which have come down to us. The work was prepared between the years 140 and 180 A. D., as internal evidence indirectly shows. The author was therefore happy enough to see Hadrian, Antoninus Pius, and Marcus Aurelius on the imperial throne. He was contemporary with Justin Martyr, Herodes Atticus, and Lucian. He witnessed that last renaissance of all that was good in the ancient world, which characterizes the great age of the Antonines. But no word betrays his personal feelings or relations to the great figures or events of his time. The guide-book has wholly absorbed the guide.

Pausanias was by no means the first to write an antiquarian guide-book. The titles of a large number of such works are known to us, and sparse fragments of the works themselves have been embalmed here and there in the citations of lexicographers or grammarians. As the many religious sanctuaries of Greece increased in wealth and ceremonial tradition, a class of local professional guides and scribes grew up, intimately associated with the official registrars of the different shrines and precincts, whose records are among our most valuable primary sources for the history of the country. These local guides took the visitor all about a sacred precinct, explaining the edifices, monuments, and cults, just as modern cicerones do. The mass of local information thus accumulated and imparted orally to visitors was also reduced to book form for circulation and study. We know, for instance, of a 'Guide to the Acropolis of Athens,' among many similar works, by Polemon,—a learned antiquarian and geographer of the second century B. C. There were likewise guides to Sparta, Delphi, Olympia, Sicily, Macedonia, as well as to particular sanctuaries like the Heracleia of Thebes. This literature had increased to an enormous mass in the time of Pausanias, owing largely to the interest which the conquering Romans took in the treasures of the land they plundered so freely, and also to the natural tendency to classify and catalogue that which has ceased to reproduce and transmit itself

by its inherent vitality. But all this literature of antiquarian information has perished, except for fragments. The work of Pausanias—the most comprehensive, but apparently by no means the best, of which we hear—is all that has come down to us; a compilation instead of original material.

The author tried to condense many bodies of local antiquarian lore into one comprehensive and yet compact work. He was evidently burdened with excess of material, and often embarrassed in his choice. He insists over and over again that he is selecting and describing only what he deems most memorable. His work is therefore like the modern traveler's 'Handbook of Europe,' as compared with special guides to Italy, France, Rome, Paris, or St. Peter's. But it is noticeable that as he goes on with his work, he becomes less and less able to resist the pressure of his material. The first book reads in many places like a mere catalogue, and a partial one at that. It is true that nowhere is the wealth of material so overwhelming. But in the later books—that containing the description of Delphi, for instance—the author seems to give himself freer rein, as though aware at last that he could not restrict himself within the limits first set. It is true of Pausanias also, in yet greater degree than of Herodotus and Thucydides, that as he advances with his work, his workmanship improves. Both method and expression grow better.

But it is not only the *works* of Greece which Pausanias purposed to describe. The *words* of Greece, in explanation of those works, he also plans to give; and the words even more fully than the works. He mentions what he thinks most worthy of mention among mountains, rivers, cities, countries, sanctuaries, and monuments. He adds in the form of introductions or digressions whatever will help the reader's understanding and appreciation, drawing his materials from historical, geographical, mythological, artistic, or scientific lore. His principle of arrangement is mechanical. It is at first purely topographical. He passes in his survey from one country of Greece to the next adjoining; from the main or central city of that country in radiating lines through the rest of the land; and in local descriptions from one monument to another conveniently near. His phraseology of transition from work to work would be unendurably monotonous were it not for his illustrative digressions. But neither history, geography, mythology, architecture, nor sculpture is treated in any progressive or consecutive order of details. Evolution is lost sight of in mere juxtaposition.

Pausanias did not write a systematic treatise, then, but a practical aid to a traveler following a route laid down for him, to be used on the spot, in the presence of monuments or ceremonies. He has been

happily called a Bädeker, not a Burkhardt. Like Bädeker, he points out what is most worth seeing; and supplies in convenient form the current opinions or literary judgments about these sights. He emancipated the traveler from local professional guides, as Bädeker does. After the first book on Attica, and gradually as his work progressed, he gained a sort of literary education, which shows itself in a tendency to group into general introductions, at the beginning of the great topographical divisions of his work, materials which at first he was inclined to scatter amid the brief mention of monuments or localities. That is, he gradually passes from the manner of a cataloguer or annalist to that of the ancient logographers, who grouped about a certain city or country, however prominent, the collective history of a people or of the known world. But Pausanias never rises to the level of a philosophical, artistic, scientific historian, like Polybius, Thucydides, or Herodotus. And he never achieves a good style, although his style improves from beginning to end of his work. His book seems to have given him all the education and literary training he had.

Pausanias shows no special national sympathies like Herodotus, no social predilections like Thucydides, no political antipathies like Xenophon. In all these matters he is colorless. Even in religious matters he reveals no partiality for the ceremonial or devotional growths from Asiatic sources, as might be expected from his own origin. Beyond a reverential fondness for the great Eleusinian worship and doctrines, he declares no religious allegiance. Neither can he be classed with any of the great schools of philosophy. He takes no distinct attitude, as Plutarch and Polybius do, on the great questions involved in the relations of the Roman Empire to subject Greece. Compared with Plutarch, his elder by only a few years, or with Lucian, his brilliant contemporary, he seems to be in the great world but not of it. He shows no contact with any great tendency of the age. He is unaware of the existence of Christianity. He is a religious antiquary.

The kernel of his work, and of each division of it, as has been said, is an enumeration of the notable "sights." His language here either expressly claims or at least implies personal visitation and observation on his part,—"autopsy." There is no good reason to doubt the direct claims at least, though some of the phrases which merely imply autopsy are doubtless literary mannerisms taken from his sources. He must therefore have traveled over those nine great divisions of Greece which he describes. But he evidently had traveled farther and seen more. The greater part of Asia Minor, Syria, Phœnicia, Palestine, Egypt, even the oasis of Zeus Ammon in the desert of Sahara, Rome and her neighbor cities Puteoli and Capua, he

speaks of having seen. That is, in preparing his work, he visited the Greek part of the Roman Empire, and the great seat of that Empire itself. But the notes of what he actually saw constitute really the lesser half of his work. The greater part is taken up with the manifold material which he laboriously collected, either orally, from professional guides and local authorities, or from books. His range of literary authorities is immense. He must have had access to some great library like that of Pergamum. He used the vast stores at his command freely; and on the whole, considering the literary tenets and practices of his age, intelligently and fairly. Whatever is in Herodotus, Thucydides, or Xenophon, he presupposes as known to his readers. What he takes from his endless array of later sources, he does not credit to those sources, as modern literary ethics demand. But the literary standards of his time, and the practice of his contemporaries and predecessors, not only tolerated but demanded a large sacrifice of fidelity in the acknowledgment of borrowed material: a sacrifice to the demands of literary form. And so it is that the modern critical spirit is often offended at citations of authorities at second hand, with no mention of the intermediate step; at lack of citation when material is plainly borrowed; at vague phrases of reference to certain distinct sources; at citation only when exception is taken to the words of his authority, but not when adjacent material from the same authority is accepted and incorporated. But all these sins can be laid at the door of his contemporaries and predecessors, and above all at the door of his great model Herodotus.

For Pausanias evidently tried to clothe his dry and often tedious compilation with the undying charm of Herodotus's manner. He did not adopt the Ionic dialect in which his master wrote, but he borrowed liberally his phraseology, and often affected his deliberate suspense of judgment, or his naïve intimations of skepticism. But for this elaborate literary artifice, we might think that Pausanias had no ambition to be read and handed down as literature, but only to prepare for his private use a memorandum of his travels, illustrated by notes from his subsequent voluminous reading.

With all his faults, Pausanias is a precious witness for us of much that has forever disappeared. Before the great era of excavations came, Greek classical archaeology was little more than a commentary on Pausanias. The excavations at Athens, Olympia, and Delphi have subjected him to severe tests; but he comes forth from them with fresh claims to our confidence and respect.

The English translations of Thomas Taylor (London, 1794, 3 vols.) and of A. R. Shilleto, in Bohn's Classical Library (London, 1886, 2 vols.) have been superseded by the excellent version, with commentary of J. G. Fraser (6 vols. 1898 and 1913). The Teubner text

was edited by Schubart (Leipzig, 1875, 2 vols.); that of Hitzig and Blümner (Leipzig, 1896-1910, 3 vols.) has critical and explanatory notes.

B. Perrin

THE ACROPOLIS OF ATHENS AND ITS TEMPLES

TO THE Acropolis there is only one approach: it allows of no other, being everywhere precipitous and walled off. The vestibules have a roof of white marble, and even now are remarkable for both their beauty and size. As to the statues of the horsemen, I cannot say with precision whether they are the sons of Xenophon, or merely put there for decoration. On the right of the vestibules is the shrine of Wingless Victory. From it the sea is visible; and there Ægeus drowned himself, as they say. For the ship which took his sons to Crete had black sails, but Theseus told his father (for he knew there was some peril in attacking the Minotaur) that he would have white sails if he should sail back a conqueror. But he forgot this promise in his loss of Ariadne. And Ægeus, seeing the ship with black sails, thinking his son was dead, threw himself in and was drowned. And the Athenians have a hero-chapel to his memory. And on the left of the vestibules is a building with paintings; and among those that time has not destroyed are Diomedes and Odysseus,—the one taking away Philoctetes's bow in Lemnos, the other taking the Palladium from Ilium. Among other paintings here is Ægisthus being slain by Orestes; and Pylades slaying the sons of Nauplius that came to Ægisthus's aid. And Polyxena about to have her throat cut near the tomb of Achilles. Homer did well not to mention this savage act. . . .

And there is a small stone such as a little man can sit on, on which they say Silenus rested, when Dionysus came to the land. Silenus is the name they give to all old Satyrs. About the Satyrs I have conversed with many, wishing to know all about them. And Euphemus, a Carian, told me that sailing once on a time to Italy he was driven out of his course by the winds, and carried to a distant sea, where people no longer sail. And he said that here were many desert islands, some inhabited by

wild men: and at these islands the sailors did not like to land, as they had landed there before and had experience of the natives; but they were obliged on that occasion. These islands he said were called by the sailors Satyr-islands; the dwellers in them were red-haired, and had tails at their loins not much smaller than horses. . . .

And as regards the temple which they call the Parthenon, as you enter it everything portrayed on the gables relates to the birth of Athene, and behind is depicted the contest between Poseidon and Athene for the soil of Attica. And this work of art is in ivory and gold. In the middle of her helmet is an image of the Sphinx,—about whom I shall give an account when I come to Bœotia,—and on each side of the helmet are griffins worked. These griffins, says Aristus the Proconnesian, in his poems, fought with the Arimaspians beyond the Issedones for the gold of the soil which the griffins guarded. And the Arimaspians were all one-eyed men from their birth; and the griffins were beasts like lions, with wings and mouth like an eagle. Let so much suffice for these griffins. But the statue of Athene is full length, with a tunic reaching to her feet; and on her breast is the head of Medusa worked in ivory, and in one hand she has a Victory four cubits high, in the other hand a spear, and at her feet a shield; and near the spear a dragon which perhaps is Erichthonius. And on the base of the statue is a representation of the birth of Pandora,—the first woman, according to Hesiod and other poets; for before her there was no race of women. Here too I remember to have seen the only statue here of the Emperor Adrian; and at the entrance one of Iphicrates, the celebrated Athenian general.

And outside the temple is a brazen Apollo said to be by Phidias; and they call it Apollo, Averter of Locusts, because when the locusts destroyed the land the god said he would drive them out of the country. And they know that he did so, but they don't say how. I myself know of locusts having been thrice destroyed on Mount Sipylus, but not in the same way; for some were driven away by a violent wind that fell on them, and others by a strong blight that came on them after showers, and others were frozen to death by a sudden frost. All this came under my own notice. . . .

There is also a building called the Erechtheum, and in the vestibule is an altar of Supreme Zeus, where they offer no living

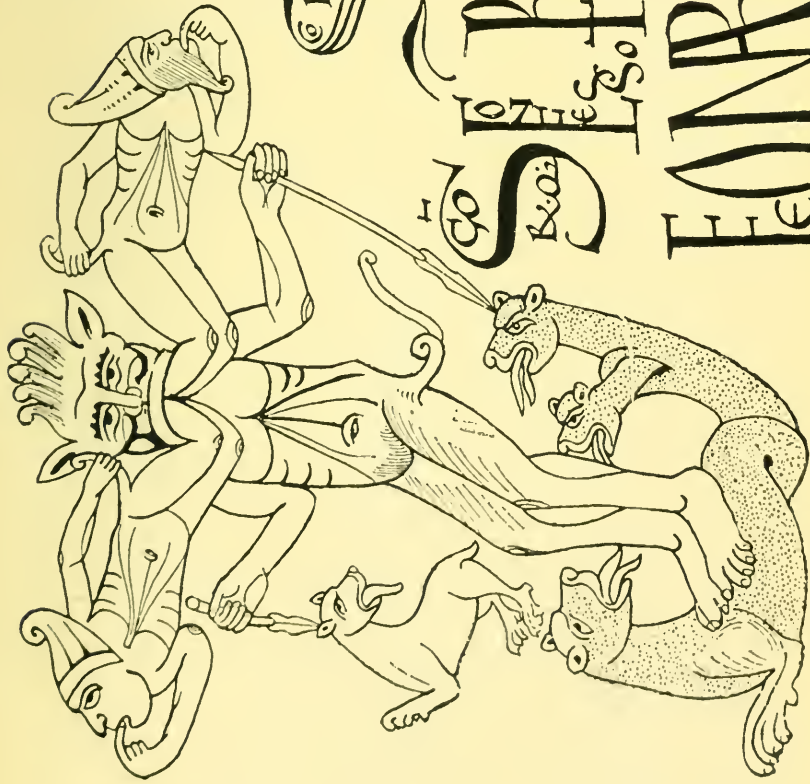
MILITARY ROLL OF ST. VITALIS

In the eighth and ninth centuries the monasteries of Italy and France were the scene of a great work of piety and charity. The monks of these monasteries, who were often the only literate men in the country, were addressed to all the aged and infirm, and to all the poor, and their prayers were required. The monasteries of Italy and France were the scene of a great work of piety and charity. The monks of these monasteries, who were often the only literate men in the country, were addressed to all the aged and infirm, and to all the poor, and their prayers were required. The monasteries of Italy and France were the scene of a great work of piety and charity. The monks of these monasteries, who were often the only literate men in the country, were addressed to all the aged and infirm, and to all the poor, and their prayers were required.

Page 1

MORTUARY ROLL OF ST. VITALIS

In the eighth and ninth centuries the monasteries of France established among themselves societies of prayer and good works, and more especially of prayers for the dead. When any of the monks or benefactors of the monastery died, the head of the house addressed to all the associated monasteries an account of the deceased, for whom their prayers were required. Independent of these individual notices, annual ones were also sent out. Moreover each house kept its own death roll, which was hung in a prominent place in the chief apartment, and as death followed death, the strip of parchment containing the death notice was fastened to the one preceding, until in time a long narrow manuscript made up of many sheets resulted. When, however, the deceased was a person distinguished for his piety and holiness, something more was done; each of the associated houses wrote an expression of its sorrow or a few words of eulogy, and attaching it to the original notice, sent it on to the next monastery which in turn added its comment, until the original with its additions came back to the monastery from which it had started. Such was the roll from which our sample is taken. It has for its subject the decease of St. Vitalis, first Abbot of Savigny, who died in 1122 A. D. The roll is subscribed by a large number of monasteries, the portion shown being the contribution of the monastery of Corbigny, whose scribe easily excels all the others on the list. The roll now belongs to the national archives of France.



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sacrifice, but cakes without the usual libation of wine. And as you enter there are three altars: one to Poseidon (on which they also sacrifice to Erechtheus according to the oracle), one to the hero Butes, and the third to Hephæstus. And on the walls are paintings of the family of Butes. The building is a double one; and inside there is sea-water in a well. And this is no great marvel; for even those who live in inland parts have such wells, —as notably the Aphrodisienses in Caria. But this well is represented as having a roar as of the sea when the south wind blows. And in the rock is the figure of a trident. And this is said to have been Poseidon's proof in regard to the territory Athene disputed with him.

Sacred to Athene is all the rest of Athens, and similarly all Attica; for although they worship different gods in different townships, none the less do they honor Athene generally. And the most sacred of all is the statue of Athene in what is now called the Acropolis, but was then called the Polis (*city*) which was universally worshiped many years before the various townships formed one city; and the rumor about it is that it fell from heaven. As to this I shall not give an opinion, whether it was so or not. And Callimachus made a golden lamp for the goddess. And when they fill this lamp with oil it lasts for a whole year, although it burns continually night and day. And the wick is of a particular kind of cotton flax, the only kind indestructible by fire. And above the lamp is a palm-tree of brass reaching to the roof and carrying off the smoke. And Callimachus, the maker of this lamp, although he comes behind the first artificers, yet was remarkable for ingenuity, and was the first who perforated stone, and got the name of *Art-Critic*, whether his own appellation or given him by others.

In the temple of Athene Polias is a Hermes of wood (said to be a votive offering of Cecrops), almost hidden by myrtle leaves. And of the antique votive offerings worthy of record, is a folding chair, the work of Dædalus, and spoils taken from the Persians,—as a coat of mail of Masistius, who commanded the cavalry at Plataea, and a scimitar said to have belonged to Mardonius. Masistius we know was killed by the Athenian cavalry: but as Mardonius fought against the Lacedæmonians and was killed by a Spartan, they could not have got it at first hand; nor is it likely that the Lacedæmonians would have allowed the Athenians to carry off such a trophy. And about the olive they have

nothing else to tell but that the goddess used it as a proof of her right to the country, when it was contested by Poseidon. And they record also that this olive was burnt when the Persians set fire to Athens; but though burnt, it grew the same day two cubits. And next to the temple of Athene is the temple of Pandrosus; who was the only one of the three sisters who didn't peep into the forbidden chest. Now the things I most marveled at are not universally known. I will therefore write of them as they occur to me. Two maidens live not far from the temple of Athene Polias, and the Athenians call them the "carriers of the holy things"; for a certain time they live with the goddess, but when her festival comes they act in the following way, by night: Putting upon their heads what the priestess of Athene gives them to carry (neither she nor they know what these things are), these maidens descend, by a natural underground passage, from an inclosure in the city sacred to Aphrodite of the Gardens. In the sanctuary below they deposit what they carry, and bring back something else closely wrapped up. And these maidens they henceforth dismiss, and other two they elect instead of them for the Acropolis.

THE TEMPLE OF ZEUS AT OLYMPIA

MANY various wonders may one see, or hear of, in Greece: but the Eleusinian mysteries and Olympian games seem to exhibit more than anything else the Divine purpose. And the sacred grove of Zeus they have from old time called Altis, slightly changing the Greek word for grove: it is indeed called Altis also by Pindar, in the ode he composed for a victor at Olympia. And the temple and statue of Zeus were built out of the spoils of Pisa, which the people of Elis razed to the ground, after quelling the revolt of Pisa, and some of the neighboring towns that revolted with Pisa. And that the statue of Zeus was the work of Phidias is shown by the inscription written at the base of it:—

"Phidias the Athenian, the son of Charmides, made me."

The temple is a Doric building, and outside it is a colonnade. And the temple is built of stone of the district. Its height up to the gable is 68 feet, its breadth 95 feet, and its length 230 feet. And its architect was Libon, a native of Elis. And the tiles on

the roof are not of baked earth; but Pentelican marble, to imitate tiles. They say such roofs are the invention of a man of Naxos called Byzes, who made statues at Naxos with the inscription:—

“Euergus of Naxos made me, the son of Byzes, and descended from Leto, the first who made tiles of stone.”

This Byzes was a contemporary of Alyattes the Lydian, and Astyages (the son of Cyaxares), the king of Persia. And there is a golden vase at each end of the roof, and a golden Victory in the middle of the gable. And underneath the Victory is a golden shield hung up as a votive offering, with the Gorgon Medusa worked on it. The inscription on the shield states who hung it up, and the reason why they did so. For this is what it says:—

“This temple's golden shield is a votive offering from the Lacedæmonians at Tanagra and their allies, a gift from the Argives, the Athenians, and the Ionians, a tithe offering for success in war.”

The battle I mentioned in my account of Attica, when I described the tombs at Athens. And in the same temple at Olympia, above the zone that runs round the pillars on the outside, are 21 golden shields, the offering of Mummius the Roman general, after he had beaten the Achæans and taken Corinth, and expelled the Dorians from Corinth. And on the gables in bas-relief is the chariot race between Pelops and CEnomaus; and both chariots in motion. And in the middle of the gable is a statue of Zeus; and on the right hand of Zeus is CEnomaus with a helmet on his head; and beside him his wife Sterope, one of the daughters of Atlas. And Myrtilus, who was the charioteer of CEnomaus, is seated behind the four horses. And next to him are two men whose names are not recorded, but they are doubtless CEnomaus's grooms, whose duty was to take care of the horses. And at the end of the gable is a delineation of the river Cladeus, next to the Alpheus held most in honor of all the rivers of Elis. And on the left of the statue of Zeus are Pelops and Hippodamia, and the charioteer of Pelops, and the horses, and two men who were Pelops's grooms. And where the gable tapers fine there is the Alpheus delineated. And Pelops's charioteer was, according to the tradition of the Træzenians, Sphærus; but the custodian at Olympia said that his name was Cilla. The carvings on the gables in front are by Pæonius

of Mende in Thracia; those behind by Alcamenes, a contemporary of Phidias and second only to him as statuary. And on the gables is a representation of the fight between the Lapithæ and the Centaurs at the marriage of Pirithous. Pirithous is in the centre, and on one side of him is Eurytion trying to carry off Pirithous's wife, and Cæneus coming to the rescue, and on the other side Theseus laying about among the Centaurs with his battle-axe; and one Centaur is carrying off a maiden, another a blooming boy. Alcamenes has engraved this story, I imagine, because he learnt from the lines of Homer that Pirithous was the son of Zeus, and knew that Theseus was fourth in descent from Pelops. There are also in bas-relief at Olympia most of the Labors of Hercules. Above the doors of the temple is the hunting of the Erymanthian boar, and Hercules taking the mares of Diomedes the Thracian, and robbing Geryon of his oxen in the island of Erytheia, and supporting the load of Atlas, and clearing the land of Elis of its dung. And above the chamber behind the doors he is robbing the Amazon of her belt; and there is the stag, and the Cretan Minotaur, and the Stymphalian birds, and the hydra, and the Nemean lion. And as you enter the brazen doors on the right in front of the pillar is Iphitus being crowned by his wife Ecechiria, as the inscription in verse states. And there are pillars inside the temple, and porticoes above, and an approach by them to the image of Zeus. There is also a winding staircase to the roof.

The image of the god is in gold and ivory, seated on a throne. And a crown is on his head imitating the foliage of the olive-tree. In his right hand he holds a Victory in ivory and gold, with a tiara and crown on his head; and in his left hand a sceptre adorned with all manner of precious stones, and the bird seated on the sceptre is an eagle. The robes and sandals of the god are also of gold; and on his robes are imitations of flowers, especially of lilies. And the throne is richly adorned with gold and precious stones, and with ebony and ivory. And there are imitations of animals painted on it, and models worked on it. There are four Victories like dancers, one at each foot of the throne, and two also at the instep of each foot; and at each of the front feet are Theban boys carried off by Sphinxes, and below the Sphinxes, Apollo and Artemis shooting down the children of Niobe. And between the feet of the throne are four divisions formed by straight lines drawn from each of the four

feet. In the division nearest the entrance there are seven models,—the eighth has vanished no one knows where or how. And they are imitations of ancient contests, for in the days of Phidias the contests for boys were not yet established. And the figure with its head muffled up in a scarf is, they say, Pantarces, who was a native of Elis and the darling of Phidias. This Pantarces won the wrestling-prize for boys in the 86th Olympiad. And in the remaining divisions is the band of Hercules fighting against the Amazons. The number on each side is 29, and Theseus is on the side of Hercules. And the throne is supported not only by the four feet, but also by four pillars between the feet. But one cannot get under the throne, as one can at Amyclæ, and pass inside; for at Olympia there are panels like walls that keep one off. Of these panels the one opposite the doors of the temple is painted sky-blue only, but the others contain paintings by Panæus. Among them is Atlas bearing up Earth and Heaven, and Hercules standing by willing to relieve him of his load; and Theseus and Pirithous, and Greece, and Salamis with the figure-head of a ship in her hand, and the contest of Hercules with the Nemean lion, and Ajax's unknowingly violation of Cassandra, and Hippodamia, the daughter of CEnomaus, with her mother; and Prometheus still chained to the rock, and Hercules gazing at him. For the tradition is that Hercules slew the eagle that was ever tormenting Prometheus on Mount Caucasus, and released Prometheus from his chains. The last paintings are Penthesilea dying and Achilles supporting her, and two Hesperides carrying the apples of which they are fabled to have been the keepers. This Panæus was the brother of Phidias; and at Athens in the Painted Stoa he has painted the action at Marathon. At the top of the throne, Phidias has represented above the head of Zeus the three Graces and three Seasons. For these too, as we learn from the poets, were daughters of Zeus. Homer in the Iliad has represented the Seasons as having the care of Heaven, as a kind of guards of a royal palace. And the base under the feet of Zeus (what is called in Attic *θραύιον*) has golden lions engraved on it, and the battle between Theseus and the Amazons,—the first famous exploit of the Athenians beyond their own borders. And on the platform that supports the throne there are various ornaments round Zeus, and gilt carving,—the Sun seated in his chariot, and Zeus and Hērā; and near is Grace. Hermes is close to her, and Vesta close to Hermes. And next to Vesta is

Eros receiving Aphrodite, who is just rising from the sea and being crowned by Persuasion. And Apollo and Artemis, Athene and Hercules, are standing by, and at the end of the platform Amphitrite and Poseidon, and Selene apparently urging on her horse. And some say it is a mule and not a horse that the goddess is riding upon; and there is a silly tale about this mule.

I know that the size of the Olympian Zeus both in height and breadth has been stated; but I cannot bestow praise on the measurers, for their recorded measurement comes far short of what any one would infer from looking at the statue. They make the god also to have testified to the art of Phidias. For they say that when the statue was finished, Phidias prayed him to signify if the work was to his mind; and immediately Zeus struck with lightning that part of the pavement where in our day there is a brazen urn with a lid.

And all the pavement in front of the statue is not of white but of black stone. And a border of Parian marble runs round this black stone, as a preservative against spilled oil. For oil is good for the statue at Olympia, as it prevents the ivory being harmed by the dampness of the grove. But in the Acropolis at Athens, in regard to the statue of Athene called the Maiden, it is not oil but water that is advantageously employed to the ivory; for as the citadel is dry by reason of its great height, the statue being made of ivory needs to be sprinkled with water freely. And when I was at Epidaurus, and inquired why they use neither water nor oil to the statue of Æsculapius, the sacristans of the temple informed me that the statue of the god and its throne are over a well.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK

(1785-1866)

IN HIS preface to Cole's edition of Peacock's works, Lord Houghton describes the author of 'Headlong Hall' and 'Nightmare Abbey' as a man who belonged in all his tastes, sentiments, and aspects of life, to the eighteenth century. This characterization of Peacock is to a degree justifiable. In his indifference to the mysteries of existence, in his common-sense spirit, in his delicate epicureanism, in his love of ancient and well-established institutions of government and society, he exhibits the temper of the age of Pope. Yet he is thoroughly modern in his exquisite humor, in his skill in pricking the South Sea bubbles devised by the individual or by humanity at large, in his sense of proportion, in his fine carelessness. He may not have belonged to the enthusiastic, tempestuous, striving age which produced Byron and Shelley in the world of letters, and led to the Oxford Revival in the domain of religion; but he may be classed with end-of-the-century pagans as properly as with those of the preceding century.

Ben Jonson has been spoken of as the prototype of Peacock, because he dealt in "humors." The points of resemblance between the Elizabethan dramatist and the satirist of English life three hundred years later, are not few. The characters of Peacock's novels, like the persons of Jonson's dramas, are less human beings than abstractions of certain intellectual eccentricities. Although Lady Clarinda of 'Crotchet Castle' and the Rev. Dr. Opimian of 'Gryll Grange' are warm, lifelike creations, the majority of their associates are shadowy mouthpieces, through which Peacock directs the shafts of his inimitable irony against the clergy, against the universities, against the politicians, against the innovationists, against the whimsies of his contemporaries of every creed and party.

His satirical temper, his fashion of ridiculing everything but good dinners and a country life, his insight into the foibles of his time, were manifest in his first novel, 'Headlong Hall.' Squire Headlong, a hunter and a lover of old wines, has been seized with a violent passion to be thought a philosopher and a man of taste: so he sets off to Oxford to inquire for other varieties of the same genera,—namely, men of taste and philosophy; but being assured by a learned professor that there were no such things in the university, he pursues

his search in London, where he makes the acquaintance of Mr. Foster the perfectibilian, Mr. Escot the deteriorationist, Mr. Jenkinson the statu-quo-ite, and the Rev. Dr. Gaster, who has gained fame by a learned dissertation on the art of stuffing a turkey. These four worthies spend Christmas at Headlong Hall, where each discourses in season and out of season on his particular conception of the universe. In Dr. Gaster, Peacock satirizes the English clergy; but he makes amends for his fun at their expense by drawing the charming Dr. Folliott in 'Crotchet Castle,' and Dr. Opimian in 'Gryll Grange.' These are clergymen of the old school, Tories, whose knowledge of Greek is only equaled by their knowledge of fish-sauces and old Madeira. Peacock was too much of an epicurean and Grecian himself not to recognize and pay tribute to such merits.

His most biting satire is directed rather against the chimeras of contemporary poets and philosophers. Although he was a true friend of Shelley, he caricatures him, in a kindly enough spirit, in the hero of 'Nightmare Abbey,' young Sycthop, who is in love with two women at once. Byron is held up to ridicule as Mr. Cypress, and Coleridge as Mr. Flosky. For the dreamy mystical poet of the 'Ancient Mariner,' Peacock could have little sympathy. He introduces him into 'Crotchet Castle' as Mr. Skionar, "a great dreamer who always dreams with his eyes open, or with one eye open at any rate, which is an eye to gain,"—a palpable injustice to Coleridge, who never knew how to take care of himself. Southey was, however, Peacock's pet detestation. As Sackput, he makes of the poet a monument to his ironical contempt.

His own life is in part explanatory of his peculiar aversion to certain contemporary institutions and classes of people. He was born October 1785, at Weymouth, England, the only child of Samuel Peacock, a merchant of London. His mother, Sarah Love, had several relatives in the English navy, from whom Peacock gained his knowledge of shipping, which he afterwards turned to good account in the service of the East India Company. He was sent to a private school at eight years of age, remaining there until he was thirteen. After that time his education was carried on by himself. A residence in London enabled him to do an enormous amount of classical reading in the British Museum. How wide that reading was, is shown by the variety and number of the classical quotations sown through his novels. As a self-educated man, he had an unbounded contempt for the universities, and he lost no opportunity of expressing it.

From 1808 to 1809 he was under-secretary to Sir Home Popham, on board H. M. S. Venerable; but the occupation was not congenial to him, and he resigned his position. Later he took up his residence in Wales. At Nant Gwillt, near Rhaydar, in 1812, he made the

acquaintance of Shelley and his child-wife Harriet. By some contradiction of his nature, he formed a close and lasting friendship with the ethereal poet, of whom he has left a very just though sympathetic biography. In this biography he draws what is perhaps the most authentic portrait of the unfortunate Harriet. He does justice to her physical charms, and to her purity of character. In 1816 he published 'Headlong Hall'; in 1817 'Melincourt'; in 1818 'Nightmare Abbey'; in 1822 'Maid Marian'; in 1829 'The Misfortunes of Elphin'; and in 1831 'Crotchet Castle.' In 1819 Peacock had obtained a clerkship in the examiner's office of the East India Company. He continued in its employ until 1856, when he retired on a pension, and was succeeded by John Stuart Mill. From 1831 to 1852 he published nothing. His last novel, 'Gryll Grange,' was published when he was an old man in the seventies. He died in 1866.

During the long period of his life he stood apart from the world of his contemporaries. He was not in sympathy with it, although he understood it. Peacock was in sympathy with nothing which took itself seriously. For this reason he hated the Scotch reviewers, especially Jeffrey and his school; he hated the universities; he hated reformers, who are always intense and literal. Peacock's works, aside from their literary value, are important for the light they throw upon the intellectual peculiarities of Englishmen in the first half of this century. The historical value of satire has been apparent since the days of Aristophanes. As Lucian lets the reader into the highly colored intellectual world of the second century, so Peacock reveals the colors of nineteenth-century thought in his ironical novels. He himself is a pagan of the decadence. He takes the world with exquisite nonchalance, and prefers a well-ordered dinner to a dissertation on the immortality of the soul. His bacchanalian songs, interspersed through his novels, are Elizabethan in their mellowness of fancy; they have the quality of fine wine itself. They, rather than his occasional pieces on conventional subjects, establish his claim as a poet. Peacock's love of the country, and of an unrestrained life, finds its most perfect expression in 'Maid Marian,' an airy tale of Robin Hood and his Merry Men. It is redolent of the greenwood, but the odor of delicately roasted venison and the fragrance of canary wine are always discernible through the sweet smell of the turf.

Peacock's works are of a rare vintage, but the reader must be an epicurean in literature to enjoy them. He must lay aside his feverish nineteenth-century prejudices and opinions if he would enjoy the whimsicalities of this writer, who takes his ease in the world's inn, while he laughs at the perspiring crowd in the highway.

FROM 'MAID MARIAN'

MAID MARIAN

—Tuck, the merry friar, who many a sermon made
In praise of Robin Hood, his outlaws, and their trade.

—DRAYTON.

THE baron, with some of his retainers and all the foresters, halted at daybreak in Sherwood Forest. The foresters quickly erected tents, and prepared an abundant breakfast of venison and ale.

"Now, Lord Fitzwater," said the chief forester, "recognize your son-in-law that was to have been, in the outlaw Robin Hood."

"Ay, ay," said the baron, "I have recognized you long ago."

"And recognize your young friend Gamwell," said the second, "in the outlaw Scarlet."

"And Little John, the page," said the third, "in Little John, the outlaw."

"And Father Michael, of Rubygill Abbey," said the friar, "in Friar Tuck, of Sherwood Forest. Truly, I have a chapel here hard by, in the shape of a hollow tree, where I put up my prayers for travelers; and Little John holds the plate at the door, for good praying deserves good paying."

"I am in fine company," said the baron.

"In the very best of company," said the friar: "in the high court of Nature, and in the midst of her own nobility. Is it not so? This goodly grove is our palace; the oak and the beech are its colonnade and its canopy; the sun and the moon and the stars are its everlasting lamps; the grass and the daisy, and the primrose and the violet, are its many-colored floor of green, white, yellow, and blue; the mayflower and the woodbine, and the eglantine and the ivy, are its decorations, its curtains, and its tapestry; the lark, and the thrush, and the linnet, and the nightingale, are its unhired minstrels and musicians. Robin Hood is king of the forest both by dignity of birth and by virtue of his standing army; to say nothing of the free choice of his people, which he has indeed, but I pass it by as an illegitimate basis of power. He holds his dominion over the forest, and its horned multitude of citizen-deer, and its swinish multitude or peasantry of wild boars, by right of conquest and force of arms. He levies

contributions among them by the free consent of his archers, their virtual representatives. If they should find a voice to complain that we are 'tyrants and usurpers to kill and cook them up in their assigned and native dwelling-place,' we should most convincingly admonish them, with point of arrow, that they have nothing to do with our laws but to obey them. Is it not written that the fat ribs of the herd shall be fed upon by the mighty in the land? And have not they withal my blessing? my orthodox, canonical, and archiepiscopal blessing? Do I not give thanks for them when they are well roasted and smoking under my nose? What title had William of Normandy to England, that Robin of Locksley has not to merry Sherwood? William fought for his claim. So does Robin. With whom, both? With any that would or will dispute it. William raised contributions. So does Robin. From whom, both? From all that they could or can make pay them. Why did any pay them to William? Why do any pay them to Robin? For the same reason, to both: because they could not or cannot help it. They differ indeed in this,—that William took from the poor and gave to the rich, and Robin takes from the rich and gives to the poor; and therein is Robin illegitimate, though in all else he is true prince. Scarlet and John, are they not peers of the forest? lords temporal of Sherwood? And am not I lord spiritual? Am I not archbishop? Am I not pope? Do I not consecrate their banner and absolve their sins? Are not they State, and am not I Church? Are not they State monarchical, and am not I Church militant? Do I not excommunicate our enemies from venison and brawn, and by'r Lady, when need calls, beat them down under my feet? The State levies tax, and the Church levies tithe. Even so do we. 'Mass, we take all at once. What then? It is tax by redemption, and tithe by commutation. Your William and Richard can cut and come again; but our Robin deals with slippery subjects, that come not twice to his exchequer. What need we then to constitute a court, except a fool and a laureate? For the fool, his only use is to make false knaves merry by art: and we are true men and are merry by nature. For the laureate, his only office is to find virtues in those who have none, and to drink sack for his pains. We have quite virtue enough to need him not, and can drink our sack for ourselves."

"Well preached, friar," said Robin Hood; "yet there is one thing wanting to constitute a court, and that is a queen. And

now, lovely Matilda, look round upon these sylvan shades where we have so often roused the stag from his ferny covert. The rising sun smiles upon us through the stems of that beechen knoll. Shall I take your hand, Matilda, in the presence of this my court? Shall I crown you with our wildwood coronal, and hail you Queen of the Forest? Will you be the Queen Matilda of your own true King Robin?"

Matilda smiled assent.

"Not Matilda," said the friar: "the rules of our holy alliance require new birth. We have excepted in favor of Little John, because he is great John, and his name is a misnomer. I sprinkle, not thy forehead with water, but thy lips with wine, and baptize thee Marian."

"Here is a pretty conspiracy," exclaimed the baron. "Why, you villainous friar, think you to nickname and marry my daughter before my face with impunity?"

"Even so, bold baron," said the friar: "we are strongest here. Say you, might overcomes right? I say no. There is no right but might; and to say that might overcomes right is to say that right overcomes itself: an absurdity most palpable. Your right was the stronger in Arlingford, and ours is the stronger in Sherwood. Your right was right as long as you could maintain it; so is ours. So is King Richard's, with all deference be it spoken; and so is King Saladin's: and their two mights are now committed in bloody fray, and that which overcomes will be right just as long as it lasts and as far as it reaches. And now, if any of you know any just impediment—"

"Fire and fury!" said the baron.

"Fire and fury," said the friar, "are modes of that might which constitutes right, and are just impediments to anything against which they can be brought to bear. They are our allies upon occasion, and would declare for us now, if you should put them to the test."

"Father," said Matilda, "you know the terms of our compact: from the moment you restrained my liberty, you renounced your claim to all but compulsory obedience. The friar argues well: right ends with might. Thick walls, dreary galleries, and tapes-tried chambers were indifferent to me while I could leave them at pleasure, but have ever been hateful to me since they held me by force. May I never again have roof but the blue sky, nor canopy but the green leaves, nor barrier but the forest

bounds; with the foresters to my train, Little John to my page, Friar Tuck to my ghostly adviser, and Robin Hood to my liege lord. I am no longer Lady Matilda Fitzwater of Arlingford Castle, but plain Maid Marian of Sherwood Forest."

"Long live Maid Marian!" re-echoed the foresters.

"O false girl!" said the baron, "do you renounce your name and parentage?"

"Not my parentage," said Marian, "but my name indeed: do not all maids renounce it at the altar?"

"The altar!" said the baron: "grant me patience! what do you mean by the altar?"

"Pile green turf," said the friar; "wreath it with flowers, and crown it with fruit, and we will show the noble baron what we mean by the altar."

The foresters did as the friar directed.

"Now, Little John," said the friar, "on with the cloak of the Abbot of Doubleflask. I appoint thee my clerk: thou art here duly elected in full mote."

"I wish you were all in full moat together," said the baron, "and smooth wall on both sides."

"Punniest thou?" said the friar. "A heinous, anti-Christian offense. Why anti-Christian? Because anti-Catholic. Why anti-Catholic? Because anti-Roman. Why anti-Roman? Because Carthaginian. Is not pun from Punic? *punica fides*: the very quintessential quiddity of bad faith; double-visaged; double-tongued. He that will make a pun will—I say no more. Fie on it. Stand forth, clerk. Who is the bride's father?"

"There is no bride's father," said the baron. "I am the father of Matilda Fitzwater."

"There is none such," said the friar. "This is the fair Maid Marian. Will you make a virtue of necessity, or will you give laws to the flowing tide? Will you give her, or shall Robin take her? Will you be her true natural father, or shall I commute paternity? Stand forth, Scarlet."

"Stand back, Sirrah Scarlet," said the baron. "My daughter shall have no father but me. Needs must when the Devil drives."

"No matter who drives," said the friar, "so that, like a well-disposed subject, you yield cheerful obedience to those who can enforce it."

"Mawd, sweet Mawd," said the baron, "will you then forsake your poor old father in his distress, with his castle in ashes and his enemy in power?"

"Not so, father," said Marian: "I will always be your true daughter; I will always love and serve and watch and defend you: but neither will I forsake my plighted love, and my own liege lord, who was your choice before he was mine, for you made him my associate in infancy; and that he continued to be mine when he ceased to be yours, does not in any way show remissness in my duties, or falling off in my affections. And though I here plight my troth at the altar to Robin, in the presence of this holy priest and pious clerk, yet— Father, when Richard returns from Palestine, he will restore you to your barony, and perhaps, for your sake, your daughter's husband to the earldom of Huntingdon: should that never be, should it be the will of fate that we must live and die in the greenwood, I will live and die MAID MARIAN."

"A pretty resolution," said the baron, "if Robin will let you keep it."

"I have sworn it," said Robin. "Should I expose her tenderness to the perils of maternity, when life and death may hang on shifting at a moment's notice from Sherwood to Barnsdale, and from Barnsdale to the sea-shore? And why should I banquet when my merry-men starve? Chastity is our forest law, and even the friar has kept it since he has been here."

"Truly so," said the friar; "for temptation dwells with ease and luxury: but the hunter is Hippolytus, and the huntress is Dian. And now, dearly beloved—"

The friar went through the ceremony with great unction, and Little John was most clerical in the intonation of his responses. After which, the friar sang, and Little John fiddled, and the foresters danced, Robin with Marian, and Scarlet with the baron: and the venison smoked, and the ale frothed, and the wine sparkled, and the sun went down on their unwearied festivity; which they wound up with the following song, the friar leading, and the foresters joining chorus:—

Oh! bold Robin Hood is a forester good,
As ever drew bow in the merry greenwood:
At his bugle's shrill singing the echoes are ringing,
The wild deer are springing for many a rood;
Its summons we follow, through brake, over hollow,
The thrice-blown shrill summons of bold Robin Hood.

And what eye hath ere seen such a sweet Maiden Queen
As Marian, the pride of the forester's green?

A sweet garden flower, she blooms in the bower,
Where alone to this hour the wild rose has been;
We hail her in duty the queen of all beauty:
We will live, we will die, by our sweet Maiden Queen.

And here's a gray friar, good as heart can desire,
To absolve all our sins as the case may require;
Who with courage so stout lays his oak-plant about,
And puts to the rout all the foes of his choir;
For we are his choristers, we merry foresters,
Chorusing thus with our militant friar.

And Scarlet doth bring his good yew-bough and string,
Prime minister is he of Robin our king;
No mark is too narrow for Little John's arrow,
That hits a cock-sparrow a mile on the wing;
Robin and Mariòn, Scarlet and Little John,
Long with their glory old Sherwood shall ring.

Each a good liver, for well-feathered quiver
Doth furnish brawn, venison, and fowl of the river:
But the best game we dish up, it is a fat bishop;
When his angels we fish up, he proves a free giver,—
For a prelate so lowly has angels more holy,
And should this world's false angels to sinners deliver.

Robin and Mariòn, Scarlet and Little John,
Drink to them one by one, drink as ye sing:
Robin and Mariòn, Scarlet and Little John.
Echo to echo through Sherwood shall fling:
Robin and Mariòn, Scarlet and Little John,
Long with their glory old Sherwood shall ring.

A FOREST CODE

A single volume paramount; a code:
A master spirit; a determined road.—WORDSWORTH.

THE next morning Robin Hood convened his foresters, and desired Little John, for the baron's edification, to read over the laws of their forest society. Little John read aloud with a stenographic voice:—

AT A high court of foresters, held under the greenwood tree an hour after sunrise, Robin Hood president, William Scarlet --

vice-president, Little John secretary: the following articles, moved by Friar Tuck in his capacity of Peer Spiritual, and seconded by Much the Miller, were unanimously agreed to.

The principles of our society are six: Legitimacy, Equity, Hospitality, Chivalry, Chastity, and Courtesy.

The articles of Legitimacy are four:—

I. Our government is legitimate, and our society is founded on the one golden rule of right, consecrated by the universal consent of mankind, and by the practice of all ages, individuals, and nations; namely, To keep what we have, and to catch what we can.

II. Our government being legitimate, all our proceedings shall be legitimate: wherefore we declare war against the whole world, and every forester is by this legitimate declaration legitimately invested with a roving commission to make lawful prize of everything that comes in his way.

III. All forest laws but our own we declare to be null and void.

IV. All such of the old laws of England as do not in any way interfere with, or militate against, the views of this honorable assembly, we will loyally adhere to and maintain. The rest we declare null and void as far as relates to ourselves, in all cases wherein a vigor beyond the law may be conducive to our own interest and preservation.

The articles of Equity are three:—

I. The balance of power among the people being very much deranged by one having too much and another nothing, we hereby resolve ourselves into a congress or court of equity, to restore as far as in us lies the said natural balance of power, by taking from all who have too much as much of the said too much as we can lay our hands on; and giving to those who have nothing such a portion thereof as it may seem to us expedient to part with.

II. In all cases a quorum of foresters shall constitute a court of equity, and as many as may be strong enough to manage the matter in hand shall constitute a quorum.

III. All usurers, monks, courtiers, and other drones of the great hive of society, who shall be found laden with any portion of the honey whereof they have wrongfully despoiled the industrious bee, shall be rightfully despoiled thereof in turn; and all bishops and abbots shall be bound and beaten, especially the

Abbot of Doncaster; as shall also all sheriffs, especially the Sheriff of Nottingham.

The articles of Hospitality are two:—

I. Postmen, carriers, and market-folk, peasants and mechanics, farmers and millers, shall pass through our forest dominions without let or molestation.

II. All other travelers through the forest shall be graciously invited to partake of Robin's hospitality; and if they come not willingly they shall be compelled: and the rich man shall pay well for his fare; and the poor man shall feast scot free, and peradventure receive bounty in proportion to his desert and necessity.

The article of Chivalry is one:—

I. Every forester shall, to the extent of his power, aid and protect maids, widows, and orphans, and all weak and distressed persons whomsoever; and no woman shall be impeded or molested in any way; nor shall any company receive harm which any woman is in.

The article of Chastity is one:—

I. Every forester, being Diana's forester and minion of the moon, shall commend himself to the grace of the Virgin, and shall have the gift of continency on pain of expulsion; that the article of chivalry may be secure from infringement, and maids, wives, and widows pass without fear through the forest.

The article of Courtesy is one:—

I. No one shall miscall a forester. He who calls Robin, Robert of Huntingdon, or salutes him by any other title or designation whatsoever except plain Robin Hood; or who calls Marian, Matilda Fitzwater, or salutes her by any other title or designation whatsoever except plain Maid Marian, and so of all others, shall for every such offense forfeit a mark, to be paid to the friar.

And these articles we swear to keep as we are good men and true.

Carried by acclamation. God save King Richard.

LITTLE JOHN, Secretary.

"Excellent laws," said the baron; "excellent, by the holy rood. William of Normandy, with my great-great-grandfather Fierabras at his elbow, could not have made better. And now, sweet Mawd —"

"A fine, a fine," cried the friar, "a fine, by the article of courtesy."

"'Od's life," said the baron, "shall I not call my own daughter Mawd? Methinks there should be a special exception in my favor."

"It must not be," said Robin Hood: "our constitution admits no privilege."

"But I will commute," said the friar: "for twenty marks a year duly paid into my ghostly pocket you shall call your daughter Mawd two hundred times a day."

"Gramercy," said the baron, "and I agree, honest friar, when I can get twenty marks to pay; for till Prince John be beaten from Nottingham, my rents are like to prove but scanty."

"I will trust," said the friar, "and thus let us ratify the stipulation; so shall our laws and your infringement run together in an amicable parallel."

"But," said Little John, "this is a bad precedent, master friar. It is turning discipline into profit, penalty into perquisite, public justice into private revenue. It is rank corruption, master friar."

"Why are laws made?" said the friar. "For the profit of somebody. Of whom? Of him who makes them first, and of others as it may happen. Was not I legislator in the last article, and shall I not thrive by my own law?"

"Well then, sweet Mawd," said the baron, "I must leave you, Mawd: your life is very well for the young and the hearty, but it squares not with my age or my humor. I must house, Mawd; I must find refuge: but where? That is the question."

"Where Sir Guy of Gamwell has found it," said Robin Hood, "near the borders of Barnsdale. There you may dwell in safety with him and fair Alice, till King Richard return; and Little John shall give you safe-conduct. You will have need to travel with caution, in disguise and without attendants; for Prince John commands all this vicinity, and will doubtless lay the country for you and Marian. Now it is first expedient to dismiss your retainers. If there be any among them who like our life, they may stay with us in the greenwood; the rest may return to their homes."

Some of the baron's men resolved to remain with Robin and Marian; and were furnished accordingly with suits of green, of which Robin always kept good store.

Marian now declared that as there was danger in the way to Barnsdale, she would accompany Little John and the baron, as she would not be happy unless she herself saw her father placed in security. Robin was very unwilling to consent to this, and assured her that there was more danger for her than the baron; but Marian was absolute.

"If so, then," said Robin, "I shall be your guide instead of Little John; and I shall leave him and Scarlet joint regents of Sherwood during my absence, and the voice of Friar Tuck shall be decisive between them if they differ in nice questions of State policy."

Marian objected to this, that there was more danger for Robin than either herself or the baron; but Robin was absolute in his turn.

"Talk not of my voice," said the friar; "for if Marian be a damsel errant, I will be her ghostly esquire."

Robin insisted that this should not be, for number would only expose them to greater risk of detection. The friar, after some debate, reluctantly acquiesced.

While they were discussing these matters, they heard the distant sound of horses' feet.

"Go," said Robin to Little John, "and invite yonder horseman to dinner."

Little John bounded away, and soon came before a young man, who was riding in a melancholy manner, with the bridle hanging loose on the horse's neck, and his eyes drooping towards the ground.

"Whither go you?" said Little John.

"Whithersoever my horse pleases," said the young man.

"And that shall be," said Little John, "whither I please to lead him. I am commissioned to invite you to dine with my master."

"Who is your master?" said the young man.

"Robin Hood," said Little John.

"The bold outlaw?" said the stranger. "Neither he nor you should have made me turn an inch aside yesterday; but to-day I care not."

"Then it is better for you," said Little John, "that you came to-day than yesterday, if you love dining in a whole skin: for my master is the pink of courtesy; but if his guests prove stubborn, he bastes them and his venison together, while the friar says mass before meat."

The young man made no answer, and scarcely seemed to hear what Little John was saying, who therefore took the horse's bridle and led him to where Robin and his foresters were setting forth their dinner. Robin seated the young man next to Marian. Recovering a little from his stupor, he looked with much amazement at her, and the baron, and Robin, and the friar; listened to their conversation, and seemed much astonished to find himself in such holy and courtly company. Robin helped him largely to numble-pie and cygnet and pheasant, and the other dainties of his table; and the friar pledged him in ale and wine, and exhorted him to make good cheer. But the young man drank little, ate less, spake nothing, and every now and then sighed heavily.

When the repast was ended, "Now," said Robin, "you are at liberty to pursue your journey; but first be pleased to pay for your dinner."

"That would I gladly do, Robin," said the young man, "but all I have about me are five shillings and a ring. To the five shillings you shall be welcome, but for the ring I will fight while there is a drop of blood in my veins."

"Gallantly spoken," said Robin Hood. "A love-token, without doubt; but you must submit to our forest laws. Little John must search: and if he find no more than you say, not a penny will I touch; but if you have spoken false, the whole is forfeit to our fraternity."

"And with reason," said the friar; "for thereby is the truth maintained. The Abbot of Doubleflask swore there was no money in his valise, and Little John forthwith emptied it of four hundred pounds. Thus was the abbot's perjury but of one minute's duration: for though his speech was false in the utterance, yet was it no sooner uttered than it became true, and we should have been *participes criminis* to have suffered the holy abbot to depart in falsehood; whereas he came to us a false priest, and we sent him away a true man. Marry, we turned his cloak to further account, and thereby hangs a tale that may be either said or sung: for in truth I am minstrel here as well as chaplain; I pray for good success to our just and necessary warfare, and sing thanksgiving odes when our foresters bring in booty:—

"Bold Robin has robed him in ghostly attire,
And forth he is gone like a holy friar,
Singing hey down, ho down, down, derry down!

And of two gray friars he soon was aware,
Regaling themselves with dainty fare,
All on the fallen leaves so brown.

“‘Good-morrow, good brothers.’ said bold Robin Hood:
‘And what make you in the good greenwood,
Singing hey down, ho down, down, derry down!
Now give me, I pray you, wine and food;
For none can I find in the good greenwood,
All on the fallen leaves so brown.’

“‘Good brother,’ they said, ‘we would give you full fain,
But we have no more than enough for twain,
Singing hey down, ho down, down, derry down!’
‘Then give me some money,’ said bold Robin Hood;
‘For none can I find in the good greenwood,
All on the fallen leaves so brown.’

“‘No money have we, good brother,’ said they;
‘Then,’ said he, ‘we three for money will pray,
Singing hey down, ho down, down, derry down!
And whatever shall come at the end of our prayer,
We three holy friars will piously share,
All on the fallen leaves so brown.’

“‘We will not pray with thee, good brother, God wot;
For truly, good brother, thou pleasest us not,
Singing hey down, ho down, down, derry down!’
Then up they both started from Robin to run,
But down on their knees Robin pulled them each one,
All on the fallen leaves so brown.

“The gray friars prayed with a doleful face,
But bold Robin prayed with a right merry grace,
Singing hey down, ho down, down, derry down!
And when they had prayed, their portmanteau he took.
And from it a hundred good angels he shook,
All on the fallen leaves so brown.

“‘The saints,’ said bold Robin, ‘have hearkened our prayer,
And here’s a good angel apiece for your share;
If more you would have, you must win ere you wear—
Singing hey down, ho down, down, derry down!’
Then he blew his good horn with a musical cheer,
And fifty green bowmen came trooping full near,
And away the gray friars they bounded like deer,
All on the fallen leaves so brown.”

CHIVALRY

What can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie,
What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?—BURNS.

"HERE is but five shillings and a ring," said Little John, "and the young man has spoken true."

"Then," said Robin to the stranger, "if want of money be the cause of your melancholy, speak. Little John is my treasurer, and he shall disburse to you."

"It is, and it is not," said the stranger: "it is, because, had I not wanted money, I had never lost my love; it is not, because, now that I have lost her, money would come too late to regain her."

"In what way have you lost her?" said Robin: "let us clearly know that she is past regaining before we give up our wishes to restore her to you."

"She is to be married this day," said the stranger,— "and perhaps is married by this,—to a rich old knight; and yesterday I knew it not."

"What is your name?" said Robin.

"Allen," said the stranger.

"And where is the marriage to take place, Allen?" said Robin.

"At Edwinstow church," said Allen, "by the Bishop of Nottingham."

"I know that bishop," said Robin: "he dined with me a month since, and paid three hundred pounds for his dinner. He has a good ear and loves music. The friar sang to him to some tune. Give me my harper's cloak, and I will play a part at this wedding."

"These are dangerous times, Robin," said Marian, "for playing pranks out of the forest."

"Fear not," said Robin: "Edwinstow lies not Nottinghamward, and I will take my precautions."

Robin put on his harper's cloak, while Little John painted his eyebrows and cheeks, tipped his nose with red, and tied him on a comely beard. Marian confessed that had she not been present at the metamorphosis, she should not have known her own true Robin. Robin took his harp and went to the wedding.

Robin found the bishop and his train in the church porch, impatiently expecting the arrival of the bride and bridegroom.

The clerk was observing to the bishop that the knight was somewhat gouty, and that the necessity of walking the last quarter of a mile from the road to the church-yard probably detained the lively bridegroom rather longer than had been calculated upon.

"Oh! by my fay," said the music-loving bishop, "here comes a harper in the nick of time; and now I care not how long they tarry. Ho! honest friend, are you come to play at the wedding?"

"I am come to play anywhere," answered Robin, "where I can get a cup of sack; for which I will sing the praise of the donor in lofty verse, and emblazon him with any virtue which he may wish to have the credit of possessing, without the trouble of practicing."

"A most courtly harper," said the bishop; "I will fill thee with sack, I will make thee a walking butt of sack, if thou wilt delight my ears with thy melodies."

"That will I," said Robin: "in what branch of my art shall I exert my faculty? I am passing well in all, from the anthem to the glee, and from the dirge to the coranto."

"It would be idle," said the bishop, "to give thee sack for playing me anthems, seeing that I myself do receive sack for hearing them sung. Therefore, as the occasion is festive, thou shalt play me a coranto."

Robin struck up and played away merrily, the bishop all the while in great delight, nodding his head and beating time with his foot, till the bride and bridegroom appeared. The bridegroom was richly appareled, and came slowly and painfully forward, hobbling and leering, and pursing up his mouth into a smile of resolute defiance to the gout, and of tender complacency towards his lady-love, who, shining like gold at the old knight's expense, followed slowly between her father and mother, her cheeks pale, her head drooping, her steps faltering, and her eyes reddened with tears.

Robin stopped his minstrelsy, and said to the bishop, "This seems to me an unfit match."

"What do you say, rascal?" said the old knight, hobbling up to him.

"I say," said Robin, "this seems to me an unfit match. What in the devil's name can you want with a young wife, who have one foot in flannels and the other in the grave?"

"What is that to thee, sirrah varlet?" said the old knight: "stand away from the porch, or I will fracture thy scone with my cane."

"I will not stand away from the porch," said Robin, "unless the bride bid me, and tell me that you are her own true love."

"Speak," said the bride's father, in a severe tone, and with a look of significant menace. The girl looked alternately at her father and Robin. She attempted to speak, but her voice failed in the effort, and she burst into tears.

"Here is lawful cause and just impediment," said Robin, "and I forbid the banns."

"Who are you, villain?" said the old knight, stamping his sound foot with rage.

"I am the Roman law," said Robin, "which says that there shall not be more than ten years between a man and his wife; and here are five times ten: and so says the law of nature."

"Honest harper," said the bishop, "you are somewhat over-officious here, and less courtly than I deemed you. If you love sack, forbear; for this course will never bring you a drop. As to your Roman law, and your law of nature, what right have they to say anything which the law of Holy Writ says not?"

"The law of Holy Writ does say it," said Robin: "I expound it so to say; and I will produce sixty commentators to establish my exposition."

And so saying he produced a horn from beneath his cloak, and blew three blasts, and threescore bowmen in green came leaping from the bushes and trees; and young Allen was the first among them to give Robin his sword, while Friar Tuck and Little John marched up to the altar. Robin stripped the bishop and clerk of their robes, and put them on the friar and Little John; and Allen advanced to take the hand of the bride. Her cheeks grew red and her eyes grew bright, as she locked her hand in her lover's and tripped lightly with him into the church.

"This marriage will not stand," said the bishop, "for they have not been thrice asked in church."

"We will ask them seven times," said Little John, "lest three should not suffice."

"And in the mean time," said Robin, "the knight and the bishop shall dance to my harping."

So Robin sat in the church porch and played away merrily, while his foresters formed a ring, in the centre of which **the**

knight and bishop danced with exemplary alacrity; and if they relaxed their exertions, Scarlet gently touched them up with the point of an arrow.

The knight grimaced ruefully, and begged Robin to think of his gout.

"So I do," said Robin: "this is the true antipodagron; you shall dance the gout away, and be thankful to me while you live. I told you," he added to the bishop, "I would play at this wedding, but you did not tell me that you would dance at it. The next couple you marry, think of the Roman law."

The bishop was too much out of breath to reply: and now the young couple issued from church, and the bride having made a farewell obeisance to her parents, they departed together with the foresters; the parents storming, the attendants laughing, the bishop puffing and blowing, and the knight rubbing his gouty foot, and uttering doleful lamentations for the gold and jewels with which he had so unwittingly adorned and dowered the bride.

PILGRIMS FROM HOLY LAND

As ye came from the Holy Land
Of blessed Walsinghame,
Oh, met ye not with my true love
As by the way ye came?—OLD BALLAD.

IN PURSUANCE of the arrangement recorded in the twelfth chapter, the baron, Robin, and Marian disguised themselves as pilgrims returned from Palestine, and traveling from the sea-coast of Hampshire to their home in Northumberland. By dint of staff and cockle-shell, sandal and scrip, they proceeded in safety the greater part of the way (for Robin had many sly inns and resting-places between Barnsdale and Sherwood), and were already on the borders of Yorkshire, when one evening they passed within view of a castle, where they saw a lady standing on a turret and surveying the whole extent of the valley through which they were passing. A servant came running from the castle, and delivered a message to them from his lady, who was sick with expectation of news from her lord in the Holy Land, and entreated them to come to her, that she might question them concerning him. This was an awkward occurrence; but there was no pretense for refusal, and they followed the servant into

the castle. The baron, who had been in Palestine in his youth, undertook to be spokesman on the occasion, and to relate his own adventures to the lady as having happened to the lord in question. This preparation enabled him to be so minute and circumstantial in his detail, and so coherent in his replies to her questions, that the lady fell implicitly into the delusion, and was delighted to find that her lord was alive and in health, and in high favor with the King, and performing prodigies of valor in the name of his lady, whose miniature he always wore in his bosom. The baron guessed at this circumstance from the customs of that age, and happened to be in the right.

"This miniature," added the baron, "I have had the felicity to see, and should have known you by it among a million." The baron was a little embarrassed by some questions of the lady concerning her lord's personal appearance; but Robin came to his aid, observing a picture suspended opposite to him on the wall, which he made a bold conjecture to be that of the lord in question; and making a calculation of the influences of time and war, which he weighed with a comparison of the lady's age, he gave a description of her lord sufficiently like the picture in its groundwork to be a true resemblance, and sufficiently differing from it in circumstances to be more an original than a copy. The lady was completely deceived, and entreated them to partake her hospitality for the night; but this they deemed it prudent to decline, and with many humble thanks for her kindness, and representations of the necessity of not delaying their homeward course, they proceeded on their way.

As they passed over the drawbridge they met Sir Ralph Montfaucon and his squire, who were wandering in quest of Marian, and were entering to claim that hospitality which the pilgrims had declined. Their countenances struck Sir Ralph with a kind of imperfect recognition, which would never have been matured but that the eyes of Marian, as she passed him, encountered his; and the images of those stars of beauty continued involuntarily twinkling in his sensorium to the exclusion of all other ideas, till memory, love, and hope concurred with imagination to furnish a probable reason for their haunting him so pertinaciously. Those eyes, he thought, were certainly the eyes of Matilda Fitzwater; and if the eyes were hers, it was extremely probable, if not logically consecutive, that the rest of the body they belonged to was hers also. Now, if it were really Matilda

Fitzwater, who were her two companions? The baron? Ay, and the elder pilgrim was something like him. And the Earl of Huntingdon? Very probably. The earl and the baron might be good friends again, now that they were both in disgrace together. While he was revolving these cogitations, he was introduced to the lady, and after claiming and receiving the promise of hospitality, he inquired what she knew of the pilgrims who had just departed. The lady told him they were newly returned from Palestine, having been long in the Holy Land. The knight expressed some skepticism on this point. The lady replied that they had given her so minute a detail of her lord's proceedings, and so accurate a description of his person, that she could not be deceived in them. This staggered the knight's confidence in his own penetration; and if it had not been a heresy in knighthood to suppose for a moment that there could be *in rerum natura* such another pair of eyes as those of his mistress, he would have acquiesced implicitly in the lady's judgment. But while the lady and the knight were conversing, the warder blew his bugle-horn, and presently entered a confidential messenger from Palestine, who gave her to understand that her lord was well; but entered into a detail of his adventures most completely at variance with the baron's narrative, to which not the correspondence of a single incident gave the remotest coloring of similarity. It now became manifest that the pilgrims were not true men; and Sir Ralph Montfaucon sate down to supper with his head full of cogitations which we shall leave him to chew and digest with his pheasant and canary.

Meanwhile our three pilgrims proceeded on their way. The evening set in black and lowering, when Robin turned aside from the main track, to seek an asylum for the night along a narrow way that led between rocky and woody hills. A peasant observed the pilgrims as they entered that narrow pass, and called after them, "Whither go you, my masters? there are rogues in that direction."

"Can you show us a direction," said Robin, "in which there are none? If so, we will take it in preference." The peasant grinned, and walked away whistling.

The pass widened as they advanced, and the woods grew thicker and darker around them. Their path wound along the slope of a woody declivity, which rose high above them in a thick rampart of foliage, and descended almost precipitously to

the bed of a small river, which they heard dashing in its rocky channel, and saw its white foam gleaming at intervals in the last faint glimmerings of twilight. In a short time all was dark, and the rising voice of the wind foretold a coming storm. They turned a point of the valley, and saw a light below them in the depth of the hollow, shining through a cottage casement, and dancing in its reflection on the restless stream. Robin blew his horn, which was answered from below. The cottage door opened: a boy came forth with a torch, ascended the steep, showed tokens of great delight at meeting with Robin, and lighted them down a flight of steps rudely cut in the rock, and over a series of rugged stepping-stones, that crossed the channel of the river. They entered the cottage, which exhibited neatness, comfort, and plenty; being amply enriched with pots, pans, and pipkins, and adorned with fitches of bacon and sundry similar ornaments, that gave goodly promise in the firelight that gleamed upon the rafters.

A woman, who seemed just old enough to be the boy's mother, had thrown down her spinning-wheel in her joy at the sound of Robin's horn, and was bustling with singular alacrity to set forth her festal ware and prepare an abundant supper. Her features, though not beautiful, were agreeable and expressive; and were now lighted up with such manifest joy at the sight of Robin, that Marian could not help feeling a momentary touch of jealousy, and a half-formed suspicion that Robin had broken his forest law, and had occasionally gone out of bounds, as other great men have done upon occasion, in order to reconcile the breach of the spirit with the preservation of the letter of their own legislation. However, this suspicion, if it could be said to exist in a mind so generous as Marian's, was very soon dissipated by the entrance of the woman's husband, who testified as much joy as his wife had done at the sight of Robin; and in a short time the whole of the party were amicably seated around a smoking supper of river-fish and wild wood-fowl, on which the baron fell with as much alacrity as if he had been a true pilgrim from Palestine.

The husband produced some recondite flasks of wine, which were laid by in a bin consecrated to Robin, whose occasional visits to them in his wanderings were the festal days of these warm-hearted cottagers, whose manners showed that they had not been born to this low estate. Their story had no mystery, and

Marian easily collected it from the tenor of their conversation. The young man had been, like Robin, the victim of an usurious abbot, and had been outlawed for debt, and his nut-brown maid had accompanied him to the depths of Sherwood, where they lived an unholy and illegitimate life, killing the king's deer and never hearing mass. In this state, Robin, then Earl of Huntingdon, discovered them in one of his huntings, and gave them aid and protection. When Robin himself became an outlaw, the necessary qualification or gift of continency was too hard a law for our lovers to subscribe to; and as they were thus disqualified for foresters, Robin had found them a retreat in this romantic and secluded spot. He had done similar service to other lovers similarly circumstanced, and had disposed them in various wild scenes which he and his men had discovered in their flittings from place to place, supplying them with all necessaries and comforts from the reluctant disgorgings of fat abbots and usurers. The benefit was in some measure mutual: for these cottages served him as resting-places in his removals, and enabled him to travel untraced and unmolested; and in the delight with which he was always received, he found himself even more welcome than he would have been at an inn,—and this is saying very much for gratitude and affection together. The smiles which surrounded him were of his own creation, and he participated in the happiness he had bestowed.

The casements began to rattle in the wind, and the rain to beat upon the windows. The wind swelled to a hurricane, and the rain dashed like a flood against the glass. The boy retired to his little bed, the wife trimmed the lamp, the husband heaped logs upon the fire; Robin broached another flask; and Marian filled the baron's cup, and sweetened Robin's by touching its edge with her lips.

"Well," said the baron, "give me a roof over my head, be it never so humble. Your greenwood canopy is pretty and pleasant in sunshine; but if I were doomed to live under it, I should wish it were water-tight."

"But," said Robin, "we have tents and caves for foul weather, good store of wine and venison, and fuel in abundance."

"Ay, but," said the baron, "I like to pull off my boots of a night,—which you foresters seldom do,—and to ensconce myself thereafter in a comfortable bed. Your beech-root is over-hard for a couch, and your mossy stump is somewhat rough for a bolster."

"Had you not dry leaves," said Robin, "with a bishop's surplice over them? what would you have softer? And had you not an abbot's traveling-cloak for a coverlet? what would you have warmer?"

"Very true," said the baron; "but that was an indulgence to a guest, and I dreamed all night of the Sheriff of Nottingham. I like to feel myself safe," he added, stretching out his legs to the fire, and throwing himself back in his chair with the air of a man determined to be comfortable. "I like to feel myself safe," said the baron.

At that moment the woman caught her husband's arm; and all the party, following the direction of her eyes, looked simultaneously to the window, where they had just time to catch a glimpse of an apparition of an armed head, with its plumage tossing in the storm, on which the light shone from within, and which disappeared immediately.

STORMING THE FORTRESS

"O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary. When did I see thee so put down?"
—('TWELFTH NIGHT.')

SEVERAL knocks, as from the knuckles of an iron glove, were given at the door of the cottage; and a voice was heard entreating shelter from the storm for a traveler who had lost his way. Robin rose and went to the door.

"What are you?" said Robin.

"A soldier," replied the voice; "an unfortunate adherent of Longchamp, flying the vengeance of Prince John."

"Are you alone?" said Robin.

"Yes," said the voice. "It is a dreadful night: hospitable cottagers, pray give me admittance. I would not have asked it but for the storm. I would have kept my watch in the woods."

"That I believe," said Robin. "You did not reckon on the storm when you turned into this pass. Do you know there are rogues this way?"

"I do," said the voice.

"So do I," said Robin.

A pause ensued, during which Robin listening attentively caught a faint sound of whispering.

"You are not alone," said Robin. "Who are your companions?"

"None but the wind and the water," said the voice, "and I would I had them not."

"The wind and the water have many voices," said Robin, "but I never before heard them say, 'What shall we do?'"

Another pause ensued; after which—

"Look ye, master cottager," said the voice in an altered tone, "if you do not let us in willingly, we will break down the door."

"Ho! ho!" roared the baron, "you are become plural, are you, rascals? How many are there of you, thieves? What, I warrant you thought to rob and murder a poor harmless cottager and his wife, and did not dream of a garrison? You looked for no weapon of opposition but spit, poker, and basting-ladle, wielded by unskillful hands; but, rascals, here is short sword and long cudgel in hands well tried in war, wherewith you shall be drilled into cullenders and beaten into mummy."

No reply was made, but furious strokes from without resounded upon the door. Robin, Marian, and the baron threw by their pilgrim's attire, and stood in arms on the defensive. They were provided with swords, and the cottager gave them bucklers and helmets; for all Robin's haunts were furnished with secret armories. But they kept their swords sheathed, and the baron wielded a ponderous spear, which he pointed towards the door ready to run through the first that should enter; and Robin and Marian each held a bow, with the arrow drawn to its head and pointed in the same direction. The cottager flourished a strong cudgel (a weapon in the use of which he prided himself on being particularly expert), and the wife seized the spit from the fireplace, and held it as she saw the baron hold his spear. The storm of wind and rain continued to beat on the roof and casement, and the storm of blows to resound upon the door, which at length gave way with a violent crash, and a cluster of armed men appeared without, seemingly not less than twelve. Behind them rolled the stream, now changed from a gentle and shallow river to a mighty and impetuous torrent, roaring in waves of yellow foam, partially reddened by the light that streamed through the open door, and turning up its convulsed surface in flashes of shifting radiance from restless masses of half-visible shadow. The stepping-stones by which the intruders must have crossed were buried under the waters. On the opposite bank the light fell on the stems and boughs of the rock-rooted oak and ash,

tossing and swaying in the blast, and sweeping the flashing spray with their leaves.

The instant the door broke, Robin and Marian loosed their arrows. Robin's arrow struck one of the assailants in the juncture of the shoulder, and disabled his right arm; Marian's struck a second in the juncture of the knee, and rendered him unserviceable for the night. The baron's long spear struck on the mailed breastplate of a third, and being stretched to its full extent by the long-armed hero, drove him to the edge of the torrent and plunged him into its eddies, along which he was whirled down the darkness of the descending stream, calling vainly on his comrades for aid, till his voice was lost in the mingled roar of the waters and the wind. A fourth springing through the door was laid prostrate by the cottager's cudgel: but the wife, being less dexterous than her company, though an Amazon in strength, missed her pass at a fifth, and drove the point of the spit several inches into the right-hand doorpost as she stood close to the left, and thus made a new barrier, which the invaders could not pass without dipping under it and submitting their necks to the sword; but one of the assailants, seizing it with gigantic rage, shook it at once from the grasp of its holder and from its lodgment in the post, and at the same time made good the irruption of the rest of his party into the cottage.

Now raged an unequal combat, for the assailants fell two to one on Robin, Marian, the baron, and the cottager; while the wife, being deprived of her spit, converted everything that was at hand to a missile, and rained pots, pans, and pipkins on the armed heads of the enemy. The baron raged like a tiger, and the cottager laid about him like a thresher. One of the soldiers struck Robin's sword from his hand, and brought him on his knee; when the boy, who had been roused by the tumult, and had been peeping through the inner door, leaped forward in his shirt, picked up the sword and replaced it in Robin's hand, who instantly springing up, disarmed and wounded one of his antagonists, while the other was laid prostrate under the dint of a brass cauldron launched by the Amazonian dame. Robin now turned to the aid of Marian, who was parrying most dexterously the cuts and slashes of her two assailants; of whom Robin delivered her from one, while a well-applied blow of her sword struck off the helmet of the other, who fell on his knees to beg a boon, and she recognized Sir Ralph Montfaucon. The men

who were engaged with the baron and the peasant, seeing their leader subdued, immediately laid down their arms and cried for quarter. The wife brought some strong rope, and the baron tied their arms behind them.

"Now, Sir Ralph," said Marian, "once more you are at my mercy."

"That I always am, cruel beauty," said the discomfited lover.

"Odso! courteous knight," said the baron, "is this the return you make for my beef and canary, when you kissed my daughter's hand in token of contrition for your intermeddling at her wedding? 'Heart, I am glad to see she has given you a bloody cockscorn. Slice him down, Mawd! slice him down, and fling him into the river."

"Confess," said Marian: "what brought you here, and how did you trace our steps?"

"I will confess nothing," said the knight.

"Then confess, you rascal," said the baron, holding his sword to the throat of the captive squire.

"Take away the sword," said the squire: "it is too near my mouth, and my voice will not come out for fear; take away the sword, and I will confess all." The baron dropped his sword, and the squire proceeded:—"Sir Ralph met you as you quitted Lady Falkland's castle; and by representing to her who you were, borrowed from her such a number of her retainers as he deemed must insure your capture, seeing that your familiar the friar was not at your elbow. We set forth without delay, and traced you first by means of a peasant who saw you turn into this valley, and afterwards by the light from the casement of this solitary dwelling. Our design was to have laid an ambush for you in the morning, but the storm and your observation of my unlucky face through the casement made us change our purpose; and what followed you can tell better than I can, being indeed masters of the subject."

"You are a merry knave," said the baron, "and here is a cup of wine for you."

"Gramercy," said the squire, "and better late than never; but I lacked a cup of this before. Had I been pot-valiant, I had held you play."

"Sir knight," said Marian, "this is the third time you have sought the life of my lord and of me,—for mine is interwoven with his. And do you think me so spiritless as to believe that I

can be yours by compulsion? Tempt me not again; for the next time shall be the last, and the fish of the nearest river shall commute the flesh of a recreant knight into the fast-day dinner of an uncarnivorous friar. I spare you now, not in pity but in scorn. Yet shall you swear to a convention never more to pursue or molest my lord or me, and on this condition you shall live."

The knight had no alternative but to comply, and swore, on the honor of knighthood, to keep the convention inviolate. How well he kept his oath we shall have no opportunity of narrating. *Di lui la nostra istoria piu non parla.*

CROSSING THE FORD

Carry me over the water, thou fine fellowe.—OLD BALLAD.

THE pilgrims, without experiencing further molestation, arrived at the retreat of Sir Guy of Gamwell. They found the old knight a cup too low: partly from being cut off from the scenes of his old hospitality and the shouts of his Nottinghamshire vassals, who were wont to make the rafters of his ancient hall re-echo to their revelry; but principally from being parted from his son, who had long been the better half of his flask and pasty. The arrival of our visitors cheered him up; and finding that the baron was to remain with him, he testified his delight and the cordiality of his welcome by pegging him in the ribs till he made him roar.

Robin and Marian took an affectionate leave of the baron and the old knight; and before they quitted the vicinity of Barnsdale, deeming it prudent to return in a different disguise, they laid aside their pilgrim's attire, and assumed the habits and appurtenances of wandering minstrels.

They traveled in this character safely and pleasantly, till one evening at a late hour they arrived by the side of a river, where Robin, looking out for a mode of passage, perceived a ferry-boat in a nook on the opposite bank, near which a chimney, sending up a wreath of smoke through the thick-set willows, was the only symptom of human habitation: and Robin, naturally conceiving the said chimney and wreath of smoke to be the outward signs of the inward ferryman, shouted "Over!" with much strength and clearness; but no voice replied, and no ferryman appeared. Robin raised his voice and shouted with redoubled

energy, "Over, Over, O-o-o-over!" A faint echo alone responded "Over!" and again died away into deep silence; but after a brief interval a voice from among the willows, in a strange kind of mingled intonation that was half a shout and half a song, answered:—

"Over, over, over, jolly, jolly rover,
Would you then come over? over, over, over?
Jolly, jolly rover, here's one lives in clover:
Who finds the clover? The jolly, jolly rover.
He finds the clover, let him then come over,
The jolly, jolly rover, over, over, over."

"I much doubt," said Marian, "if this ferryman do not mean by clover something more than the toll of his ferry-boat."

"I doubt not," answered Robin, "he is a levier of toll and tithe, which I shall put him upon proof of his right to receive, by making trial of his might to enforce."

The ferryman emerged from the willows and stepped into his boat. "As I live," exclaimed Robin, "the ferryman is a friar."

"With a sword," said Marian, "stuck in his rope girdle."

The friar pushed his boat off manfully, and was presently half over the river.

"It is friar Tuck," said Marian.

"He will scarcely know us," said Robin; "and if he do not, I will break a staff with him for sport."

The friar came singing across the water; the boat touched the land; Robin and Marian stepped on board; the friar pushed off again.

"Silken doublets, silken doublets," said the friar; "slenderly lined, I trow: your wandering minstrel is always poor toll; your sweet angels of voices pass current for a bed and a supper at the house of every lord that likes to hear the fame of his valor without the trouble of fighting for it. What need you of purse or pouch? You may sing before thieves. Pedlars, pedlars: wandering from door to door with the small-ware of lies and cajolery; exploits for carpet-knights, honesty for courtiers, truth for monks, and chastity for nuns,—a good salable stock that costs the vender nothing, defies wear and tear, and when it has served a hundred customers is as plentiful and as remarkable as ever. But, sirrahs, I'll none of your balderdash. You pass not hence without clink of brass, or I'll knock your musical noddles

together till they ring like a pair of cymbals. That will be a new tune for your minstrelships."

This friendly speech of the friar ended as they stepped on the opposite bank. Robin had noticed as they passed that the summer stream was low.

"Why, thou brawling mongrel," said Robin,— "that whether thou be thief, friar, or ferryman, or an ill-mixed compound of all three, passes conjecture, though I judge thee to be simple thief,—what barkest thou at thus? Villain, there is clink of brass for thee. Dost thou see this coin? Dost thou hear this music? Look and listen; for touch thou shalt not,—my minstrelship defies thee. Thou shalt carry me on thy back over the water, and receive nothing but a cracked scone for thy trouble."

"A bargain," said the friar; "for the water is low, the labor is light, and the reward is alluring." And he stooped down for Robin, who mounted his back, and the friar waded with him over the river.

"Now, fine fellow," said the friar, "thou shalt carry me back over the water, and thou shalt have a cracked scone for thy trouble."

Robin took the friar on his back, and waded with him into the middle of the river, when by a dexterous jerk he suddenly flung him off and plunged him horizontally over head and ears in the water. Robin waded to the shore, and the friar, half swimming and half scrambling, followed.

"Fine fellow, fine fellow," said the friar, "now will I pay thee thy cracked scone."

"Not so," said Robin,— "I have not earned it; but thou hast earned it, and shalt have it."

It was not, even in those good old times, a sight of every day to see a troubadour and a friar playing at single-stick by the side of a river, each aiming with fell intent at the other's cockcomb. The parties were both so skilled in attack and defense, that their mutual efforts for a long time expended themselves in quick and loud rappings on each other's oaken staves. At length Robin by a dexterous feint contrived to score one on the friar's crown; but in the careless moment of triumph a splendid sweep of the friar's staff struck Robin's out of his hand into the middle of the river, and repaid his crack on the head with a degree of vigor that might have passed the bounds of a jest if Marian had not retarded its descent by catching the friar's arm.

"How now, recreant friar," said Marian: "what have you to say why you should not suffer instant execution, being detected in open rebellion against your liege lord? Therefore kneel down, traitor, and submit your neck to the sword of the offended law."

"Benefit of clergy," said the friar; "I plead my clergy. And is it you indeed, ye scapegraces? Ye are well disguised: I knew ye not, by my flask. Robin, jolly Robin, he buys a jest dearly that pays for it with a bloody cockscorb. But here is a balm for all bruises, outward and inward." (The friar produced a flask of canary.) "Wash thy wound twice and thy throat thrice with this solar concoction, and thou shalt marvel where was thy hurt. But what moved ye to this frolic? Knew ye not that ye could not appear in a mask more fashioned to move my bile than in that of these gilders and lackerers of the smooth surface of worthlessness, that bring the gold of true valor into disrepute by stamping the baser metal with the fairer impression? I marveled to find any such given to fighting (for they have an old instinct of self-preservation); but I rejoiced thereat, that I might discuss to them poetical justice: and therefore have I cracked thy scone; for which, let this be thy medicine."

"But wherefore," said Marian, "do we find you here, when we left you joint lord warden of Sherwood?"

"I do but retire to my devotions," replied the friar. "This is my hermitage, in which I first took refuge when I escaped from my beloved brethren of Rubygill; and to which I still retreat at times from the vanities of the world, which else might cling to me too closely since I have been promoted to be peer spiritual of your forest court. For indeed, I do find in myself certain indications and admonitions that my day has past its noon; and none more cogent than this: that daily of bad wine I grow more intolerant, and of good wine have a keener and more fastidious relish. There is no surer symptom of receding years. The ferryman is my faithful varlet. I send him on some pious errand, that I may meditate in ghostly privacy, when my presence in the forest can best be spared; and when can it be better spared than now, seeing that the neighborhood of Prince John, and his incessant perquisitions for Marian, have made the forest too hot to hold more of us than are needful to keep up a quorum, and preserve unbroken the continuity of our forest dominion? For in truth, without your greenwood majesties, we

have hardly the wit to live in a body, and at the same time to keep our necks out of jeopardy, while that arch-rebel and traitor John infests the precincts of our territory."

The friar now conducted them to his peaceful cell, where he spread his frugal board with fish, venison, wild-fowl, fruit, and canary. Under the compound operation of this *materia medica* Robin's wounds healed apace, and the friar, who hated minstrelsy, began as usual chirping in his cups. Robin and Marian chimed in with his tuneful humor till the midnight moon peeped in upon their revelry.

It was now the very witching-time of night, when they heard a voice shouting, "Over!" They paused to listen, and the voice repeated "Over!" in accents clear and loud, but which at the same time either were in themselves, or seemed to be from the place and the hour, singularly plaintive and dreary. The friar fidgeted about in his seat; fell into a deep musing; shook himself, and looked about him,—first at Marian, then at Robin, then at Marian again,—filled and tossed off a cup of canary, and relapsed into his reverie.

"Will you not bring your passenger over?" said Robin. The friar shook his head and looked mysterious.

"That passenger," said the friar, "will never come over. Every full moon, at midnight, that voice calls, 'Over!' I and my varlet have more than once obeyed the summons, and we have sometimes had a glimpse of a white figure under the opposite trees: but when the boat has touched the bank, nothing has been to be seen; and the voice has been heard no more till the midnight of the next full moon."

"It is very strange," said Robin.

"Wondrous strange," said the friar, looking solemn.

The voice again called "Over!" in a long and plaintive musical cry.

"I must go to it," said the friar, "or it will give us no peace. I would all my customers were of this world. I begin to think that I am Charon, and that this river is Styx."

"I will go with you, friar," said Robin.

"By my flask," said the friar, "but you shall not."

"Then I will," said Marian.

"Still less," said the friar, hurrying out of the cell. Robin and Marian followed; but the friar outstepped them, and pushed off his boat.

A white figure was visible under the shade of the opposite trees. The boat approached the shore, and the figure glided away. The friar returned.

They re-entered the cottage, and sat some time conversing on the phenomenon they had seen. The friar sipped his wine, and after a time said:—

“There is a tradition of a damsel who was drowned here some years ago. The tradition is—”

But the friar could not narrate a plain tale: he therefore cleared his throat, and sang with due solemnity, in a ghostly voice:—

“A damsel came in midnight rain,
And called across the ferry:
The weary wight she called in vain,
Whose senses sleep did bury.
At evening from her father's door
She turned to meet her lover;
At midnight, on the lonely shore,
She shouted, ‘Over, over!’

“She had not met him by the tree
Of their accustomed meeting,
And sad and sick at heart was she,
Her heart all wildly beating.
In chill suspense the hours went by,
The wild storm burst above her:
She turned her to the river nigh,
And shouted, ‘Over, over!’

“A dim, discolored, doubtful light
The moon's dark veil permitted,
And thick before her troubled sight
Fantastic shadows flitted.
Her lover's form appeared to glide,
And beckon o'er the water:
Alas! his blood that morn had dyed
Her brother's sword with slaughter.

“Upon a little rock she stood,
To make her invocation:
She marked not that the rain-swoll'n flood
Was islanding her station.
The tempest mocked her feeble cry;
No saint his aid would give her:

The flood swelled high and yet more high,
And swept her down the river.

"Yet oft beneath the pale moonlight,
When hollow winds are blowing,
The shadow of that maiden bright
Glides by the dark stream's flowing.
And when the storms of midnight rave,
While clouds the broad moon cover,
The wild gusts waft across the wave
The cry of 'Over, over!'"

While the friar was singing, Marian was meditating; and when he had ended she said, "Honest friar, you have misplaced your tradition, which belongs to the æstuary of a nobler river, where the damsel was swept away by the rising of the tide, for which your land-flood is an indifferent substitute. But the true tradition of this stream I think I myself possess, and I will narrate it in your own way:—

"It was a friar of orders free,
A friar of Rubygill;
At the greenwood tree a vow made he,
But he kept it very ill;
A vow made he of chastity,
But he kept it very ill.

He kept it, perchance, in the conscious shade
Of the bounds of the forest wherein it was made:
But he roamed where he listed, as free as the wind,
And he left his good vow in the forest behind;
For its woods out of sight were his vow out of mind,
With the friar of Rubygill.

"In lonely hut himself he shut,
The friar of Rubygill;
Where the ghostly elf absolved himself
To follow his own good will:
And he had no lack of canary sack
To keep his conscience still.

And a damsel well knew, when at lonely midnight
It gleamed on the waters, his signal-lamp light:
'Over! over!' she warbled with nightingale throat,
And the friar sprang forth at the magical note,
And she crossed the dark stream in his trim ferry-boat,
With the friar of Rubygill."

"Look you now," said Robin, "if the friar does not blush. Many strange sights have I seen in my day, but never till this moment did I see a blushing friar."

"I think," said the friar; "you never saw one that blushed not, or you saw good canary thrown away. But you are welcome to laugh if it so please you. None shall laugh in my company, though it be at my expense, but I will have my share of the merriment. The world is a stage, and life is a farce, and he that laughs most has most profit of the performance. The worst thing is good enough to be laughed at, though it be good for nothing else; and the best thing, though it be good for something else, is good for nothing better."

And he struck up a song in praise of laughing and quaffing, without further adverting to Marian's insinuated accusation; being perhaps of opinion that it was a subject on which the least said would be the soonest mended.

So passed the night. In the morning a forester came to the friar with the intelligence that Prince John had been compelled, by the urgency of his affairs in other quarters, to disembarass Nottingham Castle of his royal presence. Our wanderers returned joyfully to their forest dominion, being thus relieved from the vicinity of any more formidable belligerent than their old bruised and beaten enemy, the Sheriff of Nottingham.

GEORGE PEELE

(1553 ?-1598 ?)



GEORGE PEELE's life is shrouded in mystery; but enough is known of him to say that he was a man of education, who, like so many of his fellow Elizabethan playwrights, lived fast and died young. He formed one of the group of pre-Shakespearean dramatists, who stand for the transitional period between the older moralities—those crude attempts at stage allegory—and the craftsmanship of the master-poet. Neither the birthday nor the death-day of Peele is known. He is believed to have been born in Devonshire in or about 1553; and he was dead by 1598. His father was a London merchant, who had the distinction of writing a work on book-keeping said to have introduced the Italian system to England. The son was an Oxford man, and took his degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1577, and his degree of Master of Arts two years later. Before he left the University he was recognized as a poet, and was marked for his tendencies to social gayety; a trait that became still more pronounced when he went up to London, where he was ejected from his father's house, and joined the roystering set of blades known as the University wits, who wrote plays and poems and burned life's candle at both ends. He was reputed a sad wag, as the untrustworthy volume 'The Jests of George Peele' testifies. He foregathered with Nash, Marlowe, and Greene, and by tradition haunted the tavern and the green-room,—a dissolute scribbler in whom was a spark of genius, and who, however irregular his habits, dying in mid-manhood left literary work which declares him, after all, an industrious author. He made five dramas, and besides published a number of volumes of poems and pageants. The first drama, 'The Arraignment of Paris,' probably presented in 1581, is a pastoral treatment, mostly in heroic couplets, of the myth of the awarding of the golden apple, with a naïve patriotic application,—making Venus, who wins the prize of beauty, yield it in turn to Queen Elizabeth. 'The Famous Chronicle of Edward I.' (1593) shows the writer struggling towards the true historical tragedy. It has some effective scenes but little poetry, and as a whole is confused and ill-welded. 'The Battle of Alcazar' (1592) is a vigorous play, but lacks construction. 'The Old Wives' Tales' (1595) is a rollicking farce, stuffed with nonsense, and one of those inchoate dramatic performances very characteristic of the earlier

English playwrights, but far removed from a serious art purpose. Its main significance lies in its having supplied Milton with 'Comus.' It is in his last play, 'David and Bethsabe,' printed in 1599, that Peele reached his high-water mark of imaginative poetry. It deals with the Bible story in a spirit of sensuous romanticism, and contains lovely passages of blank verse of the amatory and descriptive sort, handling that measure with a skill such as only Marlowe of the forerunners of Shakespeare has surpassed. The piece lacks dramatic force, being idyllic in motive and manner. A pastoral drama, 'The Hunting of Cupid,' known to have been written by Peele, has been lost. This author's miscellaneous writings include three pageants or court spectacles, and half a dozen volumes of poems,—the most elaborate of which is 'The Honor of the Garter,' a blank-verse gratulatory address to several noblemen, and containing in its dedication a fine tribute to his dead friend Marlowe. Some of Peele's lyrics, found in his plays or in his various volumes of verse, are among the most beautiful in the whole range of Elizabethan song; and no representation of his work can omit them. They became popular at once, and were printed in various song collections of the time. A man of considerable culture, he shows both classic and Italian influence in his writing; but his occasional rich, smooth, fanciful utterance was his by birthright, and merits forgiveness for his dramatic shortcomings. As a play-maker he did not do so much in preparing the way for Shakespeare as other contemporaries like Lyly or Greene. But he surpassed them in his occasional lyric touch and tone.

OLD AGE

His golden locks time hath to silver turned;
 Oh time too swift, oh swiftness never ceasing:
 His youth 'gainst time and age hath ever spurned,
 But spurned in vain,—youth waneth by increasing
 Beauty, strength, youth, are flowers but fading seen;
 Duty, faith, love, are roots, and ever green.

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees,
 And lovers' songs be turned to holy psalms;
 A man-at-arms must now serve on his knees,
 And feed on prayers, which are old age's alms:
 But though from court to cottage he depart,
 His saint is sure of his unspotted heart.

And when he saddest sits in homely cell,
 He'll teach his swains this carol for a song:—

"Blessed be the hearts that wish my Sovereign well,
 Cursed be the souls that think her any wrong.
 Goddess, allow this aged man his right,
 To be your beadsman now that was your knight."

DAVID AND BETHSABE

From Dyce's Edition of Peele's Works, Vol. II.

He draws a curtain and discovers Bethsabe with her maid bathing over a spring; she sings, and David sits above viewing her.

THE SONG

HOT sun, cool fire, tempered with sweet air,
 Black shade, fair nurse, shadow my white hair:
 Shine, sun; burn, fire; breathe, air, and ease me;
 Black shade, fair nurse, shroud me and please me;
 Shadow, my sweet nurse, keep me from burning,—
 Make not my glad cause, cause of mourning.
 Let not my beauty's fire
 Inflame unstayed desire,
 Nor pierce any bright eye
 That wandereth lightly.

Bethsabe —

Come, gentle Zephyr, trickt with those perfumes
 That erst in Eden sweetened Adam's love,
 And stroke my bosom with thy silken fan:
 This shade, sun-proof, is yet no proof for thee;
 Thy body, smoother than this waveless spring,
 And purer than the substance of the same,
 Can creep through that his lances cannot pierce.
 Thou and thy sister, soft and sacred air,
 Goddess of life, and governess of health,
 Keep every fountain fresh and arbor sweet;
 No brazen gate her passage can repulse,
 Nor bushy thicket bar thy subtle breath:
 Then deck thee with thy loose delightsome robes,
 And on thy wings bring delicate perfumes,
 To play the wanton with us through the leaves.

David — What tunes, what words, what looks, what wonders pierce
 My soul, incensèd with a sudden fire?
 What tree, what shade, what spring, what paradise,
 Enjoys the beauty of so fair a dame?

Fair Eva, placed in perfect happiness,
 Lending her praise-notes to the liberal heavens,
 Strook with the accents of archangels' tunes,
 Wrought not more pleasure to her husband's thoughts
 Than this fair woman's words and notes to mine.
 May that sweet plain that bears her pleasant weight
 Be still enameled with discolored flowers;
 That precious fount bear sand of purest gold;
 And for the pebble, let the silver streams
 That pierce earth's bowels to maintain the source,
 Play upon rubies, sapphires, chrysolites;
 The brims let be embraced with golden curls
 Of moss, that sleeps with sound the waters make,
 For joy to feed the fount with their recourse;
 Let all the grass that beautifies her bower
 Bear manna every morn instead of dew;
 Or let the dew be sweeter far than that
 That hangs, like chains of pearl, on Hermon's hill,
 Or balm which trickled from old Aaron's beard.

.
 Now comes my lover tripping like the roe,
 And brings my longings tangled in her hair.
 To joy her love I'll build a kingly bower,
 Seated in hearing of a hundred streams,
 That, for their homage to her sovereign joys,
 Shall, as the serpents fold into their nests
 In oblique turnings, wind the nimble waves
 About the circles of her curious walks;
 And with their murmur summon easeful sleep,
 To lay his golden sceptre on her brows.
 Open the doors, and entertain my love;
 Open, I say, and as you open, sing,
 Welcome fair Bethsabe, King David's darling.

FROM 'A FAREWELL TO SIR JOIN NORRIS AND SIR FRANCIS
 DRAKE'

HAVE done with care, my hearts! aboard amain,
 With stretching sails to plow the swelling waves;
 Bid England's shore and Albion's chalky cliffs
 Farewell; bid stately Troynovant adieu,
 Where pleasant Thames from Isis's silver head
 Begins her quiet glide, and runs along

To that brave bridge, the bar that thwarts her course,
Near neighbor to the ancient stony tower,
The glorious hold that Julius Cæsar built.
Change love for arms, girt to your blades; my boys!
Your rests and muskets take, take helm and targe,
And let god Mars his consort make you mirth,—
The roaring cannon, and the brazen trump,
The angry-sounding drum, the whistling fife,
The shrieks of men, the princely courser's neigh.
Now vail your bonnets to your friends at home,
Bid all the lovely British dames adieu,
That under many a standard well advanced
Have hid the sweet alarms and braves of love;
Bid theatres and proud tragedians,
Bid Mahomet, Scipio, and mighty Tamburlaine,
King Charlemagne, Tom Stukely, and the rest,
Adieu. To arms, to arms, to glorious arms!
With noble Norris and victorious Drake,
Under the sanguine cross, brave England's badge,
To propagate religious piety
And hew a passage with your conquering swords
By land and sea, wherever Phœbus's eye,
Th' eternal lamp of heaven, lends us light;
By golden Tagus, or the western Ind,
Or through the spacious bay of Portugal,
The wealthy ocean-main, the Tyrrhene sea,
From great Alcides's pillars branching forth,
Even to the gulf that leads to lofty Rome;
There to deface the pride of Antichrist,
And pull his paper walls and popery down,—
A famous enterprise for England's strength,
To steel your swords on Avarice's triple crown,
And cleanse Augeas's stall in Italy.
To arms, my fellow-soldiers! Sea and land
Lie open to the voyage you intend:
And sea or land, bold Britons, far or near,
Whatever course your matchless virtue shapes,
Whether to Europe's bounds or Asian plains,
To Afric's shore, or rich America,
Down to the shades of deep Avernus's crags,
Sail on; pursue your honors to your graves.
Heaven is a sacred covering for your heads,
And every climate virtue's tabernacle.
To arms, to arms, to honorable arms!

SILVIO PELLICO

(1789-1854)

BY J. F. BINGHAM

IN THE little curious old capital of Savoy, some thirty miles southwest of Turin, stands an elegant but unobtrusive monument which is a centre of pilgrimage from all quarters of the literary world. Around this monument, in the year of our Lord 1889, were gathered the most distinguished representatives of literature, learning, and patriotism from all parts of Italy and of Europe, to celebrate with eloquence and song the hundredth anniversary of the birth there of Saluzzo's most illustrious son, a name now as familiar as that of Dante throughout the civilized world,—Silvio Pellico.

Here he and a twin sister of extraordinary beauty (who exercised an important influence over his whole life) were born on the 21st of June, 1789. The mother was a Tournier (a name famous in the manufacture of silk) of Chambéry, the ancient capital of Savoy; then as now, after several alternations, a province of France, and always an important intellectual centre, as well as a leader in silk manufactures.

Mademoiselle Tournier had relations also in the silk trade in Lyons. So prized or so important was the name regarded, that she retained it after marriage, and is always spoken of as La Signora Pellico Tournier.

The fact that his family was not noble, like that of Alfieri and Manzoni and so many others in the front rank of Italian literature, with whom Pellico is of necessity brought into literary comparison, but was of the prosperous mercantile class; and further, that his mother, a woman as it appears of a strong character, was of the warm blood of the *bourgeoisie* of southern France,—is a matter of interest and importance in many ways to the critical historian of literature, but one on which it is beyond the scope of this work to dwell. It is only necessary here to point out that it naturally set him nearer to the heart of the common people; led him into those associations,



SILVIO PELLICO

and brought him to breathe in that atmosphere of heated patriotism, so called, which cost him many years of dreadful suffering, and cost the world, perhaps, the loss of some peculiar and precious things which would otherwise have flowed from his gentle, sympathetic pen.

The father and mother of Pellico, however, were cultivated and religious people. The father was also a poet of some fame, and formerly held an important civil office in the government. During the political overturnings of the stormy times which ushered in this century in Europe, he lost his civil function, and engaged in the manufacture of silk.

The children, of whom there were six,—three boys and three girls, alternating with one another in the order of their birth,—were educated at home with the aid of tutors; which home was changed first to Turin, and finally to Milan, where the father had been restored to a place in the civil government. This education of the children under the devoted care of these excellent people, in an atmosphere of religion, learning, and the purest domestic love, told with beautiful effect on both the mind and heart of Silvio, and left a distinct impress on his whole life and work.

His adored twin sister he always speaks of as beautiful and lovely beyond description; and to her he was inseparably attached. In their eighteenth year this sister was married to a silk merchant of Lyons. Silvio went with her on the bridal journey to her home, and remained in her house four studious years. It was the time of the swiftly ascending glory of the First Empire in France. Napoleon I. was already the wonder and terror of Europe. Italy was feeling, with mingled and conflicting emotions, his irresistible hand.

The passionate yet ingenuous, patriotic youth felt his heart burn and his blood boil at the changes and crimes that were transpiring in Italy, especially in his own Savoy and Lombardy; and in 1811 he returned to Milan, with the purpose of doing what he could for his country. He lived there in great intimacy with Ugo Foscolo and Vincenzo Monti, and many of the leading liberal poets and littérateurs of the day.

When in 1815 Napoleon had disappeared, and the Congress of Vienna had remapped Western Europe, and the iron hand of Austria clenched his fatherland with a tenfold crueler grip, his patriotism overstepped the limits of prudence. He not only set himself to writing articles offensive to the government, but actually connected himself with the *Carbonari* (or Coalmen, on account of holding their meetings in a coal cellar), a treasonable secret society of the lower orders. He was arrested, and languished two years in the prison of the Piombi in Venice. He was at length tried for constructive

treason, and condemned to die. By the clemency of the Emperor the sentence was commuted to hard labor for fifteen years in the subterranean dungeons of the Spielberg.

How could he be so imprudent? Yes, how could he? Perhaps the incredible brutality of that Austrian tyranny is forgotten. Let me quote from the 'Martyrs of Italy,' by Bocci and Zaccaria, certainly authentic history, only one of hundreds of similar or worse examples, some of which cannot be quoted:—

"In Milan a Florentine girl of eighteen, and her companion, a girl of twenty, from Cremona, were condemned to fifteen stripes each, for having reproached a renegade Italian woman, who had made an obtrusive display from one of her windows of the colors black and yellow,—the colors of the Austrian flag! And when the wretched girls were led out stripped for punishment into the public square, and the edifying sentence was being executed in the sight of thousands, all the *élite* of Austrian society from their carriages and palace windows looked on and laughed at the fright and frantic cries and agony and shame of the poor girls!"

And remember that Pellico had sisters whom he loved more than life.

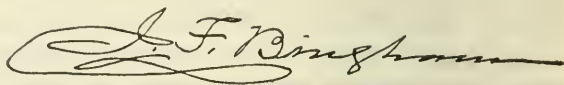
The 'Francesca da Rimini' had been produced. It had caught the ear of the people. Fame seemed to be coming. But he was still in the dew of youth. His name was new in the world of letters. Suddenly, in this first blossoming of youthful promise, he was withdrawn from view, as entirely as if he were in his grave. He was virtually in the chambers of the dead—even in hell itself.

Had his story ended here, the world would have heard no more of Silvio Pellico. But he lived to come forth from his long entombment, to mingle again in the activities of this living world, and to recount the tremendous and refined tortures undergone by the wretched human beings who moved and breathed and suffered in these infernal abodes, still this side the river of death. No sooner was that story uttered upon the free air of heaven, than it was evident to all the world that the star of Pellico had not set. It had emerged from the black cloud which ten years before had seemed to quench it, now like a comet blazing in the face of the universe.

The book 'Le Mie Prigioni' (My Imprisonment) was first published in Turin in 1832. It was written in a style of unpretending simplicity, with an almost superhuman gentleness and sincerity (considering the subjects of which it treats), and with an angelic pathos all his own, without one blast of malediction, one growling thunder of the coming storm; but in the event it made the Austrian powers turn pale, and shook that old iron throne. It was quickly translated into every language of modern Europe, carried the civilized world off its feet with admiration and astonishment and made all Christendom

blush with sympathy and anger; and as was remarked by an eminent statesman of the time, "it struck a heavier blow upon the tyranny of Austria, and for Italian liberty, than would have been the loss of an army in battle."

With a constitution broken by suffering, he lingered on in a certain literary activity till 1854; but left no other results comparable to the productions of his youth.



FROM 'LE MIE PRIGIONI'

HIS PURPOSE IN WRITING THE BOOK

I^N WRITING these memories, my motive has been that of contributing to the comfort of the unhappy, by making known the evils I have borne and the consolations I have found attainable under the greatest misfortunes; that of bearing witness that in the midst of my long sufferings I have not found human nature so degraded, so unworthy of indulgence, so deficient in excellent characters, as it is commonly represented; that of inviting noble hearts to love much, to hate no human being, to feel irreconcilable hatred only towards mean deceit, pusillanimity, perfidy, and all moral degradation; that of repeating a truth well known, but often forgotten,—that both religion and philosophy require an energetic will and calm judgment; and that without the union of these qualities there can be neither justice, nor dignity, nor strength of principle.

ARREST AND FIRST DAY IN PRISON

ON FRIDAY the 13th of October, 1820, I was arrested at Milan, and carried to the prison of Santa Margherita. It was three o'clock in the afternoon. I was immediately subjected to a long examination, which was continued through several days. But of this I shall say nothing. Like a lover ill-treated of his mistress, and manfully resolved to keep himself aloof from her, I shall leave politics where they are, and speak of other things.

At nine in the evening of that miserable Friday, the notary consigned me to the jailer, who conducted me to the room

destined for me. He civilly requested me to give up to him (to be restored in due time) my watch, my money, and everything else that I had in my pockets, and respectfully wished me a good-night.

"Stop, dear sir," said I to him, "I have not dined to-day: let something be brought me."

"Immediately; the eating-house is near, and you will find the wine good, sir."

"I do not drink wine."

At this answer Signor Angiolino looked alarmed, and hoped I was jesting. Jailers who sell wine have a horror of an abstemious prisoner.

"Indeed I do not drink it."

"I am sorry for you: you will suffer doubly from solitude." . . . He went out, and in less than half an hour I had my dinner. I ate a few mouthfuls, swallowed a glass of water, and was left alone.

My room was on the lower floor, and looked out upon the court. There were cells on each side, above, and opposite. I leaned on the window, and listened for some time to the passing and repassing of the jailers, and to the wild singing of some of the prisoners.

I reflected:—

"A century ago this was a monastery; the holy and penitent virgins who dwelt here never imagined that at this day their cells would resound no more with the sighs of women and with pious hymns, but with blasphemies and indecent songs, and would contain men of all kinds,—the greater part destined to hard labor, or to the gallows.

"Yesterday I was one of the happiest of men: to-day I no longer possess any of the joys which gladdened my life; liberty, intercourse with my friends, hope itself is gone. I shall go hence only to be thrown into some horrible den, or to be consigned to the executioner. Well, the day after my death, it will be the same as if I had expired in a palace and had been borne to the tomb with the greatest honors."

But my thought turned to my father, my mother, my two brothers, my two sisters, and another family which I loved as if it were my own; and my philosophical reasoning was of no avail,—I was overcome, and wept like a child.

THE ROMANCE WITH MADDALENA

FROM the gallery that was under my window there was a passage through an arch to another court, where were the prisons and hospitals for females. A single wall, and that very thin, divided me from one of the rooms of the women. Often these poor creatures almost stunned me with their songs, sometimes with their quarrels.

Late in the evening, when all was still, I heard them talk. Some of those female voices were sweet, and those—why should I not say it?—were dear to me. One sweeter than the others was heard less often, and never uttered vulgar thoughts. She sung little, and for the most part only these two pathetic lines:—

“Chi rende alla meschina
La sua felicità?”

Sometimes she sang the Litanies; and her companions accompanied her, but I could always distinguish the voice of Maddalena amidst all the power of louder and rougher voices. Her companions called her Maddalena, and related their troubles to her, and she pitied them and sighed and said, “Take courage, my dear: the Lord never forsakes any one.”

What could prevent me from imagining her beautiful, and more unfortunate than culpable; born for virtue, and capable of returning to it if she had swerved from it? Who could blame me if I were affected by the sound of her voice? if I listened to her with respectful interest, if I prayed for her with peculiar fervor? Who will restore to the wretched (female) her happiness?

Innocence is to be honored; but how much is repentance to be honored also! Did the best of men, the God-man, disdain to cast his compassionate looks upon sinful women, to regard their confusion, and to associate them with the souls whom he most honored? Why then should we so much despise a woman who has fallen into ignominy? I was a hundred times tempted to raise my voice and make a declaration of fraternal love to Maddalena. Once I began the first syllable of her name: “Mad—!” My heart beat as if I were a boy of fifteen in love. I could go no further. I began again: “Mad—! Mad—!” but it was useless. I felt myself ridiculous, and exclaimed angrily,

"Matto!* and not Mad!" Thus ended my romance with this poor woman.

Mayst thou, O unknown sinner, not have been condemned to a heavy punishment! Or, to whatever punishment thou hast been condemned, mayst thou profit by it, to recover thy worth and live and die dear to the Lord! Mayst thou be compassionated and respected by all who know thee, as thou hast been by me, who know thee not! Mayst thou inspire in every one who sees thee patience, gentleness, the desire of virtue and trust in God, as thou hast in him who loves thee without having seen thee! My fancy may err when it paints thee beautiful in body, but I cannot doubt the beauty of thy soul. Thy companions spoke with coarseness, thou with modesty and courtesy; they blasphemed and thou didst bless God; they quarreled and thou wert the composer of their strife. If any one has taken thee by the hand to withdraw thee from the career of dishonor; if he has conferred benefits on thee with delicacy; if he has dried thy tears, may all blessings be showered upon him, upon his children and his children's children!

TWO VISITS FROM HIS FATHER

THE notary who had examined me came one morning and announced to me with an air of mystery a visit which would give me pleasure; and when he thought he had sufficiently prepared me for it, he said, "In short, it is your father: follow me, if you please."

I followed him below into the public offices, agitated with pleasure and tenderness, forcing myself to appear with a serene aspect, which might tranquillize my poor father. When he heard of my arrest, he hoped it was upon some unfounded suspicion, and that I should soon be released. But finding that my detention continued, he had come to solicit my liberation of the Austrian government. Sad illusion of paternal love! He could not believe that I had been so rash as to expose myself to the rigor of the laws; and the studied cheerfulness with which I spoke to him persuaded him that I had no misfortune to apprehend.

In the circumstances in which Italy then was, I felt certain that Austria would give some extraordinary examples of rigor,

* Insane.

and that I should be condemned to death, or to many years of imprisonment. To hide this belief from a father! to flatter him with the hope of my speedy liberation! to restrain my fears when I embraced him, when I spoke to him of my mother, of my brothers and my sisters, whom I thought never to behold again upon earth! to beg him with an unfaltering voice to come and see me again, if he were able! Nothing ever cost me so much effort.

He went away greatly comforted, and I returned to my cell with a tortured heart. I broke out into sobs, yet could not shed a tear. A burning fever attacked me, accompanied by a violent headache. I swallowed not even a spoonful of soup the whole day. "Would this were a mortal illness," I said: "that would shorten my sufferings."

Two days afterward my father returned. I had slept well during the night, and was free from fever. I resumed my easy and cheerful deportment, and no one suspected what my heart had suffered and was yet to suffer. "I trust," said my father, "that in a few days you will be sent to Turin. We have already prepared your room, and shall expect you with great anxiety. My official duties oblige me to return. Endeavor, I pray you, to join me soon."

My heart was torn by his tender and melancholy expressions of affection. It seemed to me that filial piety required dissimulation, yet I dissembled with a kind of remorse. Would it not have been more worthy of my father and of myself if I had said to him: "Probably we shall see each other no more in this world! Let us part like men, without murmuring, without tears; and let me hear a father's blessing pronounced on my head!"

This language would have been a thousand times more agreeable to me than disguise. But I looked upon the eyes of that venerable old man, his features and his gray hairs, and he did not appear to me to have the strength to hear me speak thus. And what if, through my unwillingness to deceive him, I had seen him abandon himself to despair, perhaps fall into a swoon, perhaps (horrible idea!) be struck with death in my arms! I could neither tell him the truth nor suffer him to perceive it. We parted without tears. I returned to my cell tortured as before, or more fiercely still.

HIS SUFFERINGS FROM HEAT AND GNATS IN THE PIOMBI

THE winter had been mild; and after some windy weather in March, the hot season came on. The heat of the air in the den that I inhabited is indescribable. It faced directly south under a leaden roof, and with the window opening on the roof of St. Mark's, also of lead, the reflection from which was tremendous. I was suffocated. In addition to this suffering, there was such a multitude of gnats that however I labored to destroy them, I was covered with them; the bed, the table, the chair, the floor, the walls, the ceiling,—everything was covered with them; and the surrounding air contained an infinite number, always going and coming through the window, and making an infernal buzzing. The stings of these creatures are painful; and being pierced by them from morning till night, and from night till morning, with the everlasting vexation of striving to diminish their number, I suffered frightfully both in body and mind: and when I was unable to obtain a change of my prison, the thought of suicide entered my mind, and at times I feared I should become mad.

THE ROMANCE WITH ZANZE

I HAD begged that *la Siora Zanze* would make my coffee. This was the daughter of the jailer, who, if she could do it without the knowledge of her mother, made it very strong. More than once it happened that the coffee was not made by the compassionate Zanze, and it was wretched stuff. One day when I reproved her harshly, as if she had deceived me, the poor girl wept and said to me:—

“Signore, I have never deceived anybody; and yet every one calls me a deceiver.”

“Every one? Oh! then I am not the only one who is angry about this wretched coffee?”

“I do not mean that, signore. Ah, if you only knew!—if I could pour out my wretched heart into yours!”

“But do not weep so! I ask your pardon. I believe it is not your fault that I had such bad coffee.”

“I do not weep for that, signore.”

“The cause is something different, then?”

“Yes, truly.”

"Who calls you a deceiver?"

"My lover."

Her face was covered with blushes; and in her ingenuous confidence she related to me a serio-comic idyl which affected me. From that day I became the confidant of the girl, and she was disposed to talk with me a great deal.

"Signore, you are so good," she said to me, "that I look up to you as a daughter to her father."

"You pay me a poor compliment," I replied: "I am hardly thirty-two."

"Well, then, signore, I will say as a brother." She seized my hand, and held it affectionately; and all this was in perfect innocence.

I said to myself afterwards: "It is fortunate she is not a beauty; otherwise this innocent familiarity might disconcert me."

At other times I said: "It is fortunate she is so young! There can be no danger of my being in love with such a child."

At other times I was a little uneasy, from its seeming to me that I had deceived myself in considering her plain; and I was obliged to acknowledge that the outlines of her figure were good, and her features not irregular.

"If she were not so pale," I said, "and had not those few freckles on her face, she might pass for handsome."

It is impossible not to find some charm in the presence, looks, and conversation of a lively and affectionate girl. I had done nothing to win her kindness; and yet I was dear to her, as *a father* or *a brother*, as I might prefer. Why? Because she had read the '*Francesca da Rimini*,' and the '*Eufemio*,' and my verses made her weep so much! and then I was a prisoner without having, as she said, either robbed or murdered! Now was it possible that I, who had been attached to the Maddalena without seeing her, should be indifferent to the sisterly attentions, to the agreeable flattery, to the excellent coffee of the lively young Venetian police-girl?

I was not in love with her. But if the sentiment she awoke in me was not what is called love, I confess that it was something like it. I desired that she should be happy, that she should succeed in marrying him who pleased her. I had no jealousy towards the object of her affection. But when I heard the door open, my heart beat with the hope that it was Zanze: if it were

not, I was dissatisfied; if it were, my heart beat yet more strongly, and I was delighted.

She had a simplicity and lovableness which was seducing. "I am so much in love with another man," she said to me, "yet I love so to stay with you! When I do not see my lover, I am uneasy everywhere but here; and it seems to me that it is because I esteem you so very much." Poor girl! she had the blessed fault of continually taking my hand and pressing it, and did not perceive that this pleased and disturbed me at the same time. Now was I to blame if I wished for her visits with tender solicitude, if I appreciated their sweetness, if I was pleased to be pitied by her, and requited sympathy with sympathy, since our thoughts relating to each other were as pure as the purest thoughts of infancy? since even her taking my hand, and her most affectionate looks, while they disturbed me, filled me with a saving reverence?

One evening, while she poured into my heart a great affliction that she had experienced, the unhappy girl threw her arms upon my neck, and covered my face with her tears. In this embrace there was not the shadow of a profane thought. A daughter could not embrace her father with more respect. Another time, when she abandoned herself to a similar burst of filial confidence, I quickly unbound myself from her dear arms, and without pressing her upon my bosom, without kissing her, said stammering: "Pray do not ever embrace me, Zanze: it is not right." She looked into my face, looked down, blushed, and it was the first time that she read in my soul the possibility of any weakness in relation to her. She did not cease to be familiar with me, but from that time her familiarity became more respectful, more in accordance with my wishes; and I was grateful to her for it.

Zanze fell sick. During the first days of her illness she came to see me, and complained of great pain in her head. She wept, but did not and would not explain the cause of her tears. She only stammered of her lover, "He is a bad man; but may God forgive him!"

"I shall return to-morrow morning," she said one evening. But my coffee was brought by a prison attendant. He said some ambiguous things about this girl's love affair, which made my hair stand on end. A month later she was carried into the country, and I saw her no more, and my prison became again like a tomb.

HIS SUFFERINGS FROM COLD

THE summer being ended, during the last half of September the heat diminished. October came, and I then rejoiced in having a room which would be comfortable in winter. But one morning the jailer told me that he had orders to change my cell.

"And where am I to go?"

"A few steps from this into a cooler room."

"And why did you not think of it when I was dying with heat; when the air was all gnats and the bed all bugs?"

"The order did not come before."

"Well, patience! let us go."

Although I had suffered so much in that room, it pained me to leave it; not only because it would have been best in the cold season, but for many other reasons. Had not this sad prison been cheered by the compassion of Zanze? How often she rested on that window! There she used to sit; in that place she told me one story, in this another; there she bent over my table, and her tears dropped upon it.

It [the new room] was in the Piombi, but on the north and west; an abode of perpetual cold, and of horrible ice in the severe months.

THE RECEPTION OF THE FINAL SENTENCE

ON THE 21st of February, 1822, the jailer came for me about ten o'clock in the forenoon. He conducted me to the hall of the commission, and withdrew. The president, the inquisitor, and the two assistant judges were seated. They rose. The president, with an expression of generous commiseration, told me that my sentence had arrived, and that the judgment had been terrible, but that the Emperor had mitigated its severity. The inquisitor read the sentence, "Condemned to death." He then read the imperial rescript: "The punishment is commuted to fifteen years' severe imprisonment in the fortress of Spielberg."

I answered, "The will of God be done!" It was truly my intention to receive this terrible blow as a Christian, and neither to show nor to indulge resentment against any one.

"We regret," said the inquisitor, "that to-morrow the sentence must be announced to you in public; but the formality cannot be dispensed with."

"Be it so, then," I said. God had put me to a severe proof. My duty was to sustain it with fortitude. I could not! I would not! I had rather hate than forgive. I passed an infernal night.

At nine in the forenoon Maroncelli and I were put into a gondola. We landed at the palace of the Doge and ascended to the prisons. We were put into a cell and waited long. It was not till noon that the inquisitor appeared and announced to us that it was time to go. The physician was present and proposed to us to drink a glass of mint-water. We did so, and were grateful for his kindness. The chief of the guard then put handcuffs on us. We descended, and between two files of German soldiers, passed through the gateway into the Piazzetta, in the centre of which was the scaffold we were to ascend.

Having mounted the scaffold, we looked around and saw the immense crowd of people filled with consternation. In several places at a distance other soldiers were drawn up, and we were told that cannon with lighted matches were stationed on every side. The German captain called out to us to turn toward the palace and look up. We obeyed, and saw upon the open gallery an officer of the court with a paper in his hand. It was the sentence. He read it in a loud voice. Profound silence reigned until he came to the words, "Condemned to death." Then a general murmur of compassion arose. Silence again succeeded, that the reading might be finished. New murmurs arose at the words—"Condemned to severe imprisonment; Maroncelli for twenty years, and Pellico for fifteen."

The captain then made a sign for us to descend. We did so, again entering the court, reascending the great stairs, and returning to the room from which we had been taken. Our handcuffs were removed, and we were taken back to San Michele.

HIS JOURNEY TO THE FINAL PRISON OF THE SPIELBERG •

AFTER the delay of a month and four days, we set out for the Spielberg in the night between the 25th and 26th of March. A police servant chained us transversely, the right hand to the left foot, to render our escape impossible. Six or seven guards, armed with muskets and sabres, part within the carriage and part on the box with the driver, completed the convoy of the commissary.

In passing through the Illyrian and German provinces, the exclamation was universal, "Poor gentlemen!" In a village of

Styria, a young girl followed us in the midst of a crowd, and when our carriage stopped for a few minutes, saluted us with both hands, then went away with a handkerchief at her eyes, leaning on the arm of a melancholy-looking young man.

On the 10th of April we arrived at the place of our destination. About three hundred convicts, for the most part robbers and assassins, are here confined. Those condemned to severe imprisonment (*carcere duro*) are obliged to labor, to wear chains on their feet, to sleep on bare planks, and to eat the poorest food imaginable. Those condemned to very severe imprisonment (*carcere durissimo*) are chained more horribly, with a band of iron around the waist, and the chain fastened in the wall in such a way that they can only walk by the side of the planks which serve them for a bed; their food is the same, although the law says *bread and water*. We, prisoners of State, were condemned to *severe imprisonment*.

THE FIRST DAY IN THE PRISON OF SPIELBERG

WE WERE consigned to the superintendent of the prison. Our names were registered among those of the robbers. We were then conducted to a subterranean corridor. A dark room was opened for each of us, and each was shut up there.

When I found myself alone in this horrible den, and heard the bolts fastened, and distinguished, by the dim light which fell from the small high window, the bare planks given me for a bed, and an enormous chain in the wall, I seated myself on that bed shuddering; and took up the chain and measured its length, thinking it was intended for me.

Half an hour after, I heard the keys grate; the door was opened, and the head jailer brought me a pitcher of water.

"This is to drink," he said, "and to-morrow morning I will bring the bread." He turned back asking me how long I had coughed so badly; and hurled a great curse against the physician for not coming the same evening to visit me.

"You have a galloping fever," he added: "I can perceive that you need at least a sack of straw; but till the physician has ordered it we cannot give it to you." He went away and closed the door, and I laid myself on the hard plank, burning with fever and with strong pain in the breast.

In the evening the superintendent came, accompanied by the jailer, a corporal, and two soldiers, to make an examination.

Three daily examinations were prescribed, one in the morning, one in the evening, and one at midnight. The prisoner is stripped naked, every corner of the cell and every article of clothing are strictly examined.

The first time I saw this troop, being then ignorant of those vexatious usages, and delirious from the fever, I fancied they had started to kill me, and grasped the long chain that was near me to break the head of the first who should approach me.

"What are you doing?" said the superintendent: "we are not come to do you any harm. This is a visit of formality to all the cells, to assure ourselves that there is no irregularity there." The jailer stretched out his hand; I let go the chain and took his hand between mine.

"How it burns!" said he to the superintendent.

HIS FIRST EXPERIENCE OF THE DIET OF THE SPIELBERG PRISON

ON THURSDAY morning, two hours after the visitation had been made, the jailer brought me a piece of brown bread, saying:

"This is your portion for two days."

At eleven my dinner was brought by a convict, accompanied by Schiller the jailer. It consisted of two iron pots, one containing very bad broth, the other beans seasoned with such a sauce that the mere smell brought disgust. I attempted to swallow some spoonfuls of broth, but it was not possible for me. Schiller kept saying, over and over again, "Have courage: get yourself accustomed to this food; otherwise it will happen to you as it has to others, to eat nothing but a little bread, and then die of weakness."

HE ASSUMES THE PRISON UNIFORM

FIVE days after this, my prison dress was brought me. It consisted of a pair of pantaloons of coarse cloth, the right side gray, the left of *capuchin* color [chocolate]; a waistcoat of the two colors disposed in the same way; and a roundabout coat of the same colors, but arranged in the opposite way. The stockings were of coarse wool, the shirt of tow-cloth full of shives, a real hair-cloth; and round the neck was a piece of cloth like the shirt. The brogans were of uncolored leather, laced. The hat was white. This livery was completed by a chain from one leg to the other, the cuffs of which were closed by rivets headed down on an anvil.

HE TRIES TO LIVE ON THE "QUARTER-PORITION"

THE physician, seeing that none of us could eat the kind of food that had been given us, put us upon what was called the *quarter-portion*; that is, the diet of the hospital. This was some very thin soup three times a day, a small piece of roast lamb that might be swallowed at a mouthful, and perhaps three ounces of white bread. As my health improved, that *quarter* was too little. I tried to return to the food of the well, but it was so disgusting that I could not eat it. It was absolutely necessary that I should keep to the *quarter*; and for more than a year I knew what are the torments of hunger.

Our barber, a young man who came to us every Saturday, said to me one day, "It is reported in the city that they give you gentlemen but little to eat."

"It is very true," I replied. The next Saturday he brought and offered me secretly a large loaf of white bread. Schiller pretended not to see him offer it. If I had listened to my stomach, I should have accepted it; but I stood firm in refusing, lest the poor young man should be tempted to repeat his gift, which some day might be a heavy mischief to him.

THE COMFORT AND THE PANG OF SYMPATHY

IT WAS from the first an established rule that each of us should be permitted to walk for an hour twice a week. "A pleasant walk to you!" each whispered through the opening, as I passed his door; but I was not allowed to stop to salute any one. In the court we met several passing Italian robbers, who saluted me with great respect, and said among themselves, "He is not a rogue like us, yet his imprisonment is more severe than ours." One of them once said to me, "Your greeting, signore, does me good. An unhappy passion dragged me to commit a crime: O signore, I am not, indeed I am not, a villain." Then he burst into tears.

One morning, as I was returning from walking, the door of Oroboni's cell stood open; Schiller was within, and had not heard me coming. My guards stepped forward to close the door; but I anticipated them, darted in, and was in the arms of Oroboni. Schiller was dumbfounded. "Der Teufel! der Teufel!" he cried; and raised his finger threateningly. But his eyes filled with tears, and he exclaimed, "O my God, have mercy on these poor young

men, and on me, and on all the unhappy, Thou who didst suffer so much upon earth!" The guards shed tears also.

Oroboni said, "Silvio, Silvio, this is one of the most precious days of my life!" When Schiller conjured us to separate, and we were forced to obey him, Oroboni burst into a flood of tears and said, "Shall we never see each other again upon earth?" I never did see him more. Some months afterward his room was empty, and Oroboni was lying in that cemetery which I had in front of my window.

MEETING OF FRANCESCA AND PAOLO

From 'Francesca da Rimini'

PAOLO [*alone*]—

To look on her — for the last time. My love
Renders me deaf to duty's voice. To go,
To see her nevermore, were sacred duty.
I cannot that. Oh, how she looked at me!
Grief makes her still more beautiful; ah, yes,
More beautiful, more superhuman fair
She seems to me: and have I lost her too?
Has Lanciotto snatched her from my arms?
Oh, maddening thought! Oh! oh! do I not love
My brother? Happy he is now, and long
May he be so. But what? to build his own
Sweet lot must he a brother's heart-strings break?

Francesca [*advancing without seeing Paolo*]—

Where is my father? At the least from him
I might have known if he still lodges here.
My—brother-in-law! These walls I ever shall
Hold dear. Ah, yes, his spirit will exhale
Upon this sacred soil which he has wet
With tears! O impious woman, chase away
Such criminal thoughts: I am a wife!

Paolo—

She talks

In a soliloquy, and groans.

Francesca—

Alas,

This place I must forsake: it is too full
Of him! To my own private altar I
Must go apart, and day and night, prostrate
Before my God, beg mercy for my sins;

That He, the Lord and only refuge of
 Afflicted hearts, will not abandon me
 Entire. *[She starts to go.]*

Paolo — *Francesca* —

Francesca — Oh! what do I see!

Sir—what wilt thou?

Paolo — To speak with thee again.

Francesca — *To speak with me?* Alas, I am alone!—

O father, father, where art thou? Dost thou
 Leave me alone? Thy own, thy daughter save!
 I shall have strength to flee.

Paolo — Whither?

Francesca Oh, sir —

Alas, pursue me not! my wish respect;
 To my house altar here I am retiring:
 Th' unfortunate have need of heaven.

Paolo — At my

Paternal altars I will come to kneel
 With thee. Who more unfortunate than I?
 There shall our mingled thoughts ascend. O lady!
 Thou shalt invoke my death, the death of him
 Thou dost abhor. I too will pray that Heaven
 Thy vows will hear, forgive thy hatred and
 Pour joy into thy soul, and long preserve
 The youth and beauty in thy looks, and give thee
 All thy desire—all, all!—thy consort's love and
 Beautiful children of him!

Francesca — *Paolo*,

Alas! what do I say? Alas, weep not.
 Thy death I do not ask.

Paolo — Only thou dost

Abhor me.

Francesca — And what carest thou for it, if

I must abhor thee? I mar not thy life.
 To-morrow I no longer shall be here.

Paolo — Francesca, if thou dost abhor me, what
 Is that to me? and this thou askest, thou?
 And does thy hate disturb my life? and these
 Funereal words are thine?—Thou, beautiful
 As a bright angel whom the Deity,
 In the most ardent transport of his love,
 Created, dear to every one,—and thou
 A happy consort,—darest to talk of death.
 Me it befalls that for vain honor's sake

I have been dragged from fatherland afar,
And lost. Unhappy wretch! I lost a father.
Hope always clung to re-embrace him. He
Would not have made me an unfortunate,
If I had opened up my heart to him;
And would have given me her—her whom I've lost
For aye.

Francesca— What dost thou mean? Talk of thy lady—
And dost thou live so wretched robbed of her?
Is love so prepotential in thy breast?
Love should not be the only flame that burns
In the bosom of a valorous cavalier.
Dear to him is his brand, and dear the trump
Of fame; noble affections these: pursue them.
Let not love make thee vile.

Paolo— What words are these?
Wouldst thou have pity? Wouldst thou still be able
Somewhat to cease thy hatred, if I should
With my good sword acquire some greater fame?
One word of thy command, 'tis done. Prescribe
The place, the years. To shores the most remote
I'll make my way; the graver I shall find
The enterprises, and the fuller fraught
With danger, so the sweeter they will be
To me, because Francesca laid them on me.
Honor and hardihood before have made
My sinews strong, but thy adorèd name
Will make them stronger. And, with thee intent,
Of tyrants now my glories will not be
Contaminate. Another crown than bay,
But woven still by thee, will I desire.
One single plaudit thine, one word, one smile,
One look—

Francesca— Eternal God! what sort of man
Is this?

Paolo— Francesca, I love thee, I love thee,
And desperate is my love.

Francesca— What do I hear!
Am I in a delirium? What didst
Thou say?

Paolo— I love thee.

Francesca— Why so bold? hush, hush!
They might o'erhear. Thou lov'st me! Is thy flame
So sudden? Dost not know I am thy own

Sister-in-law? So quickly canst thou cast
 Into oblivion thy lady lost?—
 Oh, wretched me! let go this hand of mine!
 Thy kisses, oh, are crimes!

Paolo — No, no; my flame

Is not a sudden flash. A lady I
 Have lost, and thou art she; of thee I spoke;
 For thee I wept; thee did I love, do love thee,
 Shall love thee always till my latest hour!
 And even if I must in the world below
 Th' eternal penance bear of wicked love,
 Eternally I'll love thee more and more.

Francesca — Shall it be true? Was't me that thou didst love?

Paolo — The day that at Ravenna I arrived,
 Yes, from that day I loved thee.

Francesca — Thou, alas!

Leave off;—thou loved'st me?

Paolo — Then some time this flame

I did conceal, but still one day it seemed
 That thou hadst read my heart. Thy steps thou wast
 Directing from thy maiden chambers toward
 Thy secret garden. I, beside the lake,
 Stretched out at length among the flowers,
 Thy chambers watched, and at thy coming rose
 Trembling. Upon a book thy wandering eyes
 Seemed to me not intent; upon the book
 There fell a tear. Flushed with emotion, thou
 Didst draw thee near to me, and then we read,—
 Together read: "Of Lanciotto, how
 Love bound him,"—and alone we were, without
 Any suspicion near us. Then our looks
 Encountered one another, and my face
 Whitenèd,—thou didst tremble, and with haste
 Didst vanish.

Francesca — What an escapade! With thee
 The book remained.

Paolo — It lies upon my heart.

It used to make me happy in my far
 Sojourn. Here 'tis. See, here the page we read.
 Look here and see; here fell the tears that day,
 From thy own eyes.

Translation of J. F. Bingham.

SAMUEL PEPYS

(1633-1703)

BY ARTHUR GEORGE PESKETT



THE front of the Pepysian Library at Magdalene College, Cambridge, is inscribed the sentence from Cicero that Samuel Pepys chose as his motto: "Mens cuiusque is est quisque" — "The mind makes the man." To those who regard him as a mixture of garrulous diarist and painstaking official the motto may seem inappropriate, for seen in this aspect alone he reaches no high level of intellectual attainment; but to all who have followed his career to its close and learned to know him better, the phrase sufficiently indicates his attitude towards the world at large. Himself a man of keen intelligence and great practical sagacity, he was extraordinarily quick to gauge and appraise the intelligence of others. Numerous passages of his diary attest this ready insight into the character and intellectual merits of his contemporaries, and the delight that he took in the society of those who, possessing information on any subject, no matter what its nature, could impart it agreeably. Pleasant discourse with friend or chance acquaintance upon topics grave or gay, trivial or weighty, is as sure to be recorded as important details of business or of State policy. He was a man of unbounded curiosity: to use his own quaint expression, he was always "with child to see any strange thing."



SAMUEL PEPYS

With these more intellectual traits was united an inexhaustible capacity for purely animal enjoyment of life. It is this universality of human interest that makes him one of the most engaging characters in history, and his diary a unique production of literature. It was this same keen zest and interest in human affairs that stimulated him to become one of the most zealous and capable secretaries that the Admiralty Board has ever had. And we must add also that it was this many-sided enjoyment of life that led him frequently to indulge in pleasures that shock the stricter decorum of the present age. These characteristics, moreover, were combined with a naïve simplicity

and a childlike vanity that amaze, as much as they delight, the readers of his artless self-revelations. As a public functionary, if he did not quite reach the high standard of integrity required in these days, he was at any rate far in advance of many—perhaps the majority—of his contemporaries in the employ of the State, while his patriotism was always above question. Though constitutionally timid, he nevertheless possessed that moral courage which prevents a man from shirking his duty in moments of danger or difficulty. All through the Plague, when there was a general flight from London, he remained in or near town, and went on with his official work much as usual; nor does the diary contain a single expression of self-satisfaction at his own conduct in the matter. In disposition he was irascible and prone to undignified outbursts of temper, of which he was afterwards heartily ashamed. As to his religious views,—for they must be taken into account in estimating his character,—he lived and died in the accepted faith of a Christian; but his religion was strongly tinged with superstition, and exercised no potent influence over his early life. He was a regular attendant at church, and an uncompromising critic of sermons unless his attention was distracted by a fair face in a neighboring pew. He exclaims “God forgive me” if he strings his lute or reads “little French romances” or makes up his accounts on a Sunday; but he omits to seek the Divine forgiveness when, after attending two services, he flirts with a pretty young woman who he fears “is not so good as she ought to be.” He loved and admired his wife, and was jealous of her; but he was a faithless spouse, and gravely recorded in his diary the minutest particulars of his amours.

Such, in its curious blending of strength and weakness, meanness and greatness, was the character of Samuel Pepys. A distinguished critic, James Russell Lowell, has called him a Philistine. If the term implies a man of somewhat coarse tastes, with no aptitude for profound thought, with no fine literary instinct and no subtle sense of humor, then and then only is the reproach a just one; for few will admit that a man of acknowledged capacity in affairs, one who after his great speech in defense of the Navy Board at the bar of the House of Commons was greeted as the most eloquent speaker of the age and as “another Cicero,”—a man who was president of the Royal Society, and was pronounced by competent judges a fit person to be provost of the great foundation of Henry VI. at Cambridge,—could fairly be called a Philistine in the ordinary sense of the word. But Pepys may justly claim to be judged by his works; and two abiding memorials bear striking testimony to the varied merits of his singular personality,—the Library and the Diary. It may be useful to give a short account of each of them.

It seems probable that Pepys began his book collecting in the year 1660; when his appointment, through the influence of his cousin

and patron Sir Edward Montagu, to a secretaryship in the office of Mr. Downing, and then to the clerkship of the Acts, gave him for the first time a sufficient income. Frequent references to the purchase of books will be found in the Diary, the binding sometimes proving a greater attraction than the contents. For instance, he writes May 15th, 1660: "Bought for the love of the binding three books: the French Psalms in four parts, Bacon's 'Organon,' and 'Farnab. Rhetor.'" So by slow degrees was amassed a library which at its owner's death contained three thousand volumes,—an unusual size for a private library of that day. As clerk to the Acts, and afterwards secretary to the Admiralty,—an office which he held from 1669 till the change of government in 1689,—he acquired a considerable number of valuable books and MSS. on naval affairs, which he intended to serve as material for a projected history of the English navy. Among other treasures are five large volumes of ballads or "broadsides," mostly in black-letter; three of State Papers, the gift of John Evelyn; three volumes of portraits in "taille-douce," collected apparently in response to a suggestion in a long and valuable letter from Evelyn, dated August 12th, 1689;* three of calligraphical collections; six of prints general; two of frontispieces in *taille-douce*; two of views and maps of London and Westminster; several early printed books, including some by Caxton and Wynkyn de Worde; the 'Libro de Cargos,'—a MS. list of the provisions and munitions of each ship in the Spanish Armada, compiled by the "Provedor" of the Fleet, Bernabe de Pedroso; two MS. volumes of the Maitland poems; an account of the escape of Charles II. from Worcester, taken down in shorthand from the King's own dictation; and many other rarities too numerous to mention.

These books—except a few of the largest, which are in the cupboards of an old writing-table—were placed in twelve handsome presses of dark stained oak, in which they may still be seen in Magdalene College. The arranging, indexing, and cataloguing of so large a collection occupied much of Pepys's time, and that of his able assistant Paul Lorrain; and the whole library bears evidence to the minute care bestowed on its preservation. It was left by will to his nephew and heir John Jackson, second son of his sister Paulina, who once occupied the curious position of domestic servant in her brother's house. John Jackson was of great help to Pepys in the collection of his prints and drawings; traveling on the Continent, apparently at his uncle's expense, and bringing home numerous treasures to be enshrined in the library. On Pepys's death in 1703, the library passed into Jackson's hands; and on his death in 1724, it was transferred, in accordance with the diarist's will, to his own and his

* See 'Diary and Correspondence of John Evelyn' (London, Bickers & Son, 1879), Vol. iii., pages 435 ff.

nephew's college of St. Mary Magdalene, there to be preserved in perpetuity. An interesting testimony to the care bestowed on the library by Jackson is afforded by the following entries, with his signature attached, in one of the catalogues: "Review'd and finally Placed August 1st, 1705: No one of y^e 2474 Books contained in the foregoing Catalogue being then wanting. Jackson." "Vid. rest of y^e Library in Additament. Catalogue consisting of 526 Books more, making the whole Number just 3000. Jackson." In another catalogue are two contemporary drawings* of the library in York Buildings, taken from different aspects. Only seven presses are there depicted. They are somewhat incorrectly drawn, and the position of the books must be due to the artist's fancy, or represent an arrangement afterwards discarded, as it is quite unsuitable to the present interior construction.

One would like to know how many of these books were read by their owner. During the period covered by the Diary, his work at the Navy Office and his numerous social engagements seem to have left him little time for reading, and in later life his defective eyesight must have rendered continuous or rapid reading extremely difficult: but of this later period our knowledge is unfortunately scanty and derived chiefly from letters. On the whole, we are disposed to regard him rather as a diligent collector than as a serious student of literature.

It remains to speak of the Diary. The MS. in six volumes, written in shorthand, lurked unnoticed in the library till the beginning of this century, when it was unearthed by the Master of Magdalene. It was then transcribed by the Rev. John Smith, and a large portion of it published with valuable notes by Lord Braybrooke. A fresh transcription was subsequently made by the Rev. Mynors Bright, President of Magdalene, whose edition in six volumes, incorporating much more of the original, appeared in 1875-9. Another edition, now in course of completion in nine volumes (one of supplementary matter), under the editorship of the well-known antiquarian Mr. H. B. Wheatley, contains everything that can be printed with due regard to propriety. The question has often been raised, and will probably never be satisfactorily answered, whether Pepys intended his Diary to be published. To us it seems almost certain that he would have been shocked at the idea of its becoming public property, when we consider the secrecy with which he kept it, and his pathetic remark in the last entry of all (May 31st, 1669), that henceforward, owing to his failure of eyesight, it would have to be kept by his people in longhand, who would "set down no more than is fit for them and all the world to know." We must remember too that in later life,

* One of these is reproduced in Mynors Bright's edition of the Diary, Vol. iv., page 59.

Pepys's most intimate associates were men of great worth and dignity, who held him in the highest possible esteem; and we cannot but feel that in the evening of life, amid such surroundings, he would look back with regret to the follies of his youth and desire them to be buried in oblivion. But fortunately for the world, whatever his intentions may have been, the Diary has been published; and who shall adequately tell of its contents? To describe it in any detail would be to touch on every phase of the stirring life of London during ten years of an eventful period of our history. The return of Charles and the settlement of the government, the first Dutch war and the shameful blockade of the Thames, the Plague, and the Fire, all fell within this period. But apart from events of national importance, the daily social life of the time is reproduced here with such simple and striking fidelity that we seem to see with our own eyes all that Pepys saw,—the stately court pageants, the frivolity of the gallants and fair ladies who thronged the palace, the turmoil of the narrow dirty streets, the traffic of barges and rowboats on the Thames, and all the thousand incidents of life in the great metropolis. We can follow him on board ship when he crossed to Holland with Sir E. Montagu to bring back the King, and learn an infinity of details about life at sea; we can go with him for a day's outing into the country, where he enjoys himself with the ardor of a schoolboy; we can accompany him in graver mood through the dismal devastation brought by the Plague, and see the smoking ruins and the homeless fugitive crowds of the "annus mirabilis"; we can enter with him into church, theatre, and tavern, all of which he frequented with assiduous and impartial regularity. We are told what he ate and drank, what clothes he and his wife wore and how much they cost; he acquaints us with his earnings and spendings, the vows that he made to abstain from various naughtinesses and the facility with which he broke them, the little penalties that he inflicted on himself,—such as 12*d.* for every kiss after the first,—and all the little events of his daily life, which however trivial never fail to interest, such is the charm with which they are told. He admits us to the inmost recesses of his house, where prying eyes should never have come: we see him in a fit of ill temper kicking his maid-servant or his wife's French poodle, or even pulling the fair nose of Mrs. Pepys herself. He gives us unlovely details of his illnesses, often the result of his own shortcomings; he makes us the confidants of his flirtations,—and they were neither choice nor few: yet for all this, we are never angry. To us he is and will ever remain the one incomparable Diarist.

A. G. Peskett

UNTIL the appearance, within three or four years, of the edition of 'The Diary of Samuel Pepys' due to the labors of Mr. Henry B. Wheatley, a large part of this famous record had remained unknown to the general public; in spite of the fact that at least two editions, in several volumes each, prepared respectively by the Rev. Mynors Bright and Lord Braybrooke, were supposed to present everything essential in the narrative. As Mr. Wheatley observes in the preface to his edition, with the first appearance of the Diary in 1825 scarcely half of Pepys's manuscript was printed; the Rev. Mr. Bright's edition omitted about a fifth of it; and Lord Braybrooke's edition, famous in the Bohn Library, also makes considerable omissions. This recent edition in nine volumes, by Mr. Wheatley, is now recognized as the standard one, and is likely long to remain such. It is the only edition printing practically the entire Diary, and correcting numerous errors in the translation of Pepys's shorthand manuscript more or less noticeable in preceding editions.

The following selections from the Diary are copyrighted, and are reprinted in the 'Library' by permission of the Macmillan Company of New York, acting also for Messrs. George Bell & Sons, the English publishers.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY

OCTOBER 13th, 1660.] To my Lord's in the morning, where I met with Captain Cuttance, but my Lord not being up I went out to Charing Cross, to see Major-General Harrison hanged, drawn, and quartered; which was done there, he looking as cheerful as any man could do in that condition. He was presently cut down, and his head and heart shown to the people, at which there was great shouts of joy. It is said that he said that he was sure to come shortly at the right hand of Christ to judge them that now had judged him; and that his wife do expect his coming again. Thus it was my chance to see the King beheaded at White Hall, and to see the first blood shed in revenge for the blood of the King at Charing Cross. From thence to my Lord's, and took Captain Cuttance and Mr. Sheply to the Sun Tavern, and did give them some oysters. After that I went by water home, where I was angry with my wife for her things lying about, and in my passion kicked the little fine basket, which I bought her in Holland, and broke it, which troubled me after I had done it. Within all the afternoon setting up shelves in my study. At night to bed.

14th (Lord's day). Early to my Lord's, in my way meeting with Dr. Fairbrother, who walked with me to my father's back again, and there we drank my morning draft, my father having gone to church and my mother asleep in bed. Here he caused me to put my hand among a great many honorable hands to a paper or certificate in his behalf. To White Hall chappell, where one Dr. Crofts* made an indifferent sermon, and after it an anthem, ill sung, which made the King laugh. Here I first did see the Princess Royal since she came into England.

[November 22d, 1660.] This morning came the carpenters to make me a door at the other side of my house, going into the entry, which I was much pleased with. At noon my wife and I walked to the Old Exchange, and there she bought her a white whisk† and put it on, and I a pair of gloves, and so we took coach for Whitehall to Mr. Fox's, where we found Mrs. Fox within, and an alderman of London paying £1,000 or £1,400 in gold upon the table for the King, which was the most gold that ever I saw together in my life. Mr. Fox came in presently and did receive us with a great deal of respect; and then did take my wife and I to the Queen's presence chamber, where he got my wife placed behind the Queen's chair, and I got into the crowd, and by-and-by the Queen and the two Princesses came to dinner. The Queen a very little plain old woman, and nothing more in her presence in any respect nor garb than any ordinary woman. The Princess of Orange I had often seen before. The Princess Henrietta is very pretty, but much below my expectation; and her dressing of herself with her hair frized short up to her ears, did make her seem so much the less to me. But my wife standing near her with two or three black patches on, and well dressed, did seem to me much handsomer than she. Dinner being done, we went to Mr. Fox's again, where many gentlemen dined with us, and most princely dinner, all provided for me and my friends; but I bringing none but myself and wife, he did call the company to help to eat up so much good victuals. At the end of dinner, my Lord Sandwich's health was drunk in the gilt tankard that I did give to Mrs. Fox the other day.

[November 3d, 1661, Lord's Day.] This day I stirred not out, but took physique, and all the day as I was at leisure I did read

* Dr. Herbert Croft, Dean of Hereford.

† A gorget or neckerchief worn by women at this time.

in Fuller's 'Holy Warr,' which I have of late bought; and did try to make a song in the praise of a liberall genius (as I take my own to be) to all studies and pleasures, but it not proving to my mind I did reject it, and so proceeded not in it. At night my wife and I had a good supper by ourselves of a pullet hashed, which pleased me much to see my condition come to allow ourselves a dish like that, and so at night to bed.

4th. In the morning, being very rainy, by coach with Sir W. Pen and my wife to Whitehall, and sent her to Mrs. Hunt's, and he and I to Mr. Coventry's about business, and so sent for her again, and all three home again, only I to the Mitre (Mr. Rawlinson's), where Mr. Pierce the Purser had got us a most brave chine of beef and a dish of marrowbones. Our company my uncle Wight, Captain Lambert, one Captain Davies, and purser Barter, Mr. Rawlinson, and ourselves, and very merry. After dinner I took coach, and called my wife at my brother's, where I left her, and to the Opera, where we saw 'The Bondman,' which of old we both did so doat on, and do still; though to both our thinking not so well acted here (having too great expectations) as formerly at Salisbury-court. But for Betterton, he is called by us both the best actor in the world. So home by coach, I lighting by the way at my uncle Wight's and staid there a little, and so home after my wife, and to bed.

[March 30th, 1662, Easter Day.] Having my old black suit new furbished, I was pretty neat in clothes to-day, and my boy, his old suit new trimmed, very handsome. To church in the morning, and so home, leaving the two Sir Williams to take the Sacrament, which I blame myself that I have hitherto neglected all my life, but once or twice at Cambridge. Dined with my wife, a good shoulder of veal well dressed by Jane, and handsomely served to table, which pleased us much, and made us hope that she will serve our turn well enough. My wife and I to church in the afternoon, and seated ourselves, she below me, and by that means the precedence of the pew which my Lady Batten and her daughter takes, is confounded; and after sermon she and I did stay behind them in the pew, and went out by ourselves a good while after them, which we judge a very fine project hereafter to avoyd contention. So my wife and I to walk an hour or two on the leads, which begins to be very pleasant, the garden being in good condition. So to supper, which is also well served in. We had a lobster to supper, with a crabb Pegg

Pen sent my wife this afternoon, the reason of which we cannot think; but something there is of plot or design in it, for we have a little while carried ourselves pretty strange to them. After supper to bed.

[August 23d, 1662.] I offered eight shillings for a boat to attend me this afternoon, and they would not, it being the day of the Queen's coming to town from Hampton Court. So we fairly walked it to White Hall, and through my Lord's lodgings we got into White Hall garden, and so to the Bowling-green, and up to the top of the new Banqueting House there, over the Thames, which was a most pleasant place as any I could have got; and all the show consisted chiefly in the number of boats and barges; and two pageants, one of a King, and another of a Queen, with her Maydes of Honour sitting at her feet very prettily; and they tell me the Queen is Sir Richard Ford's daughter. Anon came the King and Queen in a barge under a canopy with 10,000 barges and boats, I think, for we could see no water for them, nor discern the King nor Queen. And so they landed at White Hall Bridge, and the great guns on the other side went off. But that which pleased me best was, that my Lady Castlemaine stood over against us upon a piece of White Hall, where I glutted myself with looking on her. But methought it was strange to see her Lord and her upon the same place walking up and down without taking notice one of another, only at first entry he put off his hat, and she made him a very civil salute, but afterwards took no notice one of another; but both of them now and then would take their child, which the nurse held in her armes, and dandle it. One thing more: there happened a scaffold below to fall, and we feared some hurt, but there was none, but she of all the great ladies only run down among the common rabble to see what hurt was done, and did take care of a child that received some little hurt, which methought was so noble. Anon there came one there booted and spurred that she talked long with. And by and by, she being in her hair, she put on his hat, which was but an ordinary one, to keep the wind off. But methinks it became her mightily, as every thing else do. The show being over, I went away, not weary with looking on her, and to my Lord's lodgings, where my brother Tom and Dr. Thomas Pepys were to speak with me.

[January 13th, 1662-63.] My poor wife rose by five o'clock in the morning, before day, and went to market and bought fowls

and many other things for dinner, with which I was highly pleased, and the chine of beef was down also before six o'clock, and my own jack, of which I was doubtfull, do carry it very well. Things being put in order, and the cook come, I went to the office, where we sat till noon and then broke up, and I home, whither by and by comes Dr. Clerke and his lady, his sister, and a she-cozen, and Mr. Pierce and his wife, which was all my guests. I had for them, after oysters, at first course, a hash of rabbits, a lamb, and a rare chine of beef. Next a great dish of roasted fowl, cost me about 30s., and a tart, and then fruit and cheese. My dinner was noble and enough. I had my house mighty clean and neat; my room below with a good fire in it; my dining-room above, and my chamber being made a withdrawing-chamber; and my wife's a good fire also. I find my new table very proper, and will hold nine or ten people well, but eight with great room. After dinner the women to cards in my wife's chamber, and the Dr. and Mr. Pierce in mine, because the dining-room smokes unless I keep a good charcoal fire, which I was not then provided with. At night to supper, had a good sack posset and cold meat, and sent my guests away about ten o'clock at night, both them and myself highly pleased with our management of this day; and indeed their company was very fine, and Mrs. Clerke a very witty, fine lady, though a little conceited and proud. So weary, so to bed. I believe this day's feast will cost me near £5.

[July 13th, 1663.] Hearing that the King and Queen are rode abroad with the Ladies of Honour to the Park, and seeing a great crowd of gallants staying here to see their return, I also staid walking up and down, and among others spying a man like Mr. Pembleton (though I have little reason to think it should be he, speaking and discoursing long with my Lord D'Aubigne), yet how my blood did rise in my face, and I fell into a sweat from my old jealousy and hate, which I pray God remove from me. By and by the King and Queen, who looked in this dress (a white laced waistcoat and a crimson short pettycoat, and her hair dressed *à la negligence*) mighty pretty; and the King rode hand in hand with her. Here was also my Lady Castlemaine rode among the rest of the ladies: but the King took, methought, no notice of her; nor when they 'light did any body press (as she seemed to expect, and staid for it) to take her down, but was taken down by her own gentleman. She looked mighty out of humour, and

had a yellow plume in her hat (which all took notice of), and yet is very handsome, but very melancholy; nor did any body speak to her, or she so much as smile or speak to any body. I followed them up into White Hall, and into the Queen's presence, where all the ladies walked, talking and fiddling with their hats and feathers, and changing and trying one another's by one another's heads, and laughing. But it was the finest sight to me, considering their great beautys and dress, that ever I did see in all my life. But above all, Mrs. Stewart in this dress, with her hat cocked and a red plume, with her sweet eye, little Roman nose, and excellent taille, is now the greatest beauty I ever saw, I think, in my life; and if ever woman can, do exceed my Lady Castlemaine, at least in this dress: nor do I wonder if the King changes, which I verily believe is the reason of his coldness to my Lady Castlemaine.

[December 31st, 1664.] At the office all the morning, and after dinner there again, dispatched first my letters, and then to my accounts, not of the month but of the whole yeare also, and was at it till past twelve at night, it being bitter cold; but yet I was well satisfied with my worke, and above all, to find myself, by the great blessing of God, worth £1,349, by which, as I have spent very largely, so I have laid up above £500 this yeare above what I was worth this day twelvemonth. The Lord make me forever thankful to his holy name for it! Thence home to eat a little and so to bed. Soon as ever the clock struck one I kissed my wife in the kitchen by the fireside, wishing her a merry new yeare, observing that I believe I was the first proper wisher of it this year, for I did it as soon as ever the clock struck one.

So ends the old yeare, I bless God, with great joy to me, not only from my having made so good a yeare of profit, as having spent £420 and laid up £540 and upwards; but I bless God I never have been in so good plight as to my health in so very cold weather as this is, nor indeed in any hot weather, these ten years, as I am at this day, and have been these four or five months. But I am at a great losse to know whether it be my hare's foote,* or taking every morning of a pill of turpentine, or my having left off the wearing of a gowne. My family is, my wife, in good health, and happy with her; her woman Mercer, a pretty, modest, quiett mayde; her chamber-mayde Besse, her cook

* As a charm against the colic.

mayde Jane, the little girl Susan, and my boy which I have had about half a yeare, Tom Edwards, which I took from the King's chappell, and a pretty and loving quiett family I have as any man in England. My credit in the world and my office grows daily, and I am in good esteeme with everybody, I think.

[January 23d, 1664.] . . . To Jervas's, my mind, God forgive me, running too much after some folly; but *elle* not being within, I away by coach to the 'Change, and thence home to dinner. And finding Mrs. Bagwell waiting at the office after dinner, away she and I to a cabaret where she and I have eat before. . . . Thence to the Court of the Turkey Company at Sir Andrew Rickard's to treat about carrying some men of ours to Tangier, and had there a very civil reception, though a denial of the thing as not practicable with them, and I think so too. So to my office a little and to Jervas's again, thinking *avoir rencontrais* Jane, *mais elle n'était pas dedans*. So I back again and to my office, where I did with great content *ferais* a vow to mind my business, and *laisser aller les femmes* for a month, and am with all my heart glad to find myself able to come to so good a resolution, that thereby I may follow my business, which and my honour thereby lies a bleeding. So home to supper and to bed.

24th. Up and by coach to Westminster Hall and the Parliament House, and there spoke with Mr. Coventry and others about business and so back to the 'Change, where no news more than that the Dutch have, by consent of all the Provinces, voted no trade to be suffered for eighteen months, but that they apply themselves wholly to the warr. And they say it is very true, but very strange, for we use to believe they cannot support themselves without trade. Thence home to dinner and then to the office, where all the afternoon, and at night till very late, and then home to supper and bed, having a great cold, got on Sunday last, by sitting too long with my head bare, for Mercer to comb my hair and wash my eares.

[March 22d, 1664-65.] After dinner Mr. Hill took me with Mrs. Hubland, who is a fine gentlewoman, into another room, and there made her sing, which she do very well, to my great content. Then to Gresham Collcege, and there did see a kitling killed almost quite, but that we could not quite kill her, with such a way: the ayre out of a receiver, wherein she was put, and then the ayre being let in upon her revives her immediately; nay, and this ayre is to be made by putting together a liquor and some

body that ferments, the steam of that do do the work. Thence home, and thence to White Hall, where the house full of the Duke's going to-morrow, and thence to St. James's, wherein these things fell out: (1) I saw the Duke, kissed his hand, and had his most kind expressions of his value and opinion of me, which comforted me above all things in the world, (2) the like from Mr. Coventry most heartily and affectionately. (3) Saw, among other fine ladies, Mrs. Middleton,* a very great beauty I never knew or heard of before; (4) I saw Waller† the poet, whom I never saw before. So, very late, by coach home with W. Pen, who was there. To supper and to bed, with my heart at rest, and my head very busy thinking of my several matters now on foot, the new comfort of my old navy business, and the new one of my employment on Tangier.

[August 30th, 1665.] Up betimes and to my business of settling my house and papers, and then abroad and met with Hadley, our clerke who, upon my asking how the plague goes, he told me it encreases much, and much in our parish; for, says he, there died nine this week, though I have returned but six: which is a very ill practice, and makes me think it is so in other places; and therefore the plague much greater than people take it to be. Thence, as I intended, to Sir R. Viner's, and there found not Mr. Lewes ready for me, so I went forth and walked towards Moorefields to see (God forbid my presumption!) whether I could see any dead corps going to the grave; but as God would have it, did not. But, Lord! how every body's looks and discourse in the street is of death, and nothing else, and few people going up and down, that the towne is like a place distressed and forsaken.

[September 10th, 1665, Lord's Day.] Walked home; being forced thereto by one of my watermen falling sick yesterday, and it was God's great mercy I did not go by water with them yesterday, for he fell sick on Saturday night, and it is to be feared of the plague. So I sent him away to London with his fellow; but another boat come to me this morning, whom I sent to Blackwall for Mr. Andrews. I walked to Woolwich, and there find Mr. Hill, and he and I all the morning at musique and a song he hath set of three parts, methinks very good. Anon

* Jane, daughter to Sir Robert Needham, is frequently mentioned in the 'Grammont Memoirs,' and Evelyn calls her "that famous and indeed incomparable beauty."

† Edmund Waller, born March 3d, 1605, died October 21st, 1687.

comes Mr. Andrews, though it be a very ill day, and so after dinner we to musique and sang till about 4 or 5 o'clock, it blowing very hard, and now and then raining; and wind and tide being against us, Andrews and I took leave and walked to Greenwich. My wife before I come out telling me the ill news that she hears that her father is very ill, and then I told her I feared of the plague, for that the house is shut up. And so she much troubled she did desire me to send them something; and I said I would, and will do so. But before I come out there happened newes to come to me by an expresse from Mr. Coventry, telling me the most happy news of my Lord Sandwich's meeting with part of the Dutch; his taking two of their East India ships, and six or seven others, and very good prizes; and that he is in search of the rest of the fleet, which he hopes to find upon the Wellbancke, with the loss only of the Hector, poor Captain Cuttle. This newes do so overjoy me that I know not what to say enough to express it, but the better to do it I did walk to Greenwich, and there sending away Mr. Andrews, I to Captain Cocke's, where I find my Lord Bruncker and his mistress, and Sir J. Minnes. Where we supped (there was also Sir W. Doyly and Mr. Evelyn); but the receipt of this newes did put us all into such an extacy of joy, that it inspired into Sir J. Minnes and Mr. Evelyn such a spirit of mirth, that in all my life I never met with so merry a two hours as our company this night was. Among other humours, Mr. Evelyn's repeating of some verses made up of nothing but the various acceptations of *may* and *can*, and doing it so aptly upon occasion of something of that nature, and so fast, did make us all die almost with laughing, and did so stop the mouth of Sir J. Minnes in the middle of all his mirth (and in a thing agreeing with his own manner of genius), that I never saw any man so outdone in all my life; and Sir J. Minnes's mirth too to see himself outdone, was the crown of all our mirth. In this humour we sat till about ten at night, and so my Lord and his mistress home, and we to bed, it being one of the times of my life wherein I was the fullest of true sense of joy.

[September 2d, 1666, Lord's Day.] Some of our mayds sitting up late last night to get things ready against our feast to-day, Jane called us up about three in the morning, to tell us of a great fire they saw in the City. So I rose and slipped on my night-gowne. and went to her window, and thought it to be on

the back-side of Marke-lane at the farthest; but being unused to such fires as followed, I thought it far enough off: and so went to bed again and to sleep. About seven rose again to dress myself, and there looked out at the window and saw the fire not so much as it was and further off. So to my closett to set things to rights after yesterday's cleaning. By and by Jane comes and tells me that she hears that above 300 houses have been burned down to-night by the fire we saw, and that it is now burning down all Fish-street, by London Bridge. So I made myself ready presently, and walked to the Tower, and there got up upon one of the high places, Sir J. Robinson's little son going up with me; and there I did see the houses at that end of the bridge all on fire, and an infinite great fire on this and the other side the end of the bridge; which, among other people, did trouble me for poor little Michell and our Sarah on the bridge. So down, with my heart full of trouble, to the Lieutenant of the Tower, who tells me that it begun this morning in the King's baker's house in Pudding-lane, and that it hath burned St. Magnus's Church and most part of Fish-street already. So I down to the water-side, and there got a boat and through bridge, and there saw a lamentable fire. Poor Michell's house, as far as the Old Swan, already burned that way, and the fire running further, that in a very little time it got as far as the Steele-yard, while I was there. Everybody endeavouring to remove their goods, and flinging into the river or bringing them into lighters that lay off; poor people staying in their houses as long as till the very fire touched them, and then running into boats, or clambering from one pair of stairs by the water-side to another. And among other things, the poor pigeons, I perceive, were loth to leave their houses, but hovered about the windows and balconys till they were some of them burned, their wings, and fell down. Having staid, and in an hour's time seen the fire rage every way, and nobody, to my sight, endeavouring to quench it, but to remove their goods, and leave all to the fire, and having seen it get as far as the Steele-yard, and the wind mighty high and driving it into the City; and everything, after so long a drought, proving combustible, even the very stones of churches, and among other things the poor steeple by which pretty Mrs. — lives, and whereof my old schoolfellow Elborough is parson, taken fire in the very top, and there burned till it fell down: I to White Hall (with a gentleman with me who desired to go off from the

Tower, to see the fire, in my boat); to White Hall, and there up to the King's closett in the Chappell, where people come about me, and I did give them an account dismayed them all, and word was carried in to the King. So I was called for, and did tell the King and Duke of Yorke what I saw, and that unless his Majesty did command houses to be pulled down nothing could stop the fire. They seemed much troubled, and the King commanded me to go to my Lord Mayor from him, and command him to spare no houses, but to pull down before the fire every way. The Duke of York bid me tell him that if he would have any more soldiers he shall; and so did my Lord Arlington afterwards, as a great secret. Here meeting with Captain Cocke, I in his coach, which he lent me, and Creed with me to Paul's, and there walked along Watling-street, as well as I could, every creature coming away loaden with goods to save, and here and there sicke people carried away in beds. Extraordinary good goods carried in carts and on backs. At last met my Lord Mayor in Canning-street, like a man spent, with a handkercher about his neck. To the King's message he cried, like a fainting woman, "Lord! what can I do? I am spent: people will not obey me. I have been pulling down houses; but the fire overtakes us faster than we can do it." That he needed no more soldiers; and that, for himself, he must go and refresh himself, having been up all night. So he left me, and I him, and walked home, seeing people all almost distracted, and no manner of means used to quench the fire. The houses, too, so very thick thereabouts, and full of matter for burning, as pitch and tarr, in Thames-street; and warehouses of oyle, and wines, and brandy, and other things. Here I saw Mr. Isaake Houblon, the handsome man, prettily dressed and dirty, at his door at Dowgate, receiving some of his brothers' things, whose houses were on fire; and, as he says, have been removed twice already; and he doubts (as it soon proved) that they must be in a little time removed from his house also, which was a sad consideration. And to see the churches all filling with goods by people who themselves should have been quietly there at this time. By this time it was about twelve o'clock; and so home, and there find my guests, which was Mr. Wood and his wife Barbary Sheldon, and also Mr. Moone: she mighty fine, and her husband, for aught I see, a likely man. But Mr. Moone's design and mine, which was to look over my closett and please him with the sight thereof, which he hath long desired.

was wholly disappointed; for we were in great trouble and disturbance at this fire, not knowing what to think of it. However, we had an extraordinary good dinner, and as merry as at this time we could be. While at dinner Mrs. Batelier come to enquire after Mr. Woolfe and Stanes (who, it seems, are related to them), whose houses in Fish-street are all burned, and they in a sad condition. She would not stay in the fright. Soon as dined, I and Moone away, and walked through the City, the streets full of nothing but people and horses and carts loaden with goods, ready to run over one another, and removing goods from one burned house to another. They now removing out of Canning-streete (which received goods in the morning) into Lumbard-streete, and further; and among others I now saw my little goldsmith, Stokes, receiving some friend's goods, whose house itself was burned the day after. We parted at Paul's; he home, and I to Paul's Wharf, where I had appointed a boat to attend me, and took in Mr. Carcasse and his brother, whom I met in the streete, and carried them below and above bridge to and again to see the fire, which was now got further, both below and above, and no likelihood of stopping it. Met with the King and Duke of York in their barge, and with them to Queenhithe, and there called Sir Richard Browne to them. Their order was only to pull down houses apace, and so below bridge at the water-side; but little was or could be done, the fire coming upon them so fast. Good hopes there was of stopping it at the Three Cranes above, and at Buttolph's Wharf below bridge, if care be used; but the wind carries it into the City, so as we know not by the water-side what it do there. River full of lighters and boats taking in goods, and good goods swimming in the water, and only I observed that hardly one lighter or boat in three that had the goods of a house in, but there was a pair of Virginalls in it. Having seen as much as I could now, I away to White Hall by appointment, and there walked to St. James's Parke, and there met my wife and Creed and Wood and his wife, and walked to my boat; and there upon the water again, and to the fire up and down, it still encreasing, and the wind great. So near the fire as we could for smoke; and all over the Thames, with one's face in the wind, you were almost burned with a shower of fire-drops. This is very true; so as houses were burned by these drops and flakes of fire, three or four, nay, five or six houses, one from another. When we could endure no more upon the water,

we to a little ale-house on the Bankside, over against the Three Cranes, and there staid till it was dark almost, and saw the fire grow; and as it grew darker, appeared more and more, and in corners and upon steeples, and between churches and houses, as far as we could see up the hill of the City, in a most horrid malicious bloody flame, not like the fine flame of an ordinary fire. Barbary and her husband away before us. We staid till, it being darkish, we saw the fire as only one entire arch of fire from this to the other side the bridge, and in a bow up the hill for an arch of above a mile long: it made me weep to see it. The churches, houses, and all on fire and flaming at once; and a horrid noise the flames made, and the cracking of houses at their ruine. So home with a sad heart, and there find every body discouraging and lamenting the fire; and poor Tom Hater come with some few of his goods saved out of his house, which is burned upon Fishstreete Hill. I invited him to lie at my house, and did receive his goods, but was deceived in his lying there, the newes coming every moment of the growth of the fire; so as we were forced to begin to pack up our owne goods, and prepare for their removal; and did by moonshine (it being brave dry, and moonshine, and warm weather) carry much of my goods into the garden, and Mr. Hater and I did remove my money and iron chests into my cellar, as thinking that the safest place. And got my bags of gold into my office, ready to carry away, and my chief papers of accounts also there, and my tallys into a box by themselves. So great was our fear, as Sir W. Batten hath carts come out of the country to fetch away his goods this night. We did put Mr. Hater, poor man, to bed a little; but he got but very little rest, so much noise being in my house, taking down of goods.

[February 16th, 1666-67.] To Mrs. Pierce's, where I took up my wife, and there I find Mrs. Pierce's little girl is my Valentine, she having drawn me; which I was not sorry for, it easing me of something more that I must have given to others. But here I do first observe the fashion of drawing of mottos as well as names; so that Pierce, who drew my wife, did draw also a motto, and this girl drew another for me. What mine was I have forgot: but my wife's was, "Most virtuous and most fair;" which, as it may be used, or an anagram made upon each name, might be very pretty. Thence with Cocke and my wife, set him at home, and then we home. To the office, and there did a little

business, troubled that I have so much been hindered by matters of pleasure from my business, but I shall recover it I hope in a little time. So home and to supper, not at all smitten with the musique to-night, which I did expect should have been so extraordinary. Tom Killigrew crying it up, and so all the world, above all things in the world, and so to bed. One wonder I observed to-day, that there was no musique in the morning to call up our new-married people.

[February 25th, 1666-67.] Lay long in bed, talking with pleasure with my poor wife, how she used to make coal fires, and wash my foul clothes with her own hand for me, poor wretch! in our little room at my Lord Sandwich's: for which I ought for ever to love and admire her, and do; and persuade myself she would do the same thing again, if God should reduce us to it. So up and by coach abroad to the Duke of Albemarle's about sending soldiers down to some ships, and so home, calling at a belt-maker's to mend my belt, and so home and to dinner, where pleasant with my wife, and then to the office, where mighty busy all the day, saving going forth to the 'Change to pay for some things, and on other occasions, and at my goldsmith's did observe the King's new medall, where, in little, there is Mrs. Steward's face as well done as ever I saw anything in my whole life, I think: and a pretty thing it is, that he should choose her face to represent Britannia by. So at the office late very busy and much business with great joy dispatched, and so home to supper and to bed.

[July 24th, 1667.] Betimes this morning comes a letter from the Clerke of the Cheque at Gravesend to me, to tell me that the Dutch fleete did come all into the Hope yesterday noon, and held a fight with our ships from thence till seven at night; that they had burned twelve fire-ships, and we took one of their's, and burned five of our fire-ships. But then rising and going to Sir W. Batten, he tells me that we have burned one of their men-of-war, and another of their's is blown up; but how true this is, I know not. But these fellows are mighty hold, and have had the fortune of the wind easterly this time to bring them up, and prevent our troubling them with our fire-ships; and indeed have had the winds at their command from the beginning, and now do take the beginning of the spring, as if they had some great design to do. I to my office, and there hard at work all the morning, to my great content, abstracting the contract book into

my abstract book, which I have by reason of the war omitted for above two years, but now am endeavouring to have all my books ready and perfect against the Parliament comes, that upon examination I may be in condition to value myself upon my perfect doing of my own duty. At noon home to dinner, where my wife mighty musty, but I took no notice of it, but after dinner to the office, and there with Mr. Harper did another good piece of work.

[October 10th, 1667.] All of us, my sister and brother, and W. Hewer, to dinner to Hinchingbroke, where we had a good plain country dinner, but most kindly used; and here dined the Minister of Brampton and his wife, who is reported a very good but poor man. Here I spent alone with my Lady, after dinner, the most of the afternoon; and anon the two twins were sent for from schoole, at Mr. Taylor's, to come to see me, and I took them into the garden, and there, in one of the summer-houses, did examine them, and do find them so well advanced in their learning, that I was amazed at it: they repeating a whole ode without book out of Horace, and did give me a very good account of any thing almost, and did make me very readily very good Latin, and did give me good account of their Greek grammar, beyond all possible expectation; and so grave and manly as I never saw, I confess, nor could have believed; so that they will be fit to go to Cambridge in two years at most. They are both little, but very like one another, and well-looking children. Then in to my Lady again, and staid till it was almost night again, and then took leave for a great while again, but with extraordinary kindness from my Lady, who looks upon me like one of her own family and interest. So thence, my wife and people by the highway, and I walked over the park with Mr. Shepley, and through the grove, which is mighty pretty, as is imaginable, and so over their drawbridge to Nun's Bridge, and so to my father's, and there sat and drank, and talked a little, and then parted. And he being gone, and what company there was, my father and I, with a dark lantern, it being now night, into the garden with my wife, and there went about our great work to dig up my gold. But, Lord! what a tosse I was for some time in, that they could not justly tell where it was; that I begun heartily to sweat, and be angry, that they should not agree better upon the place, and at last to fear that it was gone: but by and by poking with a spit, we found it.

[February 27th, 1667-68.] All the morning at the office, and at noon home to dinner, and thence with my wife and Deb. to the King's House, to see 'The Virgin Martyr,'* the first time it hath been acted a great while: and it is mighty pleasant; not that the play is worth much, but it is finely acted by Becke Marshal. But that which did please me beyond any thing in the whole world was the wind-musique when the angel comes down, which is so sweet that it ravished me, and indeed, in a word, did wrap up my soul so that it made me really sick, just as I have formerly been when in love with my wife; that neither then, nor all the evening going home, and at home, I was able to think of any thing, but remained all night transported, so as I could not believe that ever any musick hath that real command over the soul of a man as this did upon me: and makes me resolve to practice wind-musique, and to make my wife do the like.

[May 1st, 1669.] Up betimes. Called up by my tailor, and there first put on a summer suit this year: but it was not my fine one of flowered tabby vest, and coloured camelott tunique, because it was too fine with the gold lace at the hands, that I was afeard to be seen in it; but put on the stuff suit I made the last year, which is now repaired; and so did go to the Office in it, and sat all the morning, the day looking as if it would be fowle. At noon home to dinner, and there find my wife extraordinary fine, with her flowered tabby gown. that she made two years ago now laced exceeding pretty; and indeed, was fine all over; and mighty earnest to go though the day was very lowering; and she would have me put on my fine suit, which I did. And so anon we went alone through the town with our new liveries of serge, and the horses' manes and tails tied with red ribbons, and the standards there gilt with varnish, and all clean, and green reines, that people did mightily look upon us; and the truth is, I did not see any coach more pretty, though more gay, than ours all the day. But we set out, out of humour—I because Betty, whom I expected, was not come to go with us; and my wife that I would sit on the same seat with her, which she likes not, being so fine: and she then expected to meet Sheres, which we did in the Pell Mell, and against my will, I was forced to take him into the coach, but was sullen all day almost, and little complaisant: the day also being unpleasing,

*A tragedy by Massinger and Dekker.

though the Park full of coaches, but dusty and windy, and cold, and now and then a little dribbling rain; and what made it worst, there were so many hackney-coaches as spoiled the sight of the gentlemen's; and so we had little pleasure. But here was W. Batelier and his sister in a borrowed coach by themselves, and I took them and we to the lodge; and at the door did give them a syllabub, and other things, cost me 12s., and pretty merry. And so back to the coaches, and there till the evening, and then home, leaving Mr. Sheres at St. James's Gate, where he took leave of us for altogether, he being this night to set out for Portsmouth post, in his way to Tangier, which troubled my wife mightily, who is mighty, though not, I think, too fond of him. But she was out of humour all the evening, and I vexed at her for it, and she did not rest almost all the night.

JOSÉ MARIA DE PEREDA

(1833-1906)

BY WILLIAM HENRY BISHOP

PEREDA was born February 7th, 1834, at Polanco, a village of Northern Spain, near Santander, the capital city of the province of the same name, popularly termed also La Montaña, or the Mountain. This is the region to which he especially devoted himself in his literary work. He is generously named by the younger men of distinguished ability, like Galdós and Valdés, as the most original of the contemporary Spanish writers of fiction, and as the most revolutionary, in the sense of having cast off the conventional influence of the romantic and classical traditions of the earlier half of the century. His influence is a distinct and valuable element in the work of the other leaders; and yet, unlike them,—owing to the local raciness, the idiomatic difficulties of his style,—he has been scarcely translated into any other of the modern languages, and into English not at all; except in some fugitive short stories, rendered for the periodical press by Mr. Rollo Ogden. Pereda is properly to be named as the pioneer and standard-bearer of the best kind of modern realism in Spain.

He was a country gentleman of good descent and liberal means, residing, at no great distance from Santander, at the village of Polanco, where his modern villa adjoined the *casa solar* or ancestral homestead of his family, with the arms heavily carved above the door in mediæval fashion. He never had to know the conflict between poverty and literary aspiration, which is so common a feature in the history of writers; yet this in no way detracted from the masculine vigor, the evidence of assiduous labor, and the notable air of conscientiousness, in his work. In appearance he was of the spare ascetic type we are accustomed to associate with the Spanish hidalgo. The distinguished French traveler and novelist, René Bazin, in an account in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of a visit to him at Polanco, said: «As he drew near, one might have taken him for Cervantes himself.» Galdós spoke of him as «the most amiable, the most excellent of men.» He seems to have in a high degree the faculty of inspiring warm personal regard. This is well exemplified in two most laudatory essays on two of his books,—the one by Galdós, the other by Menendez y Pelayo, the eminent critic. Frankly colored

as these are by friendly admiration, they yet state convincingly the reasons for their opinions; and these reasons can be accurately verified by whoever will have recourse to the text.

Pereda's literary work began in 1859 with the publication, in a local journal, of the sketches of manners and customs afterwards gathered into a volume called '*Escenas Montañesas*' (Scenes in Montaña). A number of these are marked by the triviality of their origin; but several others, like '*La Leva*' (The Conscription) and '*El Fin de Una Raza*' (The Last of his Race), are esteemed equal to the best of his later work. '*La Leva*' is a picture, both touching and humorous, of the poor fisherman Tuerto—an Adam Bede of a rougher sort—and his drunken wife. The naval conscription finally takes him out of his misery, but leaves his children to the mercies of a cold world. The second story is in a measure a continuation of the first, showing the return of Tuerto to find his children vagrants and outcasts; but it is chiefly devoted to Uncle Tremontorio, an old-school tar of a type that has now disappeared. The province of Santander is an almost equal combination of the mountains belonging to the Cantabrian chain, and the coasts of the formidable Bay of Biscay: both are affectionately referred to in the literary phrasology as Cantabria, from the old Roman name of the province. Pereda divides his interest impartially between sea and shore; between the life of the farmers in the hilly interior and that of the hardy fisherman on the coast; and notably Santander, with its tall squalid tenement houses clustering round the park, which is the capital and the centre of all the enterprises of these latter. This is the domain which the author has chosen so exclusively for his own that he scarce wishes ever to make any excursion outside it, literary or personal; for he will not even live outside of it. He is hailed with especial pride by its inhabitants, as the vindicator of the Northern race of people, who had had no champion in literature from the very earliest times. The grateful inhabitants of Santander paid him the compliment of naming a fine street after one of his books, '*Sotileza*' (Fine Spun), choosing for the purpose the site at which a principal part of the action of the book took place; and also presented him a large painting, showing a scene from the book; while Torrelavega, the small town nearest his village, presented him with a piece of plate. Though literature may not bring very large money returns in a country with comparatively so few readers as Spain, it receives many places and preferments, and graceful honors of this kind. In like manner Zorilla, the poet, was publicly crowned, with a crown made of gold from the sands of the Darro at Granada.

Pereda's first novel, '*Los Hombres de Pro*' (Respectable Folks), was completed in 1874. It describes the rise in the world of Simon

Cerojo, who kept a little cross-roads grocery. It is a story of character, the elements of which might be found in almost any country. He finds that the men who "give life and character to communities in our day are not richer, wiser, of better origin, nor even much stronger in their spelling, than himself." He is elected to the Congress, makes a foolish speech, sees his pretty daughter Julieta elope with a young adventurer of a journalist, is tricked out of the greater part of his fortune, and drops back again, disillusionized, to the lower level. The episode of the glib journalist, the humors of Don Simon's canvas, the rude mountain hidalgo in his isolation, the dialogue of the children teasing the unpopular Julieta, are some of the more pleasing passages of a book which is everywhere graphic and entertaining. 'Don Gonzalo Gonzalez de la Gonzalera' (Mr. Gonzalo Gonzalez of Gonzalez-town), 1878, is a continuation of the above, in the sense that politics is a strong element of interest in both, and the abuses of popular suffrage, parliamentary misrule, and other modern social tendencies, are vividly and amusingly satirized in both. Don Gonzalo is one of those persons, returned after acquiring a small fortune in the Spanish colonies, who are called *Indianos*. Very little good is usually said of them. This one, besides being vulgar, is base at heart; and does much mischief. He is refused by the refined daughter of the impoverished hidalgo, whom he had aspired to marry, and is left severely alone in the vulgarly pretentious house he built to dazzle the community with. But the worst part of his deserts is meted out to him by an incorrigible shrew; for such is the wife he finally marries. Free and progressive as he was in literature, Pereda was singularly conservative, or frankly reactionary, both in his books and out of them, in all that relates to government and modern conditions. He favored the absolute form of monarchy; and he has even sat as a Carlist deputy in the Cortes. Galdós said of him in friendly mockery that he would support even the restoration of Philip II. in Spain. He recalls one of those, on our own side of the water, who should still see only the better side of slavery, and sigh over the disappearance of that genial, charming system. It is a striking contrast between practice and theory; it testifies to the literary conscience of the writer, and may fairly be considered, too, as a heightening touch to his originality, in a time when nearly all the world was of an opposite way of thinking.

The titles of his books at once give a clue to their vigorous and homely character. 'De Tal Palo Tal Astilla' (A Chip of the Old Block) belongs to 1879; 'El Sabor de la Tierrauca' (Redolent of the Soil), 1881; 'Pedro Sanchez,' 1883; 'Sotileza' (Fine Spun), 1884; 'La Montálvez,' 1887; 'La Puchera' (The Family Board) and 'El Buey Suelto' (The Unruly Steer), 1888; 'Al Primer Vuelo' (The First

Flight from the Nest), 1890; 'Nubes de Estío' (Summer Clouds), 1890; 'Peñas Arriba' (The Upper Peaks), 1894. There have also appeared three other volumes of miscellany, in the style of the 'Scenes in Montaña': namely, 'Tipos y Paisajes' (Typical Figures and Landscapes), 1870; 'Bocetos al Temple' (Sketches in Distemper), 1873; and 'Esbozos y Rasguños' (Scrawls and Scratches), 1880.

'Sotileza' is particularly the idyl of the sea; 'El Sabor de la Tierruca' that of the rustic folk of the shore; others again, like 'La Puchera,' are amphibious, dealing in an almost equal measure with both. Around the central figure of the fisher-girl in the first, and the young village squire in the second, are grouped a multitude of very real and living types; and yet, owing to a certain rhythmic, poetic feeling in the treatment, there is something of the eclogue about them,—a quality that recalls Theocritus, 'Evangeline,' and Mis-tral's 'Mirëio.' 'Tal Palo Tal Astilla' has something of the religious problem, like Galdós's 'Gloria,' and is less realistic than the others. 'El Buey Suelto' defends the institution of marriage and the family against certain dangerous subversive tendencies. 'Pedro Sanchez,' again, deals with political evils, in a tone of serene melancholy, which however is pessimistic rather about institutions than human nature itself. In 'La Montalvez,' for once, he abandons his mountain province, and treats with his usual ability—for he touches nothing that he does not adorn—of the society at Madrid; though society not of a pleasing cast.

Pereda's style is a treasury of forcible, idiomatic language; he is a master of dialogue, and excels in representing the racy talk of the lower orders of people. He has taken a long step towards realizing the ideal of many writers of our own day,—that of uniting the language of daily life with that of literary expression. He is genuinely humorous; and this humor, a legitimate continuation of the tradition of humor so long established in Spain, makes him everywhere entertaining, and keeps him, in spite of his idealizing proclivities, both from imposing upon us unreal Arcadias and from sinking into any hopeless depression of spirits. The last ten years of his life were saddened by the tragic death of his son and by the national disasters in Cuba and the Philippines. He died on March 2d, 1906.

TUERTO'S FAMILY LIFE

From 'La Leva'

BEFORE going any further, the reader should be informed that there existed from time immemorial, between the seagoing folk of High Street [the street along the heights] and those by the water-side, an inextinguishable feud.

Each quarter forms a separate fishing corporation, or guild; and the two have not been willing even to adopt the same patron saint. The High Street folks, or the Upper Guild, chose Saint Peter, while those on Beach Street, or the Lower Guild, commend themselves to the holy martyrs Emeterius and Celadonius; and to those illustrious saintships—said to have miraculously come to port in a bark made of stone—they have built, at their own expense, a very pretty chapel, in the Miranda quarter, overlooking a wide expanse of ocean.

So now we continue.

Tuerto ["Cross-Eyes"] enters his house. He tosses off his sou'-wester or serviceable tarpaulin hat, throws down upon an old chest his duck waterproof, which he had carried on his shoulder, and hangs up on a nail a basket with an oil-skin covering, and full of fishing-tackle. His wife dishes up in an old broken pan a mess of beans and cabbage, badly cooked and worse seasoned, sets it on the chest, and puts alongside it a big piece of coarse brown bread. Tuerto, without letting fall a word, waits till his infants have got around the board also, and then begins to eat the mess with a pewter spoon. His wife and children accompany him, taking turns with another spoon, of wood. The beans and cabbage are finished. Tuerto has the air of expecting something next, which does not come; he looks at the dish, then into the bottom of the empty stew-pan, then finally at his wife. The woman turns pale.

"Where is the meat?" he at length inquires, with the chronic hoarse voice of the fisherman.

"The meat?" stammered his wife. "As the butcher's shop was closed when I went to get it, I did not bring any."

"That's a lie. I gave you the two reals and a half to buy it yesterday noon, and the butcher's doesn't close till four. What have you done with the money?"

"The money?—the money?—It's in my pocket."

"You thieving jade, if you've been drinking again, I swear I'll let daylight through you," roared the enraged Tuerto, on observing the continually increasing confusion of his wife. "Let me see that money, and be quick about it, I say."

The woman pulled forth tremblingly a few small coins from her pocket, and held them out to her husband, without fully opening her hand.

"Its only eight coppers you've got there, and I gave you twenty-one. Where's the rest?"

"I must have lost—have lost them. I had twenty-one this morning."

"Don't tell me such a thing as that: the two reals I gave you were in silver."

"Yes, but I changed them at the market."

"What has your mother done this morning?" quickly demands Tuerto, clutching his eldest child by the arm.

The child trembles in affright, looks alternately at father and mother, and remains silent.

"Speak out, I say."

"Mother will go and beat me if I do," replied the poor little brat, sniveling.

"And if you don't answer me, I'll give you a crack that will spoil your face."

The boy, who knows by hard experience that his father never deals in vain threats, now, despite the signals his mother makes him to keep still, shuts his eyes, and speaking as rapidly as if he feared the words would burn his mouth, says:—

"Mother brought home a pint of brandy this morning, and has the bottle hidden in the straw mattress."

Tuerto no sooner hears these words than he fells his culprit spouse to the floor with a resonnding whack, rushes to the bed, rummages amid the contents of the poor mattress, pulls out from it a small bottle which contains the remainder of the contraband liquor, and returning with it towards his wife, hurls it at her head at the moment when she is just getting up from the floor. It knocks her down anew, and the children are sprinkled with the flying spirits. The wretched woman, sorely hurt, laments and groans; the frightened children weep; and the irate mariner sallies forth to the balcony, cursing his wife and the day that he was ever born.

Uncle Tremontorio, who arrived from the sea at the same time with his mates Bolina [Billy Bowline] and Tuerto, had been in his balcony knitting away at his fishing-nets (his customary occupation when at home) from the beginning of the dispute between his neighbors. From time to time he would take a bite out of a hunk of bread, and another of dried codfish, the provision that constituted his usual dinner. Though he is perfectly well posted about what has just taken place [across the narrow street], it is not his way to mix himself up in what does not concern him. But the furious husband, who needs an outlet for venomous rage that still half chokes him, calls up his neighbor, and the pair shout from one balcony to the other the following dialogue:—

"Uncle Tremontorio, I can't stand this devil of a woman any longer. One of these days you'll hear of some desperate deed on my part; I suppose that's the way it will all end."

"I have told you that it was your own fault, from the beginning. She tacked your way a little, and you let go your whole cable and thought your voyage was over."

"What could I do? I thought then she was one of heaven's own saints."

"What could you do? Do? why, what I've always told you: haul her taut, and make fast with a double turn. Rough wind astern? all right, ahead you go."

"But there's not a bone in her body I haven't already tinkered at with a cudgel, as you might mend the ribs of a boat."

"You waited till the wood was rotten, my friend."

"As God is my witness she's the worst villain unhung. What is going to become of those poor brats of mine when I am taken away from them? for the devil will never take that woman: he has no place to put her. Last week I handed her twenty-four reals to dress the children with. Have you laid eyes on that money? Well, neither have I. The drunkard spent them for drink. I gave her a walloping that left her for dead, and yet what does she do? Three days after that she sells a sheet from our bed for a quart of rum. Yesterday I gave her twenty-one cents for meat, and she drank them also. And with all this the young ones are naked, I haven't a shirt to my back, and I never dare think of treating myself to an honest glass of wine of a fête-day."

"Why don't you get an exorcism said over her? Maybe she's bewitched by evil spirits, and that's the cause of it."

"I've spent a small fortune in those very tomfooleries, Tremontorio. I took her to more than three leagues from here, to get a parson that they said had the gift of such things, to chuck the gospels at her. Well, he did; then he gave me a little card he had said a prayer over, and a sprig of rue, sewed it all up in a bag, hung it round her neck, charged me nearly four dollars for it, and that was all the good it did—not the first blessed thing. The very next day she had a jag on worse than ever, and wanted to paint the town red. I've given her brandy with gunpower in it,—a thing, they say, that creates a distaste for liquor,—but that beast, did it affect her that way? Not much! she seemed to like the drink after that better than ever. I've laid out a treasure in candles alone, setting them up before the Holy Martyrs, to see if they'd rid her of the vice; and it was just the same as if I had not spent a farthing. I swear to you, I don't know what to do, Uncle Tremontorio, unless it is to kill her: there are no bounds to this vice of hers. Just tell me what you say of this: When I gave her the brandy with powder in it, she was taken with such a colic I thought she'd burst. I had heard that flannels soaked in spirits, applied good and hot, was a cure for that sort of pains in the stomach; so I heated up about half a pint of liquor in a saucepan. When it was blazing hot, I took it over to the bedside, where the thief of the world was writhing about in contortions. I had to leave the saucepan with her a minute while I went to the chest to get out some rags; I turned around, and, man, what do you think I saw? she was just swallowing down the last drops of the spirits from the saucepan, almost ablaze as it was. Man, man, was there ever a worse curse of God?"

"Well, friend—in regard to that—ahem! what can I say to you? When a woman chooses to take the crooked path, like yours, give her the stick, and plenty of it. If with that she doesn't mend her ways and float off in good style, then either sink her to the bottom, once for all, or string yourself up to a yard-arm."

"I've told you already—what's the matter with you?—that I've covered every inch of her body with the welts of a stick, and I've decorated her face all over with bruises till there's hardly room for another."

"Then go hang yourself, and leave me in peace to finish these meshes. And you may as well know that the reason I never married is to keep out of the devil's own scrape that you are in."

THE CANDIDATE VISITS HIS VOTERS

From 'Los Hombres de Pro'

DON SIMON started upon his electioneering tour. In the first village of his district, at the poor inn, a group of six agents were waiting for him; their horses, caparisoned with ornamental trappings, after the fashion of the country, tied to the posts or the projecting window gratings. They received him hat in hand.

[All then passed into the dining-room, where a dozen more persons met them, and a liberal dinner was served, for which the candidate duly paid. The several days' ride through the mountain district next began.]

The cavalcade was headed by one of the six *caciques* [village magnates, previously mentioned]. He was a lean, dark man, with a large nose, a penetrating eye, his face almost beardless, although he was by no means young; he spoke little, but that to the point; and as to confidence in men, he would have been distrustful even of his own shadow. He knew the voters of the district, every man of them, with all his virtues, vices, minor faults, and necessities; and in consequence, he knew how to win or to compel them. . . .

"The 'Squire'" (said he),—"for thus they call him,—whom we must see, is a rough sort of customer, but much bent on having everybody flatter and bow down to him. When we leave him, don't forget to give him a cigar; not one of the kind you furnished us at dinner, you know, but one of those you have in your cigar-case for your own particular use."

Don Simon did his best not to notice this polite little slur, and put himself at the orders of his adviser. . . .

The party found the local great man presiding over the turning-up of a new field he had just bought on that out-of-the-way upland. He was still youthful; and he had a despicable physiognomy. He manifested no great curiosity on the approach of the little troop. He confined himself to returning coldly

the very affable salute which Don Celso [the leader] directed to him, as representative of all the rest, and especially of Don Simon, whom he proceeded to introduce to the impassive elector as follows:—

"This gentleman is our candidate, Don Simon de las Peñascales by name, an illustrious man, I assure you, with thirty thousand dollars income, and great talents. He comes to-day expressly to thank you for your kind co-operation in his coming election, reserving a more fitting payment till some later opportunity shall offer."

"Servant, sir," responded the "Squire," laconically, staring at his distinguished guest.

"Delighted, my dear sir. I hope I find you well," began Don Simon, uncovering his head with a grandly sweeping bow, and tendering his right hand to him of the new-plowed land.

"Me? ye-up, I'm well," replied the "Squire," without sign of a movement to take the proffered hand.

"Do you smoke?" the candidate now inquired, feeling for his cigar-case.

"Once in a while, if the tobacco is good for anything."

"Then do me the favor to accept this. It is of the choice brand of the Vuelta de Abajo.

"You sure of that?" grunted the other, taking it and biting off the end.

"And how are our affairs going around here?" inquired the candidate, trying to strike out some spark of interest from that piece of flint, that unmitigated boor.

"We'll"—puff—"see when—the time comes," he returned, using up about half a box of matches in lighting his cigar in the open air.

"No need of asking him that, Don Simon," remarked Don Celso. "When you come to see what the Squire has done, I warrant you'll be more than satisfied."

"In that case," said Don Simon, taking Don Celso's hint, "and since we still have far to go to-day, and since I have had the great honor of making your acquaintance, it only remains for me to put myself at your disposal for anything that you may demand of me, either now or henceforward and forever."

"The same thing say I," muttered the Squire, scarce touching the hand offered him anew, and turning back to the men working for him.

When they had ridden on a bit, Don Simon could not help saying to Don Celso in a crestfallen way:—

“If that fellow is one of those who support me, what can I expect of the doubtful ones? And, for heaven’s sake, what sort of manners will those have who are against me?”

[Later on, they meet an inn-keeper who charges for the very rent of the ground their horses stand on while they are talking to him. This incident is developed in a long and amusing account. He promises to vote and use his influence for Don Simon, if the latter will see that a certain road is built, joining his mountain inn to the main road; but only on condition—as other candidates have promised the same thing before—that Don Simon shall put up the money for the road, about \$3,000, in advance, out of his own pocket. Don Simon is disappointed, betrayed, put upon, in numberless ways, and would have lost his election except that—having started out as a Liberal candidate—he shrewdly turns Conservative, and secures his seat by the favor of the ministry.]

THE PORTRAIT OF DON GONZALO GONZALEZ OF GONZALEZ-TOWN

From ‘Don Gonzalo Gonzalez de la Gonzalera’

LOOK at him; here he is:—A man of middling size, carefully clad in a suit of fine black, his knobby flat feet shod in refulgent patent leather; clean-shaven; his shirt-collar terminating, above his low-cut vest and glossy embroidered shirt-front, in a butterfly-shaped bow, made with the open-worked ends of his cravat. Over all this wandered in serpentine convolutions a heavy gold chain. His hair was very much frizzed, and upon two lateral rows of ringlets, rather than upon his head, lightly rested a silk hat. One of his thick, hairy hands grasped a gold-headed cane, while in the other, lying along his thigh, he held ceremoniously a pair of kid gloves. . . . The speech of such a man may be divined: it was over-soft, mawkish, sickening. He doted on alliterations, like *huevo hilado*, and he used to say *frido*, *cercanidas*, and *cacado*.* . . .

What name should he adopt on going back to his native village? His father, who used to be dubbed “Tony Breechclout” for short, was called “Antonio Gonzalez”; he himself “Nicholas.” But if he were going to style himself simply “Nicholas Gonzalez,” he might as well make it “Johnny Drumsticks” and have done with it. . . . What if, for example, without ceasing

* It is a vulgar affectation of elegance, in the Spanish Americas, to insert a “d” in such words, which should be simply *frío*, *cercantas*, *cacao*.

to sign "Gonzalez," he should add to it something like "de la Gonzalera"? Some people shorten their names, do they not? what harm, then, if some others should lengthen theirs out a little? A trifle more or less of a thing—what difference does it make?

No sooner planned than decided. He ordered a thousand lithographed visiting-cards of various tinted pasteboards; and upon these was placed, in fantastic characters and in vivid colors, the name "Gonzalo Gonzalez de la Gonzalera."

CLETO'S PROPOSAL TO SOTILEZA

From 'Sotileza'

[Sotileza is a poor waif, adopted by a worthy family, and has turned out to be a charming and admirable character. The name is derived from a very fine, strong cord, used in the apparatus of the fishermen. Cleto belongs to a family of sardine-sellers, the terror and scandal of the street; but he himself aspires to higher things.]

SOTILEZA continued her sewing on the garment of Pachuca, by the light of the candle which she had just set in its socket on the wall. Cleto, now in her presence, actually felt the tremendous difficulty which he had trusted to conjure away by his boldness and resolution. The gift of speech—the confounded gift of gab, that was always denied him—was lacking to him at this moment more than ever.

"I was passing by," he began to stammer, trembling with his diffidence, "I—happened to be passing along this way, and so—er—as I was passing this way, I says to myself, says I, 'I'll just stop into the shop a minute.' So that's the way I happened to come— My! but that's a good skirt you're sewing there, Sotileza. Yours, is it?"

Sotileza told him it was not; and out of politeness, asked him to sit down.

Cleto took a seat a good distance away from her; then, looking and looking at her a long while, as if he were trying to intoxicate himself through the medium of his eyesight to a sufficient extent to break the trammels that held his tongue, he at length succeeded in saying:—

"Sotileza, once you sewed on a button for me. Do you recollect about it?"

"I'm afraid too many other things have happened since," she returned smilingly, without looking up from her work.

"Well, for me, it's just the same thing as if it took place yesterday."

"Well, what of it, supposing it was so?"

"Why—er—why, you see, after that button— It was like a jewel to me; and I've got it yet, right here on the waistband of these breeches. Look at it; do you see it? After that button, I kept coming back and coming back to this house, for there's no staying in mine; and by gracious! well, you know that, Sotileza, that isn't what you might call a habitation at all, nor are those female kin of mine women like other women, nor is that man there a man. Well, then, I had never known anything better than that kind of folks, and for want of knowing better, I gave you a slap in the face one day; you remember about that. Holy jinks! if you only knew how sorry I've been for that slap, ever since."

Sotileza began to be overcome with astonishment at the discourse she was listening to; for never had anything even remotely like to this proceeded from Cleto's lips. She fixed her eyes with interest upon his; but the effect of this was, that she cut short not only the poor fellow's words but the very breath of his body.

"But why are you saying these things to me now?" she demanded.

"Because I've got to, Sotileza," Cleto plucked up heart to respond; "that's the reason:—and because nobody else would be willing to come to you and say them for me. I hope it's no offense. Now, see here, Sotileza, just see what's happening to me. I did not know till lately, myself, what was the matter with me; and I let them go on,—that kind of griping feeling in my insides and that dizzy feeling in my head, that got hold of me when I came in here. And you kept on growing up and getting prettier every day: heavens, what new rail you kept whipping on nearly every time I saw you! No offense in looking on at it, was there? at least I hope not; and no more was there, either, in warming up my heart with a glimpse of this shop now and then. Over there in our tenement there was nothing of the kind, by a long chalk: filth and brutishness, the good name of every person they spoke of pitched head first out of the balcony, not a scrap of decency about anything they did. By thunder! it's enough to give a fellow a bad temper, even if he was born

with one like sugar. That's the way I came to give you that slap, Sotileza; if it wasn't, I would tell you so, honestly. Why, if any one was to say to me, right here and how, 'Cleto, you go and jump off the ramparts for Sotileza,' I would do it. Sotileza, if it could be of the slightest service to you, even if I got nothing out of it but my broken neck. I never had any of this kind of feeling before. Here you have a full account of it without asking for it—and without offense, I hope. You see how it was; it wasn't my fault. I liked those feelings too, in spite of the pain,—I liked them immensely; they made my disposition of the purest honey, as if I had never had any other. I was filled up, filled full with them, till it seemed as if my body wouldn't hold any more. Then afterwards a tumble here and a stumble there—a heavy surf, as it were, rolling round inside of me; little sleep of nights, and a lump in my throat all the time. Look you, Sotileza, I used to think there were no more troubles than those I had at home; but now I can see that I slept better, twice over, than since all this trouble began about you. I—I—don't offend anybody, do I, in talking this way, Sotileza? And then—er, while all that was going on that I was telling you just now, I got to getting fonder and fonder of you every day, and I got to having more and more respect for you; and I tried harder every day to see if I couldn't read your wishes in your eyes, so that I could go and serve you somehow without your having to tell me.

“And so all that was going on month in and month out, and year after year; I was slowly foundering, and there was no way of getting afloat again. For you see, Sotileza, it's one thing for a man to be chock full of feelings like this, and another thing for him to speak up and tell his girl about them, if he's tongue-tied like me and can't put two words together. It knocks me all out when I think what you are, and then what I am,—the very mud of the gutter, in comparison. Well, I just couldn't hold it all in any longer, and I went to some folks that understand how to talk about this kind of thing, to get them to come and see you for me. But what do you think? they wouldn't do it. There's a nice charitable lot of parties, isn't it, to lend a hand when a man was in such sore straits as I was? You are attending, aren't you, Sotileza, to all this I'm telling you? Well, the upshot of it was, that since nobody would come and speak to you for me, I had to come and speak to you myself, and—and—now I'm doing it.”

It was no news to Sotileza that Cleto was in love with her; for she had read it clearly in all his looks and actions for some time past. She was not surprised, therefore, at his avowal; but she was surprised, and not a little, that he should have mustered the courage to make it. Looking at him with her serene gaze, she said to him:—

"Of course there's no offense in what you say to me, Cleto; but in the name of all the saints, what possesses you to make you say it to me just now?"

"My stars! what *always* possesses people to tell such things? So they can be known."

"Well, I know them, Cleto, I know them: now are you satisfied?"

"Hum—er—why, no, not altogether. That is not enough, Sotileza."

"And what do you wish more?"

"What do I wish more? Gracious goodness! I wish to be a man like another; I want to live a different kind of life from what I've been living: you yourself have been the light that has shown me what another kind of life could be. I want to live the way life goes on in this little shop of yours; I am dying to work for you, and to be neat and clean and decent-spoken, like you. I would kiss the ground you walk on, and try and get you the very mermaids from the sea, whom no one has ever set eyes on, if you wanted them. Is it too little that I offer?"

He was veritably transfigured at this moment; and Sotileza could not but marvel at the change.

"I have never seen you so lively and so talkative as to-day," was her answer.

"The mounting wave has burst," he rejoined, getting bolder still; "and I myself believe I am not what I was before. I've set myself down sometimes for a regular idiot; but by the living gracious! I swear I am so no longer, with this that is going on inside of me, and that makes me talk in spite of myself. If you can work such a miracle as this without even knowing it, what miracles could you not work with me when you really put your mind on it? Now just look at me, Sotileza: I've got no vices; I never was afraid of work; I haven't a grudge against a person in the world; I am accustomed to do with little; and picking out the very best I've had in my life, it has never been anything but pain and trouble. Seeing here, about you, some-

thing so entirely different, you know what a value I set on it—and whose fault it is that I do. There's a man needed in this house. Are you taking in what I am telling you, Sotileza?"

Sotileza was giving heed to it only too well. For that very reason she replied with a certain curtness:—

"Yes, I am; but what of it?"

"Again? Confound it! you make me that answer again," cried Cleto angrily. "Or is this your way of saying no, without saying it directly?"

"Come, Cleto," said Sotileza coldly, "I am not under obligations to answer all the questions you choose to put me on such particulars, or any others. I live quietly here in my house without speaking ill of anybody. I have none but the kindest wishes towards you, and I know your value full well; nevertheless I have my own way of thinking and feeling, and I wish to make no change in my life at present."

"What have you said, Sotileza?" exclaimed Cleto in dismay. "Oh, this is boring a big auger-hole into the hull. I am wrecked, I am lost."

"Don't put it in that way; it is not so bad as that. But suppose, for the sake of argument, that if, instead of the *no*, Cleto, which you dread to hear, I should say the *yes* you ask of me, how would you be the gainer by that? You have to steal into this house, carefully hiding your movements from your family over in yours, even if you come here but for an instant, just to pass the time of day. If such is the case now, what *would* it be if—if the plan you are so anxious for came to pass?"

"You've hit it, Sotileza: that's just what the other folks told me. But is there any sense and right in such a state of things? I didn't choose the family that I belong to."

"Who are the other folks that told you the same thing that I have?" now inquired Sotileza quickly, ignoring the woe-begone lamentations of the poor young fellow.

"Father Polinar, in the first place" [the parish schoolmaster].

"Father Polinar? And who next?"

"Don Andres" [a young man of the upper class, in love with Sotileza himself].

"And you went to—to that person, with this pretty tale? What did he say to you, pray?"

"He abused me like a pickpocket. He left me for dead, as you might say, when he got through with me."

"Well, you see then. When was this?"

"Yesterday afternoon."

"You deserved all you got. Why do you go to any one with that nonsense?"

"Great heavens! don't I keep telling you? My liking for you choked me; I lacked courage to tell you, and I looked around for some one else to do it for me. I shall not look any further, now that I have got the trick of speaking up for myself. But this is not to the point, Sotileza."

"What is the point?"

"Why, that because my folks across the way are a bad lot, I should have to get the mitten from the only girl I ever loved."

"I haven't given you the mitten, have I?"

"Of course it amounts to that, if you shut your door against me on account of my family over there."

"I did not even say I was going to do that; I merely put you the case as a supposition: now do you understand?"

"I'm afraid I do,—born to bad luck that I am. But tell me clearly, for that is what I came to-day to find out. Don't be afraid to speak up and say the worst."

"I beg of you not to make me speak."

"No, it will be better to speak than keep silent. See here, Sotileza,—for this is the kind of a person I am: come now, do you think me of too little account? Then tell me how you would like me to be, and I shall be only too glad to become that, cost what it may. Is there some one else who has got the inside track with you? is that the reason? I tell you I would be a dozen times as good a man as he, no matter who he is, if you would take an interest in me."

"There's a nice piece of conceit, I must say."

"My very life is bound up in this matter, Sotileza: would I dare to talk so, otherwise? Oh, I beseech you— The whole thing is to have a little kindness for me in your heart, and all the rest will follow as if upon wheels. You will only have to say to me, 'You've got to do this or do that, or go here or go there,' and I will jump and do it on the instant. I shall not disturb you the least bit; a mere corner of the house will do for me, and the farthest corner at that, even if it be worse than the one I have now. I will eat the scraps you leave over, of what I gain for you with my hardest daily toil, so that you may live at leisure like a lady. I can live on just nothing at all, Sotileza; for

as sure as God is in heaven, what makes me fatter than anything is to have a little order, a grain of human kindness, a scrap or two of jolly good-nature, in the house. By the powers, how I should enjoy that kind of thing! So now you see what I beg of you, what I beseech of you. And you won't be offended, will you? And you will say yes, Sotileza? I know you will; for one cannot be allowed to beg in this way for what is impossible."

The desperate energy of the poor youth only caused Sotileza to smile. He persisted, but in vain, in trying to draw out a definite answer from her. His obstinacy in the end annoyed her; and she showed it. Then Cleto, scowling with his disappointment and wretchedness, said:—

"Will you even admit to me that what I have said to you does not merely go in at one ear and out at the other?"

"And you, animal, what difference does it make to you?" snapped out Sotileza, in a nettled, offensive manner that froze the very blood in his veins. "Who and what are you, anyway, to bring me to book in this way?"

"Nothing, nothing; the very dust under your feet," he answered with abject humility, conscious too late of the rudeness and lack of tact he had been guilty of. "The trouble I am in blinded me, and I spoke without thinking. Don't be put out with me: it was only that; I swear to you by all—"

"Leave me in peace."

"Yes, but promise not to lay up a dislike against me," pleaded Cleto.

"Get out of here, get away from here, for I can hardly endure the sight of you."

"Oh, what an unlucky wretch am I," he groaned. "And will you never pardon me?"

"No, unless you leave here instantly."

"Don't be too hard with me: I'm going; I'm gone."

And with this, Cleto, heavy and woe-begone, sallied forth from the little shop, whence he had more than half believed in advance he should sally forth triumphant and joyful.

[Cleto makes various long voyages, returns a much more accomplished and presentable person, without losing his kindly and upright nature; and in course of time, Sotileza, having the good sense to feel that this is a much better match for her than one with Andres in the higher station, marries him.]

Translated from the original Spanish by William Henry Bishop.

CHARLES PERRAULT

(1628-1703)

WHERE was Red Riding-Hood born? Over what realm ruled the parents of Sleeping Beauty? How long since the Fairy Godmother saved Cinderella from her hard lot? No one knows; or whether these charming maidens and others, and clever Little Thumb, Puss-in-Boots, "Figaro of the Nursery," and their brothers, are French, German, Persian, Indian, or Egyptian, or from the Northland. They have wandered over the world winning friends. Always young and fascinating, they live through the centuries. They came into existence when the races of men were young and simple-minded, and they have become the delight of unjaded child minds forever. No one knows when they were first heard of in France, but their stories were familiar to the peasants long before finding literary expression. The charcoal burners around their forest fires, the fathers and mothers gathered with the children beside the hearths in wretched cabins, thrilled with awe and delight at the myths inherited from their ancestors; and doubtless modified by their own imaginations. These were the stories first written out, and published toward the end of the seventeenth century, by Charles Perrault.

Before considering them further, it will be interesting to know something of the man who, after an arduous public life, turned to fairy lore when he was over sixty, and in it won lasting fame and child love.

Charles Perrault, the youngest of four brothers, all of whom became distinguished, was born in Paris, January 12th, 1628. His father, a barrister, taught him at home; and then sent him to the Collège de Beauvais. He was a boy of noteworthy intelligence, and with the most ardent desire for accurate and absolute information. He argued and philosophized with his masters until ordered to be quiet. Then he boldly left school, accompanied by a young disciple named Beaurain, and wandering in the Luxembourg Garden, the truants laid out a plan of home education for themselves. This, strangely enough,—



CHARLES PERRAULT

for French boys usually were then as they are now, in strict subservience to their elders,—they were allowed to follow. Perrault's impatience of routine and surrender to the guidance of his own individuality lasted always, and led him to employ his versatile talents in a great variety of ways. He studied law; then wearied of its minutiae after a few years' practice, and resigned his profession. In 1657 he aided his brother Claude, the famous architect, in building a house; and that so skillfully that in 1663 Colbert chose him to assist Claude in superintending the royal building operations. One of his achievements in this capacity was the design for the peristyle of the Louvre. Witty, genial, popular, versed in art and literature, he made himself very useful to Colbert; and at the minister's desire was elected to the Academy in 1671. Upon that authoritative body the practical Perrault exercised a lasting influence. He ordered all its business affairs. He brought about election by ballot, and himself invented and introduced a balloting machine. More than all, he suggested the public receptions to new members, which have given the Academy so strong a hold upon the nation. During these years he constantly showed himself possessed of a modern progressive spirit, and impatient of dead tradition. When Colbert would have reserved the palace gardens for royal use, Perrault protested: "I am persuaded that the gardens of kings are made so great and spacious in order that all their children may walk in them;" at which Colbert smiled and left them open to little Parisians.

Perrault was a true royalist, sincerely revering the court and its customs. His practical work and his panegyrics brought royal favor and reward. One of these panegyrics—'Le Siècle de Louis XIV.'—caused the famous Battle of the Books, for his share in which Perrault was best known in his own day. He read this poem to the Academy, and its extolling of the present over the past aroused the wrath of Boileau, who attacked him furiously in behalf of the classics. A war of epigram ensued; and in his own defense Perrault published a long poem, tedious reading now,—'Le Parallèle des Anciens et des Modernes.' Here again he showed his belief that the new and the future promised more than the past. Each side had supporters; neither side won: but the battle raged hotly for years, and was long continued in England.

Colbert was a crabbed, difficult master, and grew more so. And Perrault married the lady of his own choice, not Colbert's for him, which made trouble. So his position became irksome; and in 1683 he resigned. After 1686 he devoted himself to authorship; and wrote a versified history, short poems, and religious works.

He was glad to exchange public intrigue for simple home life; "glad to train his children and turn from what was artificial to what

was vital and genuine." In 1691 he published anonymously the first of his famous tales. This was 'La Marquise de Salusses, ou La Patience de Grisilidis,'—our Patient Griselda. The plot, borrowed from Boccaccio, he treated in verse less able than his prose, and suggestive of an imitation of La Fontaine. 'Les Souhais Ridicules' (The Foolish Wishes), and 'Peau d'Âne' (The Donkey's Skin), were also written first in verse.

Perrault may have heard his children telling the old stories that he himself had heard in childhood; and his mind, wearied of subtlety, may have found them freshly interesting and beautiful. His 'Contes de ma Mère l'Oye,' the tales of genial Mother Goose, were first published as a collection in 1697. They had already appeared singly, and in 1694 three of them had been included in the 'Miscellany' of Mostjen, a bookseller of The Hague.

The 'Contes de ma Mère l'Oye' were published in the name of Perrault's young son, Perrault d'Armancour, as though written by the child; and this has greatly confused the critics. The charm of the stories is their vivid style. The straightforward telling, the choice of detail, the graphic coloring, the general simplicity of tone, suggest a child's rendering. But interspersed are witty phrases, often parenthetical, mature reflections, and touches of amiable irony, for which Perrault himself is surely responsible. Each story terminates with an odd little moral in rhyme, usually omitted from the English versions.

The French mind has always been in sympathy with fairies; not boisterous tricksy elves like those of Briton and Germany, but deft little ladies who love to aid unfortunate human protégés. They are rarely malevolent like the slighted eighth fairy of Sleeping Beauty's christening. The element of the grotesque and fascinatingly horrible is usually supplied by ogres and ogresses, direct descendants of the cannibals told about by early voyagers. Like all folk-lore, these early French tales abound in clever beasts, such as Puss-in-Boots. To primitive receptivity of heart and mind, it is no more wonderful that a cat should talk than that it should purr. Inexperience believes in fairies as readily as in men; hence the delightful matter-of-course tone in Perrault's enchanted world. The humor is usually a simple burlesque, as in 'The Foolish Wishes,' when the black pudding sticks to the man's nose.

Perrault's stories made refreshing appeal to the courtiers and fine ladies at magnificent Louis's court. They welcomed them in the spirit which led them to throw aside silks and velvets, and masquerade as shepherds and shepherdesses.

Since then many generations of scholars have studied Perrault's text, finding their successive clues back to shadowy antiquity. For most of the tales they have discovered fanciful interpretations, based

upon recollections of mythology. These may or may not be legitimate. Sleeping Beauty may have been winter, and the Prince re-awakening spring; but children love the story for itself, not for the metaphor.

'Bluebeard' probably has a more recent origin than the others. He may have been suggested by mediæval Gilles de Retz, notorious for cruel murders of children, which he expiated by being publicly burned. Or he may have been Cormorus, a Breton prince, reputed a wife-murderer. At any rate, he is firmly established as the fiercest of nursery bogies.

Perrault's stories have grown in popularity for two hundred years. England, Germany, and other nations soon took possession of them. They have been endlessly retold; changed, colored to suit the taste of the nations which adopted them. But Perrault's brilliant touch is discernible under all the modifications; and to him directly, we owe much of our best-loved fairy literature.

LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD

ONCE upon a time there lived in a certain village a little country girl, the prettiest creature was ever seen. Her mother was excessively fond of her; and her grandmother doted on her still more. This good woman got made for her a little red riding-hood; which became the girl so extremely well that everybody called her Little Red Riding-Hood.

One day her mother, having made some custards, said to her:—

"Go, my dear, and see how thy grandmamma does, for I hear she has been very ill; carry her a custard, and this little pot of butter."

Little Red Riding-Hood set out immediately to go to her grandmother, who lived in another village.

As she was going through the wood, she met with Gaffer Wolf, who had a very great mind to eat her up, but he durst not, because of some fagot-makers hard by in the forest. He asked her whither she was going. The poor child, who did not know that it was dangerous to stay and hear a wolf talk, said to him:—

"I am going to see my grandmamma, and carry her a custard and a little pot of butter from my mamma."

"Does she live far off?" said the Wolf.

"Oh! ay," answered Little Red Riding-Hood: "it is beyond that mill you see there, at the first house in the village."

"Well," said the Wolf, "and I'll go and see her too. I'll go this way and go you that, and we shall see who will be there soonest."

The Wolf began to run as fast as he could, taking the nearest way; and the little girl went by that farthest about, diverting herself in gathering nuts, running after butterflies, and making nosegays of such little flowers as she met with. The Wolf was not long before he got to the old woman's house. He knocked at the door—tap, tap.

"Who's there?"

"Your grandchild, Little Red Riding-Hood," replied the Wolf, counterfeiting her voice; "who has brought you a custard and a little pot of butter sent you by mamma."

The good grandmother, who was in bed, because she was somewhat ill, cried out:—

"Pull the bobbin, and the latch will go up."

The Wolf pulled the bobbin, and the door opened; and then presently he fell upon the good woman and ate her up in a moment, for it was above three days that he had not touched a bit. He then shut the door and went into the grandmother's bed, expecting Little Red Riding-Hood, who came some time afterwards and knocked at the door—tap, tap.

"Who's there?"

Little Red Riding-Hood, hearing the big voice of the Wolf, was at first afraid; but believing her grandmother had got a cold and was hoarse, answered:—

"'Tis your grandchild, Little Red Riding-Hood, who has brought you a custard and a little pot of butter mamma sends you."

The Wolf cried out to her, softening his voice as much as he could:—

"Pull the bobbin, and the latch will go up."

Little Red Riding-Hood pulled the bobbin, and the door opened.

The Wolf, seeing her come in, said to her, hiding himself under the bed-clothes:—

"Put the custard and the little pot of butter upon the stool, and come and lie down with me."

Little Red Riding-Hood undressed herself and went into bed, where, being greatly amazed to see how her grandmother looked in her night-clothes, she said to her:—

“Grandmamma, what great arms you have got!”

“That is the better to hug thee, my dear.”

“Grandmamma, what great legs you have got!”

“That is to run the better, my child.”

“Grandmamma, what great ears you have got!”

“That is to hear the better, my child.”

“Grandmamma, what great eyes you have got!”

“It is to see the better, my child.”

“Grandmamma, what great teeth you have got!”

“That is to eat thee up.”

And saying these words, this wicked wolf fell upon Little Red Riding-Hood, and ate her all up.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY IN THE WOOD

THERE were formerly a King and a Queen, who were sorry that they had no children; so sorry that it cannot be expressed. They went to all the waters in the world; vows, pilgrimages, all ways were tried, and all to no purpose.

At last, however, the Queen had a daughter. There was a very fine christening; and the Princess had for her godmothers all the fairies they could find in the whole kingdom (they found seven), that every one of them might give her a gift, as was the custom of fairies in those days. By this means the Princess had all the perfections imaginable.

After the ceremonies of the christening were over, all the company returned to the King's palace, where was prepared a great feast for the fairies. There was placed before every one of them a magnificent cover, with a case of massive gold, wherein were a spoon, knife, and fork,—all of pure gold set with diamonds and rubies. But as they were all sitting down at table they saw come into the hall a very old fairy, whom they had not invited, because it was above fifty years since she had been out of a certain tower, and she was believed to be either dead or enchanted.

The King ordered her a cover, but could not furnish her with a case of gold as the others, because they had only seven, made for the seven fairies. The old Fairy fancied she was slighted, and muttered some threats between her teeth. One of the young fairies who sat by her overheard how she grumbled; and judging that she might give the little Princess some unlucky gift, went as soon as they rose from the table, and hid herself behind the hangings, that she might speak last, and repair as much as she could the evil which the old Fairy might intend.

In the mean while all the fairies began to give their gifts to the Princess. The youngest gave her for gift that she should be the most beautiful person in the world; the next, that she should have the wit of an angel; the third, that she should have a wonderful grace in everything she did; the fourth, that she should dance perfectly well; the fifth, that she should sing like a night-ingale; and the sixth, that she should play all kinds of music to the utmost perfection.

The old Fairy's turn coming next, with a head shaking more with spite than age, she said that the Princess should have her hand pierced with a spindle and die of the wound. This terrible gift made the whole company tremble, and everybody fell a-crying.

At this very instant the young Fairy came out from behind the hangings, and spake these words aloud:—

"Assure yourselves, O King and Queen, that your daughter shall not die of this disaster. It is true, I have no power to undo entirely what my elder has done. The Princess shall indeed pierce her hand with a spindle; but instead of dying, she shall only fall into a profound sleep, which shall last a hundred years, at the expiration of which a king's son shall come and awake her."

The King, to avoid the misfortune foretold by the old Fairy, caused immediately the proclamation to be made, whereby everybody was forbidden, on pain of death, to spin with a distaff and spindle, or to have so much as any spindle in their houses. About fifteen or sixteen years after, the King and Queen being gone to one of their houses of pleasure, the young Princess happened one day to divert herself in running up and down the palace; when going up from one apartment to another, she came into a little room on the top of a tower, where a good old woman,

alone, was spinning with her spindle. This good woman had never heard of the King's proclamation against spindles.

"What are you doing there, goody?" said the Princess.

"I am spinning, my pretty child," said the old woman, who did not know who she was.

"Ha!" said the Princess, "this is very pretty; how do you do it? Give it to me, that I may see if I can do so."

She had no sooner taken it into her hand than, whether being very hasty at it, somewhat unhandy, or that the decree of the Fairy had so ordained it, it ran into her hand, and she fell down in a swoon.

The good old woman, not knowing very well what to do in this affair, cried out for help. People came in from every quarter in great numbers; they threw water upon the Princess's face, unlaced her, struck her on the palms of her hands, and rubbed her temples with Hungary-water; but nothing would bring her to herself.

And now the King, who came up at the noise, bethought himself of the prediction of the fairies; and judging very well that this must necessarily come to pass, since the fairies had said it, caused the Princess to be carried into the finest apartment in his palace, and to be laid upon a bed all embroidered with gold and silver.

One would have taken her for a little angel, she was so very beautiful; for her swooning away had not diminished one bit of her complexion,—her cheeks were carnation, and her lips were coral: her eyes were indeed shut, but she was heard to breathe softly, which satisfied those about her that she was not dead. The King commanded that they should not disturb her, but let her sleep quietly till her hour of awaking was come.

The good Fairy who had saved her life by condemning her to sleep a hundred years was in the kingdom of Matakín, twelve thousand leagues off, when this accident befell the Princess: but she was instantly informed of it by a little dwarf, who had boots of seven leagues; that is, boots with which he could tread over seven leagues of ground in one stride. The Fairy came away immediately, and she arrived, about an hour after, in a fiery chariot drawn by dragons.

The King handed her out of the chariot, and she approved everything he had done; but as she had very great foresight, she

thought when the Princess should awake she might not know what to do with herself, being all alone in this old palace; and this was what she did: she touched with her wand everything in the palace (except the King and the Queen)—governesses, maids of honor, ladies of the bed-chamber, gentlemen, officers, stewards, cooks, undercooks, scullions, guards, with their beefeaters, pages, footmen; she likewise touched all the horses which were in the stables, as well pads as others, the great dogs in the outward court, and pretty little Mopsey too, the Princess's little spaniel, which lay by her on the bed.

Immediately upon her touching them they all fell asleep, that they might not awake before their mistress, and that they might be ready to wait upon her when she wanted them. The very spits at the fire, as full as they could hold of partridges and pheasants, did fall asleep also. All this was done in a moment. Fairies are not long in doing their business.

And now the King and Queen, having kissed their dear child without waking her, went out of the palace and put forth a proclamation that nobody should dare to come near it.

This, however, was not necessary: for in a quarter of an hour's time there grew up all round about the park such a vast number of trees, great and small, bushes and brambles, twining one within another, that neither man nor beast could pass through; so that nothing could be seen but the very top of the towers of the palace, and that too not unless it was a good way off. Nobody doubted but the Fairy gave herein a very extraordinary sample of her art, that the Princess, while she continued sleeping, might have nothing to fear from any curious people.

When a hundred years were gone and passed, the son of the King then reigning, and who was of another family from that of the sleeping Princess, being gone a-hunting on that side of the country, asked:—

What those towers were which he saw in the middle of a great thick wood?

Every one answered according as they had heard. Some said: That it was a ruinous old castle, haunted by spirits.

Others, that all the sorcerers and witches of the country kept there their sabbath or night's meeting.

The common opinion was that an ogre lived there; and that he carried thither all the little children he could catch, that he might eat them up at his leisure, without anybody being able to

follow him, as having himself alone the power to pass through the wood.

The Prince was at a stand, not knowing what to believe, when a very aged countryman spake to him thus:—

“May it please your Royal Highness, it is now about fifty years since I heard from my father, who heard my grandfather say, that there was then in this castle a princess, the most beautiful was ever seen; that she must sleep there a hundred years, and should be waked by a king’s son, for whom she was reserved.”

The young Prince was all on fire at these words, believing, without weighing the matter, that he could put an end to this rare adventure; and, pushed on by love and honor, resolved that moment to look into it.

Scarce had he advanced towards the wood when all the great trees, the bushes, and the brambles gave way of themselves to let him pass through; he walked up to the castle which he saw at the end of a large avenue which he went into; and what a little surprised him was that he saw none of his people could follow him, because the trees closed again as soon as he had passed through them. However, he did not cease from continuing his way: a young and amorous prince is always valiant.

He came into a spacious outward court, where everything he saw might have frozen up the most fearless person with horror. There reigned over all a most frightful silence; the image of death everywhere showed itself, and there was nothing to be seen but stretched-out bodies of men and animals, all seeming to be dead. He however very well knew, by the ruby faces and pimpled noses of the beefeaters, that they were only asleep; and their goblets, wherein still remained some drops of wine, showed plainly that they fell asleep in their cups.

He then crossed a court paved with marble, went up the stairs, and came into the guard chamber, where guards were standing in their ranks, with their muskets upon their shoulders, and snoring as loud as they could. After that he went through several rooms full of gentlemen and ladies all asleep, some standing, others sitting. At last he came into a chamber all gilded with gold, where he saw upon a bed, the curtains of which were all open, the finest sight that was ever beheld,—a princess, who appeared to be about fifteen or sixteen years of age, and whose bright, and in a manner resplendent, beauty had somewhat in it

divine. He approached with trembling and admiration, and fell down before her upon his knees.

And now, as the enchantment was at an end, the Princess awaked; and looking on him with eyes more tender than the first view might seem to admit of,—

“Is it you, my Prince?” said she to him. “You have waited a long while.”

The Prince, charmed with these words, and much more with the manner in which they were spoken, knew not how to show his joy and gratitude; he assured her that he loved her better than he did himself; their discourse was not well connected, they did weep more than talk,—little eloquence, a great deal of love. He was more at a loss than she, and we need not wonder at it: she had time to think on what to say to him; for it is very probable (though history mentions nothing of it) that the good Fairy, during so long a sleep, had given her very agreeable dreams. In short, they talked four hours together, and yet they said not half what they had to say.

In the mean while all the palace awaked; every one thought upon their particular business, and as all of them were not in love they were ready to die for hunger. The chief lady of honor, being as sharp set as other folks, grew very impatient, and told the Princess aloud that supper was served up. The Prince helped the Princess to rise: she was entirely dressed, and very magnificently, but his Royal Highness took care not to tell her that she was dressed like his great-grandmother, and had a point band peeping over a high collar; she looked not a bit the less charming and beautiful for all that.

They went into the great hall of looking-glasses, where they supped, and were served by the Princess's officers; the violins and hautboys played old tunes, but very excellent, though it was now above a hundred years since they had played; and after supper, without losing any time, the lord almoner married them in the chapel of the castle, and the chief lady of honor drew the curtains. They had but very little sleep—the Princess had no occasion; and the Prince left her next morning to return into the city, where his father must needs have been in pain for him. The Prince told him:—

That he had lost his way in the forest as he was hunting, and that he had lain in the cottage of a charcoal-burner, who gave him cheese and brown bread.

The King, his father, who was a good man, believed him but his mother could not be persuaded it was true, and seeing that he went almost every day a-hunting, and that he always had some excuse ready for so doing, though he had lain out three or four nights together, she began to suspect that he was married; for he lived with the Princess above two whole years, and had by her two children, the eldest of which, who was a daughter, was named Morning, and the youngest, who was a son, they called Day, because he was a great deal handsomer and more beautiful than his sister.

The Queen spoke several times to her son, to inform herself after what manner he did pass his time, and that in this he ought in duty to satisfy her. But he never dared to trust her with his secret: he feared her, though he loved her, for she was of the race of the Ogres, and the King would never have married her had it not been for her vast riches; it was even whispered about the court that she had Ogreish inclinations, and that whenever she saw little children passing by, she had all the difficulty in the world to avoid falling upon them. And so the Prince would never tell her one word.

But when the King was dead, which happened about two years afterwards, and he saw himself lord and master, he openly declared his marriage; and he went in great ceremony to conduct his Queen to the palace. They made a magnificent entry into the capital city, she riding between her two children.

Soon after, the King went to make war with the Emperor Contalabutte, his neighbor. He left the government of the kingdom to the Queen his mother, and earnestly recommended to her care his wife and children. He was obliged to continue his expedition all the summer; and as soon as he departed the Queen-mother sent her daughter-in-law to a country house among the woods, that she might with the more ease gratify her horrible longing.

Some few days afterward she went thither herself, and said to her clerk of the kitchen:—

"I have a mind to eat little Morning for my dinner to-morrow."

"Ah, madam!" cried the clerk of the kitchen.

"I will have it so," replied the Queen (and this she spoke in the tone of an Ogress who had a strong desire to eat fresh meat), "and will eat her with a *sauce*, Robert."

The poor man, knowing very well that he must not play tricks with Ogresses, took his great knife and went up into little Morning's chamber. She was then four years old; and came up to him jumping and laughing, to take him about the neck and ask him for some sugar-candy. Upon which he began to weep, the great knife fell out of his hand, and he went into the back yard and killed a little lamb, and dressed it with such good sauce that his mistress assured him she had never eaten anything so good in her life. He had at the same time taken up little Morning and carried her to his wife, to conceal her in the lodging he had at the bottom of the court-yard.

About eight days afterward the wicked Queen said to the clerk of the kitchen, "I will sup upon little Day."

He answered not a word, being resolved to cheat her as he had done before. He went to find out little Day, and saw him with a little foil in his hand, with which he was fencing with a great monkey, the child being then only three years of age. He took him up in his arms and carried him to his wife, that she might conceal him in her chamber along with his sister; and in the room of little Day cooked up a young kid, very tender, which the Ogress found to be wonderfully good.

This was hitherto all mighty well; but one evening this wicked Queen said to her clerk of the kitchen:—

"I will eat the Queen with the same sauce I had with her children."

It was now that the poor clerk of the kitchen despaired of being able to deceive her. The young Queen was turned of twenty, not reckoning the hundred years she had been asleep; and how to find in the yard a beast so firm was what puzzled him. He took then a resolution, that he might save his own life, to cut the Queen's throat; and going up into her chamber, with intent to do it at once, he put himself into as great fury as he could possibly, and came into the young Queen's room with his dagger in his hand. He would not, however, surprise her; but told her, with a great deal of respect, the orders he had received from the Queen-mother.

"Do it; do it" (said she, stretching out her neck). "Execute your orders; and then I shall go and see my children, my poor children, whom I so much and so tenderly loved."

For she thought them dead ever since they had been taken away without her knowledge.

"No, no, madam" (cried the poor clerk of the kitchen, **all in** tears): "you shall not die, and yet you shall see your children again; but then you must go home with me to my lodgings, where I have concealed them, and I shall deceive the Queen once more, by giving her in your stead a young hind."

Upon this he forthwith conducted her to his chamber, where, leaving her to embrace her children and cry along with them, he went and dressed a young hind, which the Queen had for her supper, and devoured it with the same appetite as if it had been the young Queen. Exceedingly was she delighted with her cruelty; and she had invented a story to tell the King, at his return, how the mad wolves had eaten up the Queen his wife and her two children.

One evening, as she was, according to her custom, rambling round about the courts and yards of the palace to see if she could smell any fresh meat, she heard, in a ground room, little Day crying; for his mamma was going to whip him, because he had been naughty: and she heard at the same time little Morning begging pardon for her brother.

The Ogress presently knew the voice of the Queen and her children; and being quite mad that she had been thus deceived, she commanded (with a most horrible voice, which made everybody tremble) that next morning, by break of day, they should bring into the middle of the great court a large tub, which she caused to be filled with toads, vipers, snakes, and all sorts of serpents, in order to have thrown into it the Queen and her children, the clerk of the kitchen, his wife and maid; all whom she had given orders should be brought thither with their hands tied behind them.

They were brought out accordingly, and the executioners were just going to throw them into the tub, when the King (who was not so soon expected) entered the court on horseback (for he came post), and asked with the utmost astonishment what was the meaning of that horrible spectacle.

No one dared to tell him; when the Ogress, all enraged to see what had happened, threw herself head foremost into the tub, and was instantly devoured by the ugly creatures she had ordered to be thrown into it for others. The King could not but be very sorry, for she was his mother; but he soon comforted himself with his beautiful wife and his pretty children.

BLUE BEARD

THERE was a man who had fine houses, both in town and country, a deal of silver and gold plate, embroidered furniture, and coaches gilded all over with gold. But this man was so unlucky as to have a blue beard, which made him so frightfully ugly that all the women and girls ran away from him.

One of his neighbors, a lady of quality, had two daughters who were perfect beauties. He desired of her one of them in marriage, leaving to her choice which of the two she would bestow on him. They would neither of them have him, and sent him backwards and forwards from one another, not being able to bear the thoughts of marrying a man who had a blue beard; and what besides gave them disgust and aversion was his having already been married to several wives, and nobody ever knew what became of them.

Blue Beard, to engage their affection, took them, with the lady their mother and three or four ladies of their acquaintance, with other young people of the neighborhood, to one of his country seats, where they stayed a whole week.

There was nothing then to be seen but parties of pleasure, hunting, fishing, dancing, mirth, and feasting. Nobody went to bed, but all passed the night in rallying and joking with each other. In short, everything succeeded so well that the youngest daughter began to think the master of the house not to have a beard so very blue, and that he was a mighty civil gentleman.

As soon as they returned home, the marriage was concluded. About a month afterwards, Blue Beard told his wife that he was obliged to take a country journey for six weeks at least, about affairs of very great consequence, desiring her to divert herself in his absence, to send for her friends and acquaintances, to carry them into the country, if she pleased, and to make good cheer wherever she was.

"Here," said he, "are the keys of the two great wardrobes, wherein I have my best furniture; these are of my silver and gold plate, which is not every day in use; these open my strong boxes, which hold my money, both gold and silver; these my caskets of jewels; and this is the master-key to all my apartments. But for this little one here, it is the key of the closet at the end of the great gallery on the ground floor. Open them all,

go into all and every one of them, except that little closet, which I forbid you; and forbid it in such a manner that if you happen to open it, there's nothing but what you may expect from my just anger and resentment."

She promised to observe, very exactly, whatever he had ordered; when he, after having embraced her, got into his coach and proceeded on his journey.

Her neighbors and good friends did not stay to be sent for by the new-married lady, so great was their impatience to see all the rich furniture of her house, not daring to come while her husband was there, because of his blue beard, which frightened them. They ran through all the rooms, closets, and wardrobes, which were all so fine and rich that they seemed to surpass one another.

After that they went up into the two great rooms, where were the best and richest furniture; they could not sufficiently admire the number and beauty of the tapestry, beds, couches, cabinets, stands, tables,—and looking-glasses in which you might see yourself from head to foot; some of them were framed with glass, others with silver, plain and gilded, the finest and most magnificent ever were seen.

They ceased not to extol and envy the happiness of their friend, who in the mean time in no way diverted herself in looking upon all these rich things, because of the impatience she had to go and open the closet on the ground floor. She was so much pressed by her curiosity that without considering that it was very uncivil to leave her company, she went down a little back staircase, and with such excessive haste that she had twice or thrice like to have broken her neck.

Being come to the closet door, she made a stop for some time, thinking upon her husband's orders, and considering what unhappiness might attend her if she was disobedient; but the temptation was so strong she could not overcome it. She then took the little key, and opened it, trembling, but could not at first see anything plainly, because the windows were shut. After some moments she began to perceive that the floor was all covered over with clotted blood, on which lay the bodies of several dead women, ranged against the walls. (These were all the wives whom Blue Beard had married and murdered, one after another.) She thought she should have died for fear; and the key, which she pulled out of the lock, fell out of her hand.

After having somewhat recovered her surprise, she took up the key, locked the door, and went up-stairs into her chamber to recover herself; but she could not, so much was she frightened. Having observed that the key of the closet was stained with blood, she tried two or three times to wipe it off; but the blood would not come out: in vain did she wash it, and even rub it with soap and sand; the blood still remained, for the key was magical and she could never make it quite clean; when the blood was gone off from one side, it came again on the other.

Blue Beard returned from his journey the same evening, and said he had received letters upon the road, informing him that the affair he went about was ended to his advantage. His wife did all she could to convince him she was extremely glad of his speedy return.

Next morning he asked her for the keys, which she gave him, but with such a trembling hand that he easily guessed what had happened.

"What!" said he, "is not the key of my closet among the rest?"

"I must certainly," said she, "have left it above upon the table."

"Fail not," said Blue Beard, "to bring it to me presently."

After several goings backward and forward she was forced to bring him the key. Blue Beard, having very attentively considered it, said to his wife:—

"How comes this blood upon the key?"

"I do not know," cried the poor woman, paler than death.

"You do not know!" replied Blue Beard. "I very well know; You were resolved to go into the closet, were you not? Mighty well, madam: you shall go in, and take your place among the ladies you saw there."

Upon this she threw herself at her husband's feet, and begged his pardon with all the signs of a true repentance, vowing that she would never more be disobedient. She would have melted a rock, so beautiful and sorrowful was she; but Blue Beard had a heart harder than any rock!

"You must die, madam," said he; "and that presently."

"Since I must die," answered she (looking upon him with her eyes all bathed in tears), "give me some little time to say my prayers."

"I give you," replied Blue Beard, "half a quarter of an hour, but not one moment more."

When she was alone she called out to her sister, and said to her:—

"Sister Anne" (for that was her name), "go up, I beg you, upon the top of the tower, and look if my brothers are not coming; they promised me that they would come to-day, and if you see them, give them a sign to make haste."

Her sister Anne went up upon the top of the tower, and the poor afflicted wife cried out from time to time:—

"Anne, sister Anne, do you see any one coming?"

And sister Anne said:—

"I see nothing but the sun, which makes a dust, and the grass, which looks green."

In the mean while Blue Beard, holding a great sabre in his hand, cried out as loud as he could bawl to his wife:—

"Come down instantly, or I shall come up to you."

"One moment longer, if you please," said his wife; and then she cried out very softly, "Anne, sister Anne, dost thou see anybody coming?"

And sister Anne answered:—

"I see nothing but the sun, which makes a dust, and the grass, which is green."

"Come down quickly," cried Blue Beard, "or I will come up to you."

"I am coming," answered his wife; and then she cried, "Anne, sister Anne, dost thou not see any one coming?"

"I see," replied sister Anne, "a great dust, which comes on this side here."

"Are they my brothers?"

"Alas! no, my dear sister; I see a flock of sheep."

"Will you not come down?" cried Blue Beard.

"One moment longer," said his wife, and then she cried out, "Anne, sister Anne, dost thou see nobody coming?"

"I see," said she, "two horsemen; but they are yet a great way off."

"God be praised," replied the poor wife joyfully: "they are my brothers; I will make them a sign, as well as I can, for them to make haste."

Then Blue Beard bawled out so loud that he made the whole house tremble. The distressed wife came down, and threw herself at his feet, all in tears, with her hair about her shoulders.

"This signifies nothing," says Blue Beard: "you must die;" then, taking hold of her hair with one hand, and lifting up the

sword with the other, he was going to take off her head. The poor lady, turning about to him, and looking at him with dying eyes, desired him to afford her one little moment to recollect herself.

"No, no," said he, "recommend thyself to God;" and was just ready to strike.

At this very instant there was such a loud knocking at the gate that Blue Beard made a sudden stop. The gate was opened, and presently entered two horsemen, who, drawing their swords, ran directly to Blue Beard. He knew them to be his wife's brothers,—one a dragoon, the other a musketeer; so that he ran away immediately to save himself: but the two brothers pursued so close that they overtook him before he could get to the steps of the porch, when they ran their swords through his body and left him dead. The poor wife was almost as dead as her husband, and had not strength enough to rise and welcome her brothers.

Blue Beard had no heirs, and so his wife became mistress of all his estate. She made use of one part of it to marry her sister Anne to a young gentleman who had loved her a long while; another part to buy captains' commissions for her brothers; and the rest to marry herself to a very worthy gentleman, who made her forget the ill time she had passed with Blue Beard.

TOADS AND DIAMONDS

THERE was once upon a time a widow who had two daughters. The eldest was like herself in face and humor. Both were so disagreeable and so proud that there was no living with them. The youngest, who was the very picture of her father for courtesy and sweetness of temper, was withal one of the most beautiful girls ever seen. As people naturally love their own likeness, this mother doted on her eldest daughter, and had a horrible aversion for the youngest: she made her eat in the kitchen and work continually.

Among other things, this poor child was forced twice a day to draw water above a mile and a half off the house, and bring home a pitcher full of it. One day, as she was at this fountain, there came to her a poor woman, who begged of her to let her drink.

"Oh! ay, with all my heart, Goody," said this pretty little girl; and immediately rinsing the pitcher, she took up some water

from the clearest place of the fountain and gave it to her, holding up the pitcher all the while that she might drink the easier.

The good woman having drunk, said to her, "You are so very pretty, my dear, so good and so mannerly, that I cannot help giving you a gift." For this was a fairy, who had taken the form of a poor countrywoman to see how far the civility and good manners of this pretty girl would go. "I will give you for gift, that at every word you speak, there shall come out of your mouth either a flower or a jewel."

[When this occurred on her return, the mother at once sent the elder sister, with the best silver tankard, to the fountain on the same errand; which she resented as menial's work.]

[The elder sister] was no sooner at the fountain than she saw coming out of the wood a lady most gloriously dressed, who came up to her and asked to drink. This was the very fairy who appeared to her sister, but had now taken the air and dress of a princess to see how far this girl's rudeness would go.

"Am I come hither," said the proud, saucy slut, "to serve you with water, pray? I suppose the silver tankard was brought purely for your Ladyship, was it? However, you may drink out of it if you have a fancy."

The fairy answered without putting herself in a passion, "Since you have so little breeding and are so disobliging, I give you for gift that at every word you speak there shall come out of your mouth a snake or a toad."

[This also occurring, the mother blamed and beat the younger sister, who ran away and hid in the forest, where the king's son met her and asked why she was alone there weeping.]

[Said the younger sister,] "Alas, sir! my mamma has turned me out of doors."

The king's son, who saw five or six pearls and as many diamonds come out of her mouth, desired her to tell him how that happened. She hereupon told him the whole story; and so the king's son fell in love with her, and considering with himself that such a gift was worth more than any marriage portion, conducted her to the palace of the king his father, and there married her.

As for her sister, she made herself so much hated that her own mother turned her off: and the miserable wretch, having wandered about a good while without finding anybody to take her in, went to a corner of the wood, and there died.

PERSIUS (AULUS PERSIUS FLACCUS)

(34-62 A. D.)

THE fame of Persius is perhaps more difficult to account for than that of any other equally eminent author. His brief life was chiefly spent under the crushing tyranny of the worst among the early Cæsars. Real freedom of speech was impossible. Persius, as he himself confesses, was not a true singer. He had not the poet's joyous creative imagination. Even the claim of originality, in style or in substance, is denied him. His voice—thinner, shriller, less articulate than his master's—is still the voice of Horace; and he lashes essentially the same foibles, though with a far more savage swing of the whip. Had Lucilius's satires survived, they would probably have reduced to still smaller space the claims of Persius to originality. The work of the latter is immature and fragmentary, consisting of six satires, only six hundred and fifty hexameters in all, to which should be added the fourteen "limping iambs" of the modest, but perhaps spurious, Epilogue.

Yet the fact remains, that Persius has held firmly his position as third in rank among Latin satirists. This, moreover, is the one field wherein the Romans acknowledged no Hellenic models or masters. Hardly any ancient poet survives in better or more numerous manuscripts. Few have a more brilliant line of modern editors, from Casaubon to Conington and Gildersleeve. This can be no mere accident, still less the favoritism shown to a popular young aristocrat. Something of vitality the little book must have had.

Our first impression is of extreme incoherence and obscurity. Yet in this there is nothing of pedantic willfulness. The note of sincerity, the strident intolerant sincerity of youth, pierces our ear quickly, despite all the inarticulate verbiage. Even in this brief career too we seem to trace a line of progress toward calmer, clearer, more genial self-utterance. Especially the tender lines to his old tutor Cornutus leave us "wishing for more"; which is perhaps the rarest triumph of the satirist, in particular. Professor Conington declares



PERSIUS

that as Lucretius represents Epicureanism in poetry, so Persius stands no less completely for Roman Stoicism. The concession is at once added, however, that Divine Philosophy, in that unhappy age, could teach little more than manly endurance of the inevitable.

Altogether,—unless we confess that obscurity itself may draw the thronging commentators till they darken the very air above it,—we must consider that Persius offers us one more illustration that the fearless frank word of the austere moralist is never hopelessly out of season, but may re-echo for evermore. Or, to change the figure:—

“How far that little candle throws its beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.”

The edition of Persius by Professor Gildersleeve (Harper, 1875) is especially valuable for its linguistic and stylistic comment; the more as Persius, like Plautus and Catullus, used more largely than the other poets that *lingua volgare* from which the Romance languages take their direct descent. The more indolent student, however, will find his way to Conington's edition, more recently revised by Nettleship, which includes a capital prose translation on parallel pages. To this graceful version the present translator confesses his heavy indebtedness.

THE AUTHOR'S AMBITION

WE WRITE, locked in,—one prose, another verse;
Of lofty style, that may be panted forth
With liberal lung. Yes, to the folk, some day,
Spruce in your fresh new toga, all in white,
Wearing your birthday ring, from some high seat
These things you hope to read, after your throat
Is gargled clear with trills, yourself o'ercome,
With swimming eyes! The sturdy Romans then,
Losing all dignity of mien and voice,
You'd fain see quivering, while the verses glide
Into their bones; their marrow tickled by
The rippling strain!

What! an old man like you
Would gather tidbits up for alien ears,
Yourself, at last wearied, to cry “Enough”?
So much for pallor and austerity!
Oh, evil day! Is then your knowledge worth
So little, unless others know you know?

But it *is* pleasant to be pointed at
 With the forefinger, and to hear, "*That's he!*
Ay, there he goes!" Would you not like to be
 By a full hundred curly-headed boys
 Conned as their lesson?

Lo, the heroic sons
 Of Romulus sit at their wine, full-fed,
 To hear the tale of sacred Poesy.
 Some fellow, with a hyacinthine robe
 Over his shoulders, with a snuffing lisp
 Utters some mawkish stuff, of Phyllises,
 Hypsipylas, or whate'er heroines
 By bard bewailed. The gentry add their praise;—
 And now the poet's dust is happy? Now
 The stone is resting lighter on his bones?
 The humbler guests applaud; and from his tomb
 And blessed ashes and his Manes now
 Shall not the violets spring?

A CHILD'S TRICK

I OFTEN touched my eyes, I recollect,
 With oil, in boyhood, if I did not wish
 To learn by heart the dying Cato's words;
 Which my daft master loudly would applaud,
 And with a glow of pride my father heard
 As I recited to his gathered friends.

"WE TWA"

I SPEAK not to the throng. I give my heart—
 As the Muse bids me—unto you to sift.
 It is my joy to show, O sweet my friend,
 To you, how large a part of me is yours.
 Strike, and with caution test how much rings true,
 What is mere plaster of a varnished tongue.
 A hundred voices I might dare to crave,
 That I in clearest utterance might reveal
 How in my heart's recesses you are fixed.
 So might my words all that unseal which lies,
 Not to be uttered, in my heart-strings hid. . . .

Just where the path of life uncertain grows,
And cross-ways lead the doubtful mind astray,
I gave myself to you. My tender years
To your Socratic bosom you received,
Cornutus. . . .

I remember well

How the long summer suns I spent with you,
And with you plucked the early hours of night
For our repast. One task there was for both;
Our rest we took together, and relaxed
Our graver fancies at our frugal meal.

[The foregoing translations were made for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature' by W. C. Lawton.]

ALEXANDER PETÖFI

(1823-1849)

BY CHARLES HARVEY GENUNG

LIKE most of the Continental poets who rose to fame during the first half of the nineteenth century, Petöfi brought to the work of poetic creation the glow of a passionate patriotism. As Leopardi put into song the dreams of a united Italy, as Mickiewicz strengthened the proud heart of vanquished Poland, and as Körner sang and died for the liberation of his fatherland, so Petöfi fired the patriotism of Hungary, and found an unmarked grave upon the battle-field of her liberties. No other singer of any land has ever become in so intimate a sense the universal poet of his people as this greatest of Hungarian bards. Burns holds in the hearts of Scotchmen approximately the place that Petöfi has won in the affections of his ardent countrymen. But Petöfi means more to Hungary than Burns to Scotland. He was not the poet only, but the popular hero as well. His brilliant successes, his romantic career, his fascinating character, and his mysterious disappearance on the field of battle, before he had completed his twenty-seventh year, have thrown a mystic glamour over his name. His career was meteoric though his glory is permanent. He himself vanished like a wandering star, and the spot where he fell no man knows. For years it was believed that he still went up and down the land in disguise, and many false Petöfis put forth poems under that charmed name. The report that he had been captured by the Russians and exiled to Siberia caused intense excitement, not in Hungary alone, but throughout Germany and Austria. There can be little doubt, however, that he was buried in the general trench with fellow patriots unnumbered and unknown.

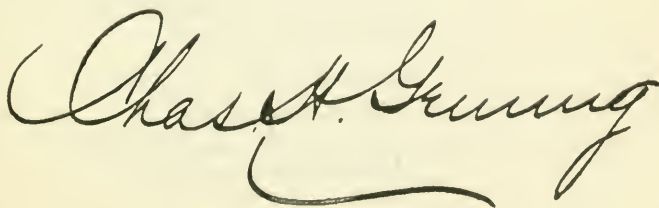
Alexander Petöfi was born in the small village of Kis-Körös in the early New Year's morning of 1823. In the veins of this intensely national poet of Hungary there flowed not a drop of Hungarian blood. His father, a well-to-do butcher, was a Serbian named Petrovics; his mother was a Slovenian. His temperament and character, however, were entirely Hungarian. He was ashamed of the Slavic sound of his family name, and both as actor and as poet he assumed various appellations. His growing fame decided him to adopt the name which he has immortalized, of Petöfi. His nature

was wild and wayward. He led a wanderer's life, and played many rôles. He was student, actor, soldier, vagabond. It was the persistent mistake of his life that, like Wilhelm Meister, he believed himself to be an actor, and through the most humiliating experiences he clung to this error. In the midst, however, of his most sordid trials, his efforts to attain self-culture were put forth with an unremitting energy almost pathetic. In his knapsack he carried Shakespeare, Schiller, and Homer. At the age of nineteen he had mastered the most difficult metres of the ancients, and acquired a good knowledge of the chief modern languages. In Paza, he formed with Jókai the statesman and novelist, and Ormai the artist, an interesting circle. Jókai gives an amusing account of the hallucinations which blinded each of the three as to his special capability. Ormai, who has won fame as a painter, believed himself a poet; the actor Petöfi declaimed his lines; while Jókai, believing himself an artist, furnished the illustrations.

It was Vörösmarty, the senior poet of Hungary, who first recognized Petöfi's genius and set it right. He was one of the editors of the chief Hungarian magazine, the *Athenæum*, and here in 1842 appeared Petöfi's first poem. In 1844 a collection of the poems was brought out in book form, and their instant and wide-spread success justified Vörösmarty's judgment. The new poet was received with universal acclaim, and developed a lyric productivity little less than marvelous. He wrote several excellent village tales, a novel called 'The Hangman's Rope,' and two dramas which were failures. His studies in foreign literatures bore fruit in numerous translations. His version of Shakespeare's 'Coriolanus' has become a part of the regular repertoire of the Hungarian stage. But it was in the 1775 lyric poems that Petöfi's true genius appeared. He was a poet in the simplest purest sense, and thousands to whom his name was yet unknown sang his songs at fair and festival. They seemed like the spontaneous expression of the people themselves, who had waited for their appointed mouthpiece. Faithfulness and naturalness distinguish his poetry. He was the first to free himself from the scholastic formalism which had theretofore dominated Hungarian literature, and so incurred at the hands of conservative criticism the charge of vulgarity. What he did was to show that the simple, the childlike, and the natural were compatible with the genuinely poetical. A shadow of the spirit of Heine and Byron fell upon Petöfi's verse, but does not characterize it; and to his personality attached the same fascinating charm that they excited. His love adventures were manifold, and many a fair maiden has been celebrated by exquisite poems, in which no impure note is ever struck. Every poem bears the stamp of actual experience and genuine feeling. In the simple language of

every-day life Petöfi has sung of the sorrows, the aspirations, the loves, and the gayety of the Hungarian people; in his verse is the passionate glow, the melancholy, and the humor of the race; it is the purest expression of the national temperament and character. Herman Grimm has not hesitated to declare that Petöfi ranks "among the very greatest poets of all times and tongues." It is a singular fact that with all his superb lyric quality and musical lilt, Petöfi had no ear or taste for music.

The year 1847 marked the culmination of the poet's happiness and success. A richly printed edition of his collected poems appeared, and their beauty in the mass silenced forever the voice of adverse criticism. In that year he married, and in that year he found the best friend of his life,—the epic poet Arany. About the laurel crown of the national poet were soon to be twined the oak wreaths also of a national hero. The ideas which inspired the revolution of 1849 were dimly foreshadowed in some of Petöfi's earlier poems. To his efforts and to those of Jókai it was chiefly due that the celebrated reform programme, with the twelve demands of the Hungarian nation, was drawn up and adopted. On March 15th, 1848, was published the first work that appeared under the new laws establishing the freedom of the press. This was Petöfi's famous song 'Talpra Magyar' (Up, Magyar), the Hungarian Marseillaise. It was the beginning of a series of impassioned revolutionary lyrics. The articles which Petöfi contributed to the newspapers at that time are valuable historical documents of the revolution. In September 1848 he entered the army, and served under General Bem, whose adjutant he became. He had no qualifications for a soldier's career except a passionate patriotism and unshrinking courage. His erratic nature would not conform to the strictness of military discipline; but to the poet whom the nation idolized, large liberties were accorded, and in hours of peril he displayed heroic qualities. He fought at the great battle of Szegesvár on July 31st, 1849, in which the Hungarians were defeated; and he has never been seen since. His grave is with the unknown; and the wish which he uttered in song, that flowers should be scattered where he rests, must remain forever unfulfilled. A fairer and more enduring tribute is the love his people bear him. His poetry is a national treasure, which Hungary cherishes as a sacred possession.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "Charles H. Gunning". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a large, sweeping initial 'C' and a long, horizontal flourish at the bottom.

MASTER PAUL

MASTER Paul was angry: in his ire
Threw his hat,
Like a log, into the blazing fire—
What of that?
Talked about his wife till he was hoarse:
“Curse her—I’ll apply for a divorce!
No! I’ll chase her out of doors instead;”—
And he did exactly what he said.

Master Paul got cooler after that—
Very cool!
“What a fool to throw away my hat—
What a fool!
What a fool to drive her from the door!
Now I shall be poorer than before;
For she kept the house, and earned her bread;”—
And it was exactly as he said.

Master Paul got angrier, angrier yet:
Took his hat,
Flung it from him in his passionate pet—
What of that?
“Toil and trouble is man’s wretched lot,
And one more misfortune matters not:
Let it go—unsheltered be my head;”—
And he did exactly as he said.

Freed from all this world’s anxieties,
Master Paul
Pulled his hat indignant o’er his eyes—
“All, yes! all,
All is gone, my partner and my pelf:
Naught is left me but to hang myself,
So of all my troubling cares get rid;”—
And exactly as he said, he did.

SONG OF LAMENT

O H, WITH what fascinating bursts and swells
Breaks out the music of the village bells,
Upon the ear of the roused peasant falling,
And to the church devotions gently calling!
What sweet remembrances that music brings
Of early thoughts and half-forgotten things:
Things half forgotten, yet on these past dreams
Distinct, as living life, one figure beams
In brightness and in youthful beauty—she
Sleeps her long sleep beneath the willow-tree;
There I my never-wearied vigils keep,
And there I weep, and cannot cease to weep.

MAY-NIGHT

N IGH T of May! thou night of peace and silence,
When the moonlight silvers the starred vault;
Tell me then, blonde maiden! blue-eyed floweret,
Shining pearl! what thoughts thy heart assault.

Mine are misty dreanings, passing shadows;
But they keep me sleepless—crowning me
Like the monarch of a mighty kingdom,
And the crown is held, dear maid! is held by thee.

What a theft it were, and what a contrast
With the trashy purse that thieves purloin,
Could I steal these dreams, and then convert them
Into solid and substantial coin!

DREAMING

I S IT a dream that shows me
Yonder vision airy?
Is she a mortal maiden?
Is she a spirit fairy?

Whether maiden or fairy,
Little indeed I care,
Would she only love me,
Smiling sweetly there.

FAITHFULNESS

THERE on the mountain a rose-blossom blows;
 Bend o'er my bosom thy forehead which glows;
 Whisper, O whisper sweet words in mine ear.
 Say that thou lovest me,—what rapture to hear!

Down on the Danube the evening sun sinks,
 Gilding the wavelets that dance on its brinks;
 As the sweet river has cradled the sun,
 Cradled I rest upon thee, lovely one!

I have been slandered, the slanderers declare;—
 Let God forgive them,—I utter no prayer:
 Now let them listen, while prayerful I pour
 All my heart's offerings on her I adore.

A VOW

I'LL be a tree, if thou wilt be its blossom;
 I'll be a flower, if thou wilt be its dew;
 I'll be the dew, if thou wilt be the sunbeam;
 Where'er thou art, let me be near thee too.
 Wert thou the heaven of blue, beloved maiden,
 I a fixed star in that blue heaven would be;
 And wert thou doomed to hell itself, dear woman,
 I'd seek perdition to be near to thee.

SORROW AND JOY

AND what is sorrow? 'Tis a boundless sea.
 And what is joy?
 A little pearl in that deep ocean's bed;
 I sought it—found it—held it o'er my head,
 And to my soul's annoy,
 It fell into the ocean's depth again,
 And now I look and long for it in vain.

WIFE AND SWORD

A DOVE upon the house-roof,
Above in heaven a star;
Thou on my bosom sleeping—
How sweet thy breathings are!

Soft as the morning dewdrops
Upon the rose leaves fall,
Thou in my arms reposest,
My love, my wife, my all!

Why should I not embrace thee
With kisses manifold?
My lips are rich with kisses,
So gushing, so untold.

We talk, we toy, we trifle,
We revel in love's bliss;
And snatch at every breathing
A kiss—another kiss.

But who that bliss can measure,
Sparkling in every glance?
It crests thy lips with beauty,
It lights thy countenance.

I look upon my sabre,
'Tis idly hung above;
And does it not reproach me—
“Why so absorbed in love?”

Thou old—thou young companion!
So wildly looking down;
I hear thy voice of anger,
I see thy threatening frown.

“Shame—shame on thee, deserter!
Thus trifling with a wife;
Awake! thy country calls thee
For liberty, for life.”

And I—“She is so lovely,
So witching, so divine,—
The gift of heavenly beauty,
This angel-love of mine!

"Oh, recognize the mission,
 Intrusted from the sky,
 To this celestial envoy,
 And hail her embassy."

She heard the word; she echoed
 That word—"The Fatherland!"
 I buckle on the sabre,
 With mine own plighted hand.

"I charge thee, save thy country—
 'Tis mine, 'tis thine—for both;
 Off to the field of victory,
 And there redeem thy troth."

OUR COUNTRY

THE sun went down, but not a starlet
 Appeared in heaven,—all dark above;
 No light around, except the taper
 Dim glimmering, and my homely love.

That homely love's a star in heaven
 That shines around both near and far,
 A home of sadness—sad Hungaria!
 Where wilt thou find that lovely star?

And now my taper flickers faintly,
 And midnight comes; but in the gleam,
 Faint as it is, I see a shadow
 Which half reveals a future dream.

It brightens as the daybreak brightens
 Each flame brings forth a mightier flame;
 There stand two figures in the nimbus,—
 Old Magyar honor, Magyar fame.

O Magyars! look not on your fathers,
 But bid them hide their brows in night;
 Your eyes are weak, those suns are dazzling,
 Ye cannot bear that blasting light.

Time was those ancient, honored fathers
 Could speak the threatening, thundering word;
 'Twas like the bursting of the storm-wind,
 And Europe, all responsive, heard!

Great was the Magyar then: his country
 Honored, his name a history
 Of glory,—now a star extinguished,
 A fallen star in Magyar sea.

'Twas long ago the laurel garland
 Was round the Magyar forehead bound;
 Shall fancy, eagle-pinioned, ever
 See Magyar hero-brow recrowned?

That laurel crown so long has faded,
 So long thy light has ceased to gleam,
 Thy greatness seems a myth, thy story
 A fable of the past—a dream!

Long have mine eyes been dry and tearless,
 But now I weep; and can it be
 That these are dewes of spring—the dawning
 Of brighter days for Hungary?

And can it—can it be a meteor,
 That for a moment burst and blazed,
 Lighted with brightness all the heavens.
 And sunk in darkness while we gazed?

No! 'tis a comet, whose returning
 Is sure as is the march of doom;
 Hungary shall hail it, blazing, burning,—
 It cannot, will not fail to come.

ONE ONLY THOUGHT

ONE thought torments me sorely—'tis that I
 Pillowed on a soft bed of down may die;
 Fade slowly, like a flower, and pass away
 Under the gentle pressure of decay;
 Paling as pales a fading, flickering light
 In the dark, lonesome solitude of night.
 O God! let not my Magyar name
 Be linked with such a death of shame;
 No! rather let it be
 A lightning-struck, uprooted tree—
 A rock, which, torn from mountain-brow,
 Comes rattling, thundering down below.

Where every fettered race, tired with their chains,
 Muster their ranks and seek the battle plains,
 And with red flushes the red flag unfold,
 The sacred signal there inscribed in gold,—

“For the world's liberty!”

And far and wide the summons to be free
 Fills east and west, and to the glorious fight
 Heroes press forward, battling for the right,—

There will I die!

There drowned in mine own heart's blood lie,
 Poured out so willingly; th' expiring voice,
 Even in its own extinction shall rejoice.
 While the sword's clashing, and the trumpet's sound,
 And rifles and artillery thunder round;

Then may the trampling horse
 Gallop upon my corse.

When o'er the battle-field the warriors fly.
 There let me rest till glorious victory
 Shall crown the right; my bones upgathered be
 At the sublime interment of the free!
 When million voices shout their elegy
 Under the unfurled banners waving high;
 On the gigantic grave which covers all

The heroes, who for freedom fall,
 And welcome death because they die for thee,
 All holy! world-delivering liberty!

INDIFFERENCE

“WITH calm indifference good and evil bear:”
 So saith the sage, and so the world replies;
 But not too wisely—'tis not my device;
 Pleasures and pains, my comfort and my care,
 Must leave their impress, both of ill and good:
 My soul is not a flood
 Equally moved, when a sweet infant throws
 O'er me a scattered rose,
 As when the whirlwind brings
 Down from the forest a torn trunk, and flings
 It furiously upon my wanderings.

The above translations are all by Sir John Bowring.



PETRARCH

(English)

By a Translation



PETRARCH

Photogravure from an engraving after a painting by Tofanelli.



Photograph from an engraving after a painting by Johnell.

PETRARCH

(1304-1374)

BY J. F. BINGHAM



THE second of the "Great Four" poets of Italy occupied with his life more than two-thirds of the fourteenth century; being at once widely influential in its affairs of State, as well as its leading man of letters, and by far its most illustrious poet. He was for his first seventeen years a contemporary with the first and greatest of the four, and like him, by inheritance, of the party of the Bianchi and an exile from Florence; and affected, though in a milder measure, by political vicissitudes, which to a large extent determined, as in the case of his great predecessor, the direction of his activities and the destiny and happiness of his life.

The times, of which both were in an important sense the product, were fast changing, and already much changed from those which had shaped Dante's career. Clement V. in 1305 transferred the seat of the popes to Avignon. The Empire, the shadow of a great name, had begun its decline in Italy. It made its last struggles in the chivalrous enterprises of Henry VII. of Luxemburg; failed in 1313 by the successful resistance of the Florentines; and the coming of Louis of Bavaria in 1323 did not avail to raise it up. The Guelfs were strong again by the power of Florence, and of Robert, King of Naples. The national arms were declining; and the volunteer "companies" (*le compagnie di ventura*) were getting a greater footing in Italy—composed at first of foreigners, later also of Italians, affecting and worrying Petrarch to the last degree. They were mercenary bands, to whom warfare was a trade to live by, and who hired themselves out to various princes, dukes, etc.; and many cities by their aid were setting out to become independent dominions, lordships, marquisates, dukedoms, etc. The Visconti, victorious over the Torriani, were coming to the front in Milan; at Verona, the Scaligers, the family of Este—with whom, two hundred years later, the destiny of Tasso is to be so tragically commingled—were establishing their splendid marquisate at Ferrara. At Florence, the Duke of Athens, attempting to secure the lordship there, was put down; and with him the nobles went under, the common people and the merchants came uppermost, and the supremacy of the Medici was gradually prepared. The republics of Genoa and Venice contended in bitter warfare, and the latter rose to supremacy upon the land as well as by sea.

In these troublous times of transition and tumult, though an exile and wanderer like Dante before him (with less suffering indeed from external causes), his remarkable personal beauty, his natural *bonhomie*, his enormous learning, his vast general knowledge, his intense patriotism, and his marvelous industry, brought him to exert an astonishing influence over the great and powerful, and to live in the veneration and friendship of the noblest and most exalted in the world. He could count among personal friends several popes; the Correggios, lords of Parma, the Colonnas of Rome, the Visconti of Milan, the Carraras of Padua, the Gonzagas of Mantua; Robert, King of Naples; the Emperor Charles IV. He was invited in turn by them all, was consulted by them, was employed by them on important matters of State. He was sent by the nobles and people of Rome to Clement VI. on the great endeavor to persuade him to remove his residence from Avignon to Rome. Although this effort was unsuccessful, he afterward wrote a letter in Latin to Clement's successor, Urban V., urging the same request; and he soon after removed to Rome. In short, his opportunities in the character of the age, and his own qualifications in respect of statesmanship, learning, and the poetic gift, were so extraordinary, and were improved by him with such tireless activity, that his influence upon his contemporaries in each direction was prodigious and unique, and his contemporary reputation almost or quite unparalleled.

The family of Petrarch came from Incisa nel Valdarno, a little hamlet some twenty-five miles southeast of Florence; and was of the *gente nuova* (new folk) of Florence. Francesco's father was Master Petracco or Petraccolo (Peter), son of Garzo, of whom our Petrarch speaks reverently.

Petracco, whose name the son afterwards Latinized as his own cognomen into Petrarca, was "cancelliere delle riformagione"; an officer of the law somewhat corresponding to the modern English "clerk of court." but with larger duties. As a "Guelfo Bianco" (White Guelph), or moderate partisan of the Pope, he had been banished in 1302, and had fled for refuge to Arezzo, some thirty-five miles beyond Incisa in the same direction; and here on the 20th of July, 1304, was born to him the son Francesco,—it is uncertain whether by Niccolosa Sigoli or by Eletta Canigiani, or whether in either case the nuptials were ever blessed by the Church. In those days of confusion there was much irregularity in such matters even among fairly good people. Francesco passed the first seven years with the mother at Incisa; afterward he followed the father and the family to Pisa.

Here he began his first studies, which were to tower to such a marvelous height, under the famous grammarian Convonevole da Prato; then, so happily for him, living in Pisa. Whether from choice, or being still too near to Florence for safety, the exiled father and

partisan churchman removed, and established his family, consisting of the mother and certainly one brother of Francesco, in Avignon in France, the then home of the wandering popes. Happily again for Francesco, now between twelve and fifteen years of age, Convonevole had come into France, and settled at Carpentras, some fifteen miles northeast of Avignon. Here he was sent by the father to pursue his studies under his old preceptor. In 1319 he was sent to Montpellier, to begin the study of jurisprudence, which he afterward carried forward in Bologna. He had never felt any inclination toward legal science, but was to the highest degree fond of the study of literature. Absorbed in this, his legal studies naturally suffered. By abstemious living and denying himself many comforts, he had also acquired a considerable number of valuable manuscripts of the Greek and Latin authors, which were rare and costly in that age. His father, however, was not pleased that for the sake of these classics he should neglect the legal studies, which were then the principal road to preferment and wealth: and during a visit to his father in 1325 (as the poet himself relates in his 'Old Man's Memories'), the father burned many of these precious books, and only left, through the prayers and tears of the son, Cicero's 'De Oratore' and the works of Virgil; which books became, from that moment to his dying day, those which he loved above all others. After the death of his father, which happened in 1326 while he was still a student at Bologna, he returned to make his home at Avignon; and soon entered into the ecclesiastical state. Although he was never in any but minor orders, he obtained during his life many benefices. The indispensable requirements of this condition were, the tonsure, the clerical dress, and the daily recitation of the "Divine office." His breviary is still preserved in the library of the Vatican. He continued his favorite studies in Avignon; solacing himself in a youthful way, he regretfully tells us, in the gallant and licentious life of that city.

During the first year of his settled residence here occurred the event which was destined, more than any other through the rest of his life, to influence his thoughts, his writings, and his happiness. He himself tells us that on Good Friday, in the year 1327, being in the church of the convent of St. Claire, in Avignon, he was struck by the beauty of a young lady near him, younger than himself, in a green mantle sprinkled with violets, on which her golden hair fell in plaited tresses. She was distinguished from all others by her proud and delicate carriage. From this moment was conceived in his heart an infinite admiration and love for her. He says her name was Laura, but her family name he never mentions. There has been much discussion and controversy as to who this lady was, or even whether she ever had any other reality than the fervid allegorical idea in the poet's brain. But he tells us that she was nineteen years

old and had been two years married; and from many allusions of his own and the words of contemporaries, it seems almost certain that she was in fact the daughter of Audibert de Noves, and the wife of Hugues de Sade, and became the mother of fully eleven children. She died in 1348, a victim of the plague.

When the news of her death reached Petrarch, at the time traveling in Italy, he wrote in Latin the following notice of her as a marginal note in his own favorite copy of Virgil, still preserved in the Ambrosian Library at Milan:—

"It was in the prime of my youth, on the 6th of April, at the first hour of the day [the variable ecclesiastical day] in the year 1327, that Laura, distinguished by her virtues, and celebrated in my verses, in the Church of St. Clara at Avignon first appeared to my eyes. In the same city and at the same hour, in the year 1348, this bright luminary disappeared from the world. Alas, I was then at Verona, ignorant of my wretchedness! Her chaste and beautiful body was laid, the same day, after vespers, in the Church of the Cordeliers. Her soul returned to its home in heaven. I have written this with mingled pleasure and pain, retracing in this book, so often before my eyes, the sad memory of my great loss; that I may constantly remember that there is nothing more left me to live for, since my strongest tie to life has been broken, and may easily renounce this empty and transitory world, and consider, being freed from my bonds, that it is time for me to flee from Babylon."

He had endeavored from the first to stifle his passion, or at least to restrain it within the limits of peaceful admiration and friendship, by a prodigious intensity of serious studies, and at the same time by giving vent to it through a continual stream of sonnets, in which her beauty and worth constituted the supporting thread, around which was woven an ever new and incredible variety of elegant poetic conceits. Unappeased by these means, he sought relief from the tempestuous disquiet of his soul in gathering an extensive library of classical manuscripts, traveling abroad in Italy, France, Germany, Spain, in search of such especially as were accounted lost. He discovered in these journeys the 'Institutions' of Quintilian at Arezzo; Cicero's 'Familiar Letters' at Verona; his 'Letters to Atticus' somewhere else, and some lost 'Orations' at Liège; and he speaks of having seen, though they have not come down to us, Cicero's treatise 'On Fame,' and Varro's 'On Divine and Human Things,' and the 'Letters of Augustus.'

In these prodigious and useful and beautiful activities he became everywhere known, and was the wonder and admiration of his age. But the wound of his heart was not to be cured by the ecstasies of poetry, nor the refinements of literature, nor the curiosities of learning, nor the admiration of men. The beautiful magnet at Avignon drew him always back; and that he might be near her, and at the same time be relieved of the presence of the revelry and vice of that

shameful court, he built a home in the beautiful and romantic neighboring valley of Vaucluse. This home, which he called such for fully eleven years, became to him the dearest of all, and excited his best inspirations.

However strange to us to-day (especially us of northern blood), it was and is beyond doubt that the external relations of these celebrated lovers to one another were unimpeachable. Moreover, there are the strongest reasons to believe, from recorded facts and from what we know of his external life and of the intimate workings of his heart, that after some possible weaknesses in the ebullitions of youth,—particularly at Avignon, before his first sight of Laura,—he lived ever afterward with conscientious jealousy against all the excesses of luxury of every sort.

As an ecclesiastic, he was debarred from matrimony accompanied with the lawful benediction of the Church. But it is well known, from his writings, that Petrarch did not in his heart accept all the teachings of the Church in his day, especially in matters of discipline; and this was only a matter of discipline, not of faith. At all events, among his other struggles for external innocence and heart rest he formed a permanent connection with another woman, who bore him a son and a daughter, whom he publicly recognized and treated with the greatest tenderness. The son, whom he placed under the most celebrated teachers, and from whom he hoped great things but realized only regrets, died in early manhood. The daughter Tullia, characteristically named after Cicero's famous daughter, who became a great comfort to him in his old age, was well married in Milan; and by his will he made her husband, Francesco da Brosano, his principal heir.

For the next ten years, though always in motion, he called Vaucluse his home; and from thence poured forth many of his most noted productions. Among these was the Latin heroic poem 'Africa,' which shook with applause the learned world, and gained for him the most highly prized honor of his life,—his coronation, on the Campidoglio at Rome, laureate of the Christian world. On the 1st of September, 1340, this honor was offered him by the University of Paris; and a vote of the Roman Senate invited him to receive it on the Capitol Hill. It filled his heart most of all with infinite joy that it came in Laura's lifetime, and that she sweetly and proudly sympathized in this his unparalleled glory. He went by way of Naples, where his royal friend Robert added a sort of *ad eundem*; and then he passed on to the capital of the world. On the 8th of April, Easter Day, 1341, in the square in front of the remains of the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, the crown of laurel, with great solemnity, was placed upon his head by the hands of a Senator of Rome, in the

presence and amid the tremendous acclamations of a vast and distinguished assembly, the braying of trumpets, and strains of martial music. Petrarch then pronounced an oration on 'Poetry and Fame.' When all was over, he carried the crown to St. Peter's and set it upon the altar, an offering of pious gratitude and joy.

The remainder of his external life is mostly a record of journeys and removals and brief sojourns in France and Northern Italy. Besides Vacluse, he had houses at Parma, at Modena, at Bologna, at Verona, at Milan, at Venice, at Padua; whence he made his last removal in 1370 to Arquà del Monte, a most romantic little village among the Euganean Hills. In the outskirts even of this sequestered hamlet, he set an orchard, planted a garden, and built a modest house, which, with some reminiscences of its illustrious owner, such as faded frescoes in allusion to his poems, is still accessible to visitors,—the only one of all his residences which can to-day be identified. Here, on the 20th day of July, 1374, his seventieth birthday, he was found by his friend Lombardo da Serico dead in his study, with his head reclined on a book. He had a grand funeral, and was buried in front of the village church. His monument is a sarcophagus on short columns of red marble. Upon it is a more recent bust of the poet. Beneath is the following rhymed hexameter triplet:—

"Frigida Francisci lapis hic tegit ossa Petrarci.
Suscipe Virgo parens animam! Sate virgine, parce!
Fessaque nam terris cœli requiescat in arce."

The substance of which is:—

This stone covers the mortal remains of Francis Petrarch;
O Virgin mother, receive his soul! Son of the Virgin, have mercy on it!
His earthly life was weary; let him have rest in the heavenly temple.

In enormous and almost incredible learning, as well as in contemporary and succeeding poetical fame, Petrarch was and is only second to Dante. He differed greatly from him, however, in several capital qualities. The temper of Dante was pre-eminently democratic; and the spirit of all his writings aimed at instructing and elevating the people, and in particular at building up the vulgar tongue. Petrarch was a literary aristocrat, and despised the vulgar tongue; but his labors in behalf of the Latin classics—in which he was no doubt even more deeply learned than his great predecessor—were unparalleled and invaluable; and so great, indeed, was the encouragement which he gave to the studies in Latin, that he may fairly be regarded as the father of the revival of the vulgar literature, and of the classic art which became transfused into it.

Judged by the cold blood of later times, Petrarch was an over-enthusiastic admirer of ancient Rome and her glories. It was an exaggerated picture, perhaps (if that were possible), which he drew of her grandeur in his 'Africa,' written in Latin hexameters, where he paints with superb eloquence Scipio, Lælius, Masinissa, Ennius, and other great characters; ornamenting his poem with splendid descriptions and artificial orations. But by it he won his laureateship; and it was through the possession of this "exaggerated" zeal that he became the admirer and friend of Cola di Rienzo, and was inspired to write that immortal canzone which still kindles every true Italian heart, 'Spirto Gentil,' given at the end of this article in Major Macgregor's very good translation. That this sentiment was founded in loyal patriotism, as he understood it, would be sufficiently evinced, if we had nothing more, by the celebrated canzone 'Italia Mia,' which is here given in the almost perfect translation of Lady Dacre. Surely never has patriotic affection been clothed in warmer or more exquisite numbers.

Without deciding whether it was a cause or a consequence of his "exaggerated" love and admiration of Roman antiquity, it is a fact that in familiarity with, and in abundance and elegance of writing in, the Latin tongue, he has not even been approached by any other modern. He left a very great number of works in Latin, both prose and verse, upon a very great variety of subjects, religious, political, philosophical; for the most part of no inherent interest to-day, and far too numerous to be even named here. Some of the more famous and curious will show their drift by their titles: 'De Remediis Utriusque Fortunæ' (Concerning the Remedies for Either Fortune), developing the doctrine of the Stoics, that "Not the good things of life are truly good, nor the ills truly bad, but that the good consists in subduing the passions"; 'De Vita Solitaria' (On Solitude); 'De Otio Religiosorum' (On the Soul-Rest of the Religious), written after his visit to his brother, who was a monk; 'Secretum' (Private), a confession to St. Augustine in the presence of personified Truth,—an important work for understanding the mind of Petrarch, and the true nature of his love for the lady Laura. There are many volumes of letters in Latin, sometimes in prose, sometimes in verse, often really a short treatise or oration: the 'Familiari' (To a Friend); 'Senili' (To an Old Man), one of which is really a Latin translation of the story of Griselda in the 'Decameron'; 'Variæ' (Miscellanies); one, 'Ad Posteriores' (To Posterity), brings his autobiography up to the year 1351. He says he had burned more than he preserved.

Petrarch differed from Dante in another aspect, which is twofold. Dante is often rough and sometimes imperfect in his numbers; but his invention is Homeric, and never sleeps. Petrarch's invention is

often dull; but the utmost refinement and perfection of poetic style, and the extreme finish of every line, are never absent.

Still another distinction between them, though each was marvelous in his own way, is that Dante is a universal poet, embracing in his matter the whole sphere of theology, science, and politics, as well as all places from the centre of the earth to the zenith of the highest heaven, and all times from the creation of the world to the final Judgment Day; whereas the only matter of Petrarch in his Italian poetry is the passion of human love, and this all centred about one beautiful woman. The 'Canzoniere,' on which his immortal fame depends, consist of more than three hundred sonnets, canzoni, sestine, dancing-songs, and pastorals, and with a half-dozen exceptions, chiefly patriotic. There is not one in which his love for Laura is not wrought in, either as foundation or ornament.

This might well enough be expected to produce an intolerable monotony; and theoretically, the more familiar one should become with them the more sensibly the monotony would be felt. Except in the work of an extraordinary genius, equipped with superlative art, this must undoubtedly hold good. But in fact, in the case of Petrarch the opposite is true. The character of monotony is not really there; and the more often one reads the "Rhymes," the less of monotony is felt, and the more particular and individual each sonnet and canzone is perceived to be. Of this curious paradox the poet Campbell has given a very ingenious and pretty explanation, as follows:—

"This monotony," he says, "impresses the reader exactly in proportion to the slenderness of his acquaintance with the poet. Approaching the sonnets for the first time, they may probably appear to him as like to each other as the sheep of a flock; but when he has become familiar with them, he will perceive an interesting individuality in every sonnet, and will discriminate their individual character as precisely as the shepherd can distinguish every single sheep of his flock by its voice and its face."

Yet again, Dante wrote his great poem in all the panoply of the poetic art, precisely anticipating immortality for himself and his work, with posterity distinctly in his view,—as he tells us over and over again in the 'Vita Nuova': while Petrarch calls his Italian poems 'Nugæ' (Trifles), which he threw off, in the fugitive transports of his soul, for the eye of one dear lady, according to the varying moods of passion and the changing circumstances of life; of necessity leaving, under all their glittering poetic armor, here and there a vulnerable spot, through which the critics could shoot their querulous shafts, and have often done so. Among these the poet Campbell—whom we have just quoted, and who is as querulous as any—closes his criticisms on what he calls Petrarch's "affected refinements" and

"unnatural conceits" with refreshing frankness, saying: "If I could make out the strongest critical case against him, I should still have to answer this question,—How comes it that Petrarch's poetry, in spite of all these faults, has been the favorite of the world for five hundred years? So strong a regard for Petrarch is rooted in the mind of Italy, that his renown has grown up like an oak which has reached maturity amidst the storms of ages, and fears not decay from revolving centuries."

This answer is very true. But the question returns, "From what extraordinary particulars has arisen this overtopping regard for Petrarch's poetry in the mind of Italy?" We confidently answer, first, from the "melting melody" of his verse; in which, taking into account the quantity he has left, he easily surpasses all others who have used that harmonious speech. Secondly, that he has treated the tenderest sentiment of universal humanity not only far more copiously, in the mere number of touching lines, than any other Italian poet, but with a marvelous absence of repetition he goes ever on and on with his delicious numbers, drawing ever new similitudes and pictures, which are continually bringing silent thoughts of sweetness to the reader's mind. Finally, there is in his handiwork a tone all his own, an unwonted and peculiar way of expressing the sentiment of love; not sensual, not conventional, not over-metaphysical, but natural and truly human: in still other words, while clothed with a purity fit for the most virtuous and modest lady's ear, his lines, radiant with beauty and of bewitching melody, yet breathe a tenderness, a sincerity, a manliness, not surpassed by Tibullus, or any of the most objectionable of the famous old classic pagans.

It is this quality, so bewitching in the original, of Petrarch's Italian poetry,—subtle and evanescent as the fragrance of a rose,—in which perhaps lies the greatest difference of all between the two supreme poets of Italy, and renders the stanzas of Petrarch the despair of every translator into a foreign tongue. Not only are the unparalleled melodies of his delicious numbers impossible to be carried over into other measures and other sounds, but the sweet images, as ethereal as the fleecy clouds of June, are shy of another zone.

No English poet has attempted a complete translation of Petrarch's Italian poetry. Such translations as exist are fragmentary, by different hands, and of very unequal merit. We have selected the most celebrated morsels, and in the translations which seemed to bring to us the most successfully that which Petrarch has given to those who are native to the language and the scenery of Italy.



“ITALIA MIA, BENCHÈ 'L PARLAR SIA INDARNO”

TO THE PRINCES OF ITALY, EXHORTING THEM TO SET HER FREE

O MY own Italy! though words are vain
 The mortal wounds to close,
 Unnumbered, that thy beauteous bosom stain,
 Yet may it soothe my pain
 To sigh forth Tiber's woes,
 And Arno's wrongs, as on Po's saddened shore
 Sorrowing I wander, and my numbers pour.
 Ruler of heaven! By the all-pitying love
 That could thy Godhead move
 To dwell a lowly sojourner on earth,
 Turn, Lord! on this thy chosen land thine eye.
 See, God of Charity!
 From what light cause this cruel war has birth:
 And the hard hearts by savage discord steeled,
 Thou, Father! from on high,
 Touch by my humble voice, that stubborn wrath may breast,) —
 Ye, to whose sovereign hands the fates confide
 Of this fair land the reins,—
 (This land for which no pity wrings your yield!
 Why does the stranger's sword her plains invest?
 That her green fields be dyed,
 Hope ye, with blood from the Barbarians' veins?
 Beguiled by error weak,
 Ye see not, though to pierce so deep ye boast,
 Who love or faith in venal bosoms seek:
 When thronged your standards most,
 Ye are encompassed most by hostile bands.
 Oh, hideous deluge gathered in strange lands.
 That rushing down amain
 O'erwhelms our every native lovely plain!
 Alas! if our own hands
 Have thus our weal betrayed, who shall our cause sustain?
 Well did kind Nature, guardian of our State,
 Rear her rude Alpine heights,
 A lofty rampart against German hate:
 But blind ambition, seeking his own ill,
 With ever restless will,
 To the pure gales contagion foul invites;
 Within the same strait fold

The gentle flocks and wolves relentless throng,
Where still meek innocence must suffer wrong:
 And these — oh, shame avowed! —
Are of the lawless hordes no tie can hold;
 Fame tells how Marius's sword
 Erewhile their bosoms gored, —
Nor has Time's hand aught blurred the record proud!
When they who, thirsting, stooped to quaff the flood,
With the cool waters mixed, drank of a comrade's blood!

Great Cæsar's name I pass, who o'er our plains
 Poured forth the ensanguined tide,
Drawn by our own good swords from out their veins
But now — nor know I what ill stars preside —
 Heaven holds this land in hate!
To you the thanks, whose hands control her helm!
 You, whose rash feuds despoil
Of all the beauteous earth the fairest realm!
Are ye impelled by judgment, crime, or fate,
 To oppress the desolate?
From broken fortunes and from humble toil
 The hard-earned dole to wring,
 While from afar ye bring
Dealers in blood, bartering their souls for hire?
 In truth's great cause I sing,
Nor hatred nor disdain my earnest lay inspire.

Nor mark ye yet, confirmed by proof on proof,
 Bavaria's perfidy,
Who strikes in mockery, keeping death aloof?
(Shame, worse than aught of loss, in honor's eye!)

While ye, with honest rage, devoted pour
 Your inmost bosom's gore! —
 Yet give one hour to thought,
And ye shall own how little he can hold
Another's glory dear, who sets his own at naught.
 O Latin blood of old!

Arise, and wrest from obloquy thy fame,
 Nor bow before a name
Of hollow sound, whose power no laws enforce!
 For if barbarians rude
 Have higher minds subdued,
Ours! ours the crime! — Not such wise Nature's course.

Ah! is not this the soil my foot first pressed?
 And here, in cradled rest,

Was I not softly hushed? here fondly reared?
 Ah! is not this my country? so endeared
 By every filial tie!
 In whose lap shrouded both my parents lie!
 Oh! by this tender thought,
 Your torpid bosoms to compassion wrought,
 Look on the people's grief!
 Who, after God, of you expect relief;
 And if ye but relent,
 Virtue shall rouse her in embattled might,
 Against blind fury bent,
 Nor long shall doubtful hang the unequal fight,
 For no—the ancient flame
 Is not extinguished yet, that raised the Italian name!

Mark, sovereign lords! how Time, with pinion strong,
 Swift hurries life along!
 E'en now, behold! Death presses on the rear.
 We sojourn here a day—the next, are gone!
 The soul disrobed, alone,
 Must shuddering seek the doubtful pass we fear.
 Oh! at the dreaded bourne,
 Abase the lofty brow of wrath and scorn,—
 Storms adverse to the eternal calm on high!
 And yet, whose cruelty
 Has sought another's harm, by fairer deed
 Of heart, or hand, or intellect, aspire
 To win the honest meed
 Of just renown—the noble mind's desire!
 Thus sweet on earth the stay!
 Thus to the spirit pure, unbarred is Heaven's way!

My song! with courtesy, and numbers sooth,
 Thy daring reasons grace;
 For thou the mighty, in their pride of place,
 Must woo to gentle ruth,
 Whose haughty will long evil customs nurse,
 Ever to truth averse!
 Thee better fortunes wait,
 Among the virtues few, the truly great!
 Tell them—but who shall bid my terrors cease?
 Peace! Peace! on thee I call! Return, O heaven-born Peace!

Translation of Lady Dacre.

«SPIRTO GENTIL CHE QUELLE MEMBRA REGGI»

TO RIENZI, BESEECHING HIM TO RESTORE TO ROME HER ANCIENT
LIBERTY

SPIRIT heroic! who with fire divine
Kindlest those limbs, awhile which pilgrim hold
On earth a chieftain gracious, wise, and bold;
Since rightly now the rod of State is thine,
Rome and her wandering children to confine,
And yet reclaim her to the old good way;
To thee I speak, for elsewhere not a ray
Of virtue can I find, extinct below,
Nor one who feels of evil deeds the shame.
Why Italy still waits, and what her aim,
I know not: callous to her proper woe,
Indolent, aged, slow,
Still will she sleep? Is none to rouse her found?
Oh that my wakening hands were through her tresses wound!

So grievous is the spell, the trance so deep,
Loud though we call, my hope is faint that e'er
She yet will waken from her heavy sleep;
But not, methinks, without some better end
Was this our Rome intrusted to thy care,
Who surest may revive and best defend.
Fearlessly then upon that reverend head,
'Mid her disheveled locks, thy fingers spread,
And lift at length the sluggard from the dust;
I, day and night, who her prostration mourn,
For this in thee have fixed my certain trust,—
That if her sons yet turn,
And their eyes ever true to honor raise,
The glory is reserved for thy illustrious days!

Her ancient walls, which still with fear and love
The world admires, whenc'er it calls to mind
The days of eld, and turns to look behind;
Her hoar and caverned monuments above
The dust of men, whose fame, until the world
In dissolution sink, can never fail;
Her all, that in one ruin now lies hurled,
Hopes to have healed by thee its every ail.

O faithful Brutus, noble Scipios, dead!

To you what triumph, where ye now are blest,
If of our worthy choice the fame have spread:

And how his laureled crest

Will old Fabricius rear, with joy elate,
That his own Rome again shall beauteous be and great.

And if for things of earth its care Heaven show,

The souls who dwell above in joy and peace,

And their mere mortal frames have left below,

Implore thee this long civil strife may cease,
Which kills all confidence, nips every good,

Which bars the way to many a roof where men

Once holy, hospitable lived, the den

Of fearless rapine now and frequent blood,

Whose doors to virtue only are denied.

While beneath plundered saints, in outraged fanes

Plots faction, and revenge the altar stains;

And—contrast sad and wide—

The very bells which sweetly wont to fling
Summons to prayer and praise, now battle's tocsin ring!

Pale weeping women, and a friendless crowd

Of tender years, infirm and desolate Age,

Which hates itself and its superfluous days,

With each blest order to religion vowed,

Whom works of love through lives of want engage

To thee for help their hands and voices raise;

While our poor panic-stricken land displays

The thousand wounds which now so mar her frame

That e'en from foes compassion they command;

Or more if Christendom thy care may claim,

Lo! God's own house on fire, while not a hand

Moves to subdue the flame:

Heal thou these wounds, this feverish tumult end,

And on the holy work Heaven's blessing shall descend

Often against our marble column high,

Wolf, Lion, Bear, proud Eagle, and base Snake

Even to their own injury insult shower;

Lifts against thee and theirs her mournful cry

The noble Dame who calls thee here to break

Away the evil weeds which will not flower.

A thousand years and more! and gallant men

There fixed her seat in beauty and in power,

The breed of patriot hearts has failed since then!

And in their stead, upstart and haughty now,
A race which ne'er to her in reverence bends,

Her husband, father thou!

Like care from thee and counsel she attends,
As o'er his other works the Sire of all extends.

'Tis seldom e'en that with our fairest schemes

Some adverse fortune will not mix, and mar
With instant ill, ambition's noblest dreams;

But thou, once ta'en thy path, so walk that I

May pardon her past faults, great as they are,
If now at least she give herself the lie.

For never in all memory as to thee,

To mortal man so sure and straight the way
Of everlasting honor open lay,

For thine the power and will, if right I see,
To lift our empire to its old proud state.

Let this thy glory be!

They succored her when young and strong and great;
He, in her weak old age, warding the stroke of Fate.

Forth on thy way! my song, and where the bold

Tarpeian lifts his brow, shouldst thou behold,
Of others' weal more thoughtful than his own,

The chief, by general Italy revered,

Tell him from me, to whom he is but known

As one to virtue and by fame endeared,
Till stamped upon his heart the sad truth be,

That day by day to thee,

With suppliant attitude and streaming eyes,
For justice and relief our seven-hilled city cries.

Translation of Major^s Macgregor.

"VERGINE BELLA CHE DI SOL VESTITA"

TO THE VIRGIN MARY

BEAUTIFUL Virgin! clothèd with the sun,
Crowned with the stars, who so the eternal sun
Well pleasèdst that in thine his light he hid;
Love pricks me on to utter speech of thee,
And—feeble to commence without thy aid--
Of Him who on thy bosom rests in love.
Her I invoke who gracious still replies

To all who ask in faith:
 Virgin! if ever yet
 The misery of man and mortal things
 To mercy moved thee, to my prayer incline;
 Help me in this my strife,
 Though I am but of dust, and thou heaven's radiant Queen!

Wise Virgin! of that lovely number one,—
 Of virgins blest and wise
 Even the first, and with the brightest lamp:
 O solid buckler of afflicted hearts!
 'Neath which against the blows of fate and death,
 Not mere deliverance but great victory is;
 Relief from the blind ardor which consumes
 Vain mortals here below!
 Virgin! those lustrous eyes,
 Which tearfully beheld the cruel prints
 In the fair limbs of thy beloved Son,
 Ah! turn on my sad doubt,
 Who friendless, helpless thus, for counsel come to thee!

O Virgin! pure and perfect in each part,
 Maiden or Mother, from thy honored birth,
 This life to lighten and the next adorn;
 O bright and lofty gate of opened heaven!
 By thee, thy Son, and His the Almighty Sire,
 In our worst need to save us came below:
 And from amid all other earthly seats,
 Thou only wert elect,
 Virgin supremely blest!
 The tears of Eve who turnedst into joy;
 Make me, thou canst, yet worthy of his grace,
 Oh, happy without end,
 Who art in highest heaven a saint immortal shrined!

O holy Virgin! full of every good,
 Who, in humility most deep and true,
 To heaven art mounted, thence my prayers to hear
 That fountain thou of pity didst produce,
 That sun of justice, light, which calms and clears
 Our age, else clogged with errors dark and foul.
 Three sweet and precious names in thee combine,
 Of mother, daughter, wife,
 Virgin! with glory crowned,
 Queen of that King who has unloosed our bonds,

And free and happy made the world again,
 By whose most sacred wounds
 I pray my heart to fix where true joys only are!

Virgin! of all unparalleled, alone,
 Who with thy beauties hast enamored heaven,
 Whose like has never been, nor e'er shall be;
 For holy thoughts with chaste and pious acts
 To the true God a sacred living shrine
 In thy fecund virginity have made.
 By thee, dear Mary, yet my life may be
 Happy, if to thy prayers,
 O Virgin meek and mild!
 Where sin abounded grace shall more abound!
 With bended knee and broken heart I pray
 That thou my guide wouldst be,
 And to such prosperous end direct my faltering way.

Bright Virgin! and immutable as bright,
 O'er life's tempestuous ocean the sure star
 Each trusting mariner that truly guides,—
 Look down, and see amid this dreadful storm
 How I am tost at random and alone,
 And how already my last shriek is near;
 Yet still in thee, sinful although and vile
 My soul keeps all her trust:
 Virgin! I thee implore,
 Let not thy foe have triumph in my fall;
 Remember that our sin made God himself,
 To free us from its chain,
 Within thy virgin womb our image on him take!

Virgin! what tears already have I shed, [vain,
 Cherished what dreams and breathed what prayers in
 But for my own worse penance and sure loss:
 Since first on Arno's shore I saw the light
 Till now, whate'er I sought, wherever turned,
 My life has passed in torment and in tears;
 For mortal loveliness in air, act, speech,
 Has seized and soiled my soul:
 O Virgin! pure and good,
 Delay not till I reach my life's last year;
 Swifter than shaft and shuttle arc, my days
 'Mid misery and sin
 Have vanished all, and now death only is behind!

Virgin! She now is dust who living held
 My heart in grief, and plunged it since in gloom;
 She knew not of my many ills this one,—
 And had she known, what since befell me still
 Had been the same, for every other wish
 Was death to me and ill renown for her;
 But, Queen of heaven, our Goddess,—if to thee
 Such homage be not sin,—
 Virgin! of matchless mind,
 Thou knowest now the whole; and that which else
 No other can, is naught to thy great power:
 Deign then my grief to end,—
 Thus honor shall be thine, and safe my peace at last!

Virgin! in whom I fix my every hope,
 Who canst and wilt assist me in great need,
 Forsake me not in this my worst extreme:
 Regard not me, but Him who made me thus;
 Let his high image stamped on my poor worth
 Towards one so low and lost thy pity move.
 Medusa spells have made me as a rock
 Distilling a vain flood:
 Virgin! my harassed heart
 With pure and pious tears do thou fulfill,
 That its last sigh at least may be devout,
 And free from earthly taint
 As was my earliest vow ere madness filled my veins!

Virgin! benevolent, and foe of pride,
 Ah! let the love of our one Author win
 Some mercy for a contrite humble heart;
 For if her poor frail mortal dust I loved
 With loyalty so wonderful and long,
 Much more my faith and gratitude for thee.
 From this my present sad and sunken state
 If by thy help I rise,
 Virgin! to thy dear name
 I consecrate and cleanse my thoughts, speech, pen,
 My mind, and heart with all its tears and sighs;
 Point then that better path,
 And with complacence view my changed desires at last.

The day must come, nor distant far its date,
 Time flies so swift and sure,
 Oh, peerless and alone!

When death my heart, now conscience-struck, shall seize,
Commend me, Virgin! then to thy dear Son,
True God and Very Man,
That my last sigh in peace may in his arms be breathed!

Translation of Major Macgregor.

“CHIARE, FRESCHE E DOLCI ACQUE”

TO THE FOUNTAIN OF VAUCLUSE—CONTEMPLATIONS OF DEATH

YE LIMPID brooks, by whose clear streams
My goddess laid her tender limbs!
Ye gentle boughs, whose friendly shade
Gave shelter to the lovely maid!
Ye herbs and flowers, so sweetly pressed
By her soft rising snowy breast!
Ye zephyrs mild, that breathed around
The place where Love my heart did wound!
Now at my summons all appear,
And to my dying words give ear.

If then my destiny requires,
And Heaven with my fate conspires,
That Love these eyes should weeping close,
Here let me find a soft repose.
So death will less my soul affright,
And free from dread, my weary sprite
Naked alone will dare t' essay
The still unknown, though beaten way;
Pleased that her mortal part will have
So safe a port, so sweet a grave.

The cruel fair, for whom I burn,
May one day to these shades return,
And smiling with superior grace,
Her lover seek around this place;
And when instead of me she finds
Some crumbling dust tossed by the winds,
She may feel pity in her breast,
And sighing, wish me happy rest,
Drying her eyes with her soft veil:
Such tears must sure with Heaven prevail.

Well I remember how the flowers
Descended from these boughs in showers,

Encircled in the fragrant cloud
 She sat, nor 'midst such glory proud.
 These blossoms to her lap repair,
 These fall upon her flowing hair,
 (Like pearls enchased in gold they seem,)
 These on the ground, these on the stream;
 In giddy rounds these dancing say,
 "Here Love and Laura only sway."

In rapturous wonder oft I said,
 Sure she in Paradise was made;
 Thence sprang that bright angelic state,
 Those looks, those words, that heavenly gait,
 That beauteous smile, that voice divine,
 Those graces that around her shine.
 Transported I beheld the fair,
 And sighing cried, How came I here?
 In heaven, amongst th' immortal blest,
 Here let me fix and ever rest.

Translation of R. Molesworth.

"ERANO I CAPEI D' ORO ALL' AURA SPARSI"

HE PAINTS THE BEAUTIES OF LAURA, PROTESTING HIS UNALTERABLE
 LOVE

LOOSE to the breeze her golden tresses flowed,
 Wildly in thousand mazy ringlets blown,
 And from her eyes unconquered glances shone,
 Those glances now so sparingly bestowed.
 And true or false, meseemed some signs she showed
 As o'er her cheek soft pity's hue was thrown;
 I, whose whole breast with love's soft food was sown,
 What wonder if at once my bosom glowed?
 Graceful she moved, with more than mortal mien,
 In form an angel; and her accents won
 Upon the ear with more than human sound.
 A spirit heavenly pure, a living sun,
 Was what I saw; and if no more 'twere seen,
 T' unbend the bow will never heal the wound.

Translation Anonymous: Oxford, 1795

“IN QUAL PARTE DEL CIELO, IN QUALE IDEA”

HE EXTOLS THE BEAUTY AND VIRTUE OF LAURA

SAY from what part of heaven 'twas Nature drew,
 From what idea, that so perfect mold
 To form such features, bidding us behold,
 In charms below, what she above could do?
 What fountain nymph, what dryad maid e'er threw
 Upon the wind such tresses of pure gold?
 What heart such numerous virtues can unfold?
 Although the chiefest all my fond hopes slew.
 He for celestial charms may look in vain
 Who has not seen my fair one's radiant eyes,
 And felt their glances pleasingly beguile.
 How Love can heal his wounds, then wound again,
 He only knows who knows how sweet her sighs,
 How sweet her converse, and how sweet her smile

Translation of Rev. Dr. Nott.

THE DEATH-BED OF LAURA

NO POWER of darkness, with ill influence, dared
 Within a space so holy to intrude,
 Till Death his terrible triumph had declared.
 Then hushed was all lament, all fear subdued;
 Each on those beauteous features gazed intent,
 And from despair was armed with fortitude.
 As a pure flame that not by force is spent,
 But faint and fainter softly dies away
 Passed gently forth in peace the soul, content;
 And as a light of clear and steady ray.
 When fails the source from which its brightness flows,
 She to the last held on her wonted way.
 Pale, was she? no; but white as shrouding snows,
 That, when the winds are lulled, fall silently,
 She seemed as one o'erwearied to repose.
 E'en as in balmy slumbers lapt to lie
 (The spirit parted from the form below),
 In her appeared what th' unwise term to die;
 And Death sate beauteous on her beauteous brow.

Translation of Lady Dacre.

“OIMÉ IL BEL VISO! OIMÉ IL SOAVE AGUARDO!”

ON THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE DEATH OF LAURA

ALAS! that touching glance, that beauteous face!
 Alas! that dignity with sweetness fraught!
 Alas! that speech which tamed the wildest thought!
 That roused the coward, glory to embrace;
 Alas! that smile which in me did encase
 The fatal dart, whence here I hope for naught.
 Oh! hadst thou earlier our regions sought,
 The world had then confessed thy sovereign grace!
 In thee I breathed; life's flame was nursed by thee,
 For I was thine; and since of thee bereaved,
 Each other woe hath lost its venom'd sting:
 My soul's blest joy! when last thy voice on me
 In music fell, my heart sweet hope conceived;
 Alas! thy words have sped on zephyrs' wing!

Translation of Miss Wollaston.

“SE LAMENTAR AUGELLI, O VERDI FRONDE”

SHE IS EVER PRESENT TO HIM

IF THE lorn bird complain, or rustling weep
 Soft summer airs o'er foliage waving slow,
 Or the hoarse brook come murmuring down the steep,
 Where on the enameled bank I sit below,
 With thoughts of love that bid my numbers flow,—
 'Tis then I see her, though in earth she sleep!
 Her, formed in heaven! I see, and hear, and know!
 Responsive sighing, weeping as I weep:
 “Alas!” she pitying says, “ere yet the hour,
 Why hurry life away with swifter flight?
 Why from thy eyes this flood of sorrow pour?
 No longer mourn my fate! through death my days
 Become eternal! to eternal light
 These eyes, which seemed in darkness closed, I raise!”

Translation of Lady Dacre.

«ALMA FELICE, CHE SOVENTE TORNI»

HE THANKS HER THAT FROM TIME TO TIME SHE RETURNS TO CONSOLE
HIM WITH HER PRESENCE

WHEN welcome slumber locks my torpid frame,
I see thy spirit in the midnight dream;
Thine eyes that still in living lustre beam:
In all but frail mortality the same.
Ah! then, from earth and all its sorrows free,
Methinks I meet thee in each former scene,
Once the sweet shelter of a heart serene;
Now vocal only while I weep for thee.
For thee!—ah, no! From human-ills secure,
Thy hallowed soul exults in endless day,
'Tis I who linger on the toilsome way.
No balm relieves the anguish I endure,
Save the fond feeble hope that thou art near
To soothe my sufferings with an angel's tear.

Translation of Anne Bannerman.

«I' HO PIEN DI SOSPIR QUEST' AER TUTTO»

VAUCLUSE HAS BECOME TO HIM A SCENE OF PAIN

TO EVERY sound, save sighs, this air is mute,
When from rude rocks I view the smiling land
Where she was born, who held my life in hand
From its first bud till blossoms turned to fruit.
To heaven she's gone, and I left destitute
To mourn her loss, and cast around in pain
These wearied eyes, which, seeking her in vain
Where'er they turn, o'erflow with grief acute;
There's not a root or stone amongst these hills,
Nor branch nor verdant leaf 'midst these soft glades,
Nor in the valley flowery herbage grows,
Nor liquid drop the sparkling fount distils,
Nor savage beast that shelters in these shades,
But knows how sharp my grief—how deep my woes.

Translation of Mrs. Wrottesley.

«PASSATO È 'L TEMPO OMAI, LASSO! CHE TANTO»

HIS ONLY DESIRE IS AGAIN TO BE WITH HER

AH! GONE for ever are the happy years
 That soothed my soul amid love's fiercest fire,
 And she for whom I wept and tuned my lyre
 Has gone, alas!—but left my lyre, my tears:
 Gone is the face, whose holy look endears;
 But in my heart, ere yet it did retire,
 Left the sweet radiance of its eyes entire;
 My heart? Ah, no! not mine! for to the spheres
 Of light she bore it captive, soaring high,
 In angel robe triumphant, and now stands
 Crowned with the laurel wreath of chastity:
 Oh, could I throw aside these earthly bands
 That tie me down where wretched mortals sigh,
 To join blest spirits in celestial lands!

Translation of Dr. Morehead.

«SENTO L' AURA MIA ANTICA, E I DOLCI COLLI»

HE REVISITS VAUCLUSE

ONCE more, ye balmy gales, I feel you blow;
 Again, sweet hills, I mark the morning beams
 Gild your green summits; while your silver streams
 Through vales of fragrance undulating flow.
 But you, ye dreams of bliss, no longer here
 Give life and beauty to the glowing scene;
 For stern remembrance stands where you have been,
 And blasts the verdure of the blooming year.
 O Laura! Laura! in the dust with thee,
 Would I could find a refuge from despair!
 Is this thy boasted triumph, Love, to tear
 A heart thy coward malice dares not free;
 And bid it live, while every hope is fled,
 To weep among the ashes of the dead?

Translation of Anne Bannerman.

“E’ MI PAR D’OR IN ORA UDIRE IL MESSO”

HE FEELS THAT THE DAY OF THEIR REUNION IS AT HAND

METHINKS from hour to hour her voice I hear;
 My Lady calls me! I would fain obey:
 Within, without, I feel myself decay;
 And am so altered—not with many a year—
 That to myself a stranger I appear;

All my old usual life is put away.

Could I but know how long I have to stay!
 Grant, Heaven, the long-wished summons may be near!
 Oh, blest the day when from this earthly jail

I shall be freed; when burst and broken lies
 This mortal guise, so heavy yet so frail;

When from this black night my saved spirit flies,
 Soaring up, up, above the bright serene,
 Where with my Lord my Lady shall be seen.

Translation of Major Macgregor.

“SOLO E PENSOSO I PIÙ DESERTI CAMPI”

HE SEEKS SOLITUDE, BUT LOVE FOLLOWS HIM EVERYWHERE

ALONE, and lost in thought, the desert glade
 Measuring, I roam with ling’ring steps and slow;
 And still a watchful glance around me throw,
 Anxious to shun the print of human tread:
 No other means I find, no surer aid

From the world’s prying eye to hide my woe:

So well my wild disordered gestures show,
 And love-lorn looks, the fire within me bred,
 That well I deem each mountain, wood, and plain,
 And river, knows what I from man conceal,—

What dreary hues my life’s fond prospects dim.
 Yet whate’er wild or savage paths I’ve ta’en,
 Where’er I wander, Love attends me still,
 Soft whisp’ring to my soul, and I to him.

Translation Anonymous: Oxford, 1795.

PADRE DEL CIEL, DOPO I PERDUTI GIORNI»

CONSCIOUS OF HIS FOLLY, HE PRAYS GOD TO TURN HIM TO A BETTER
LIFE

FATHER of heaven! after days misspent,
 After the nights of wild tumultuous thought,
 In that fierce passion's strong entanglement,
 One, for my peace too lovely fair, had wrought:
 Vouchsafe that by thy grace, my spirit, bent
 On nobler aims, to holier ways be brought;
 That so my Foe, spreading with dark intent
 His mortal snares, be foiled, and held at naught.
 E'en now th' eleventh year its course fulfills,
 That I have bowed me to the tyranny
 Relentless most to fealty most tried.
 Have mercy, Lord! on my unworthy ills;
 Fix all my thoughts in contemplation high,—
 How on the cross this day a Savior died.

Translation of Lady Dacre.

"CHI VUOL VEDER QUANTUNQUE PUÒ NATURA»

WHOEVER BEHOLDS HER MUST ADMIT THAT HIS PRAISES CANNOT REACH
HER PERFECTION

WHO wishes to behold the utmost might
 Of heaven and nature, on her let him gaze,—
 Sole sun, not only in my partial lays,
 But to the dark world, blind to virtue's light!
 And let him haste to view: for death in spite
 The guilty leaves, and on the virtuous preys;
 For this loved angel heaven impatient stays;
 And mortal charms are transient as they're bright!
 Here shall he see, if timely he arrive,
 Virtue and beauty, royalty of mind,
 In one blest union joined. Then shall he say
 That vainly my weak rhymes to praise her strive,
 Whose dazzling beams have struck my genius blind;
 He must forever weep if he delay!

Translation of Lord Charlemont.

“NÈ MAI PIETOSA MADRE AL CARO FIGLIO”

HER COUNSEL ALONE AFFORDS HIM RELIEF

N^E’ER to the son in whom her age is blest,
 The anxious mother,—nor to her loved lord
 The wedded dame, impending ill to ward,—
 With careful sighs so faithful counsel pressed,
 As she who, from her high eternal rest,
 Bending as though my exile she deplored,
 With all her wonted tenderness restored,
 And softer pity on her brow impressed!
 Now with a mother’s fears, and now as one
 Who loves with chaste affection, in her speech
 She points what to pursue and what to shun!
 Our years retracing of long, various grief,
 Wooing my soul at higher good to reach,
 And while she speaks, my bosom finds relief!

Translation of Lady Dacre.

“QUI REPOSAN QUEI CASTE E FELICI OSSA”

SONNET FOUND IN LAURA’S TOMB

H^ERE now repose those chaste, those blest remains
 Of that most gentle spirit, sole in earth!
 Harsh monumental stone, that here confinest
 True honor, fame, and beauty, all o’erthrown!
 Death has destroyed that Laurel green, and torn
 Its tender roots; and all the noble meed
 Of my long warfare, passing (if aright
 My melancholy reckoning holds) four lustres.
 O happy plant! Avignon’s favored soil
 Has seen thee spring and die;—and here with thee
 Thy poet’s pen, and Muse, and genius lie.
 O lovely beauteous limbs! O vivid fire,
 That even in death hast power to melt the soul!
 Heaven be thy portion, peace with God on high!

Translation of Lord Woodhouselee.

PETRONIUS ARBITER

(FIRST CENTURY A. D.: DIED 66)

BY HARRIET WATERS PRESTON

IN THE solemn last book of the fragmentary Annals of Tacitus, where the historian is enumerating the distinguished victims of Nero's tyranny, he pauses for a moment before one gallant figure, of which the smiling, dauntless, almost insolent grace appears to discountenance and half confute the sombre vehemence of his own righteous wrath.

"But about Gaius Petronius," he says, "a word more is necessary. It had been the habit of this man to sleep in the daytime, reserving the night hours both for the duties and the delights of life. Others win fame by industry; he won his by indolence. Yet it was not as a roysterer, or a debauchee, that he was renowned, like the common herd of spendthrifts, but for being profoundly versed in the art of luxury. Free of speech, prompt in action, and ostentatiously careless of consequences, he nevertheless charmed by a complete absence of affectation. Yet when he was proconsul in Bithynia, and afterward as consul, he showed great vigor and ability in affairs. Returning then to his vices,—or to his affectation of vice,—he was received into the small circle of Nero's intimates as 'arbiter,' or final authority in matters of taste. Nothing was considered truly elegant and refined until Petronius had given it his sanction. All this excited the



PETRONIUS ARBITER

jealousy of Tigellinus, who scented a rival, and one more accomplished than himself in the proper lore of the voluptuary. He therefore began appealing to the emperor's cruelty, which was stronger in him than any other sentiment; accused Petronius of complicity with Scævinius, had him indicted, seized and imprisoned the greater part of his household, suborned a slave to testify against him, bought off the defense. Meanwhile Cæsar had gone into Campania; but Petronius, who was to have followed him, was arrested at Cumæ, and preferred himself to put an end to all uncertainty. Yet he showed no unseemly hurry even about taking his own life. When his veins had been once opened, he ordered them bound up again for a little and talked with his friends cheerfully and lightly,—not in the least as though wishing to impress

them by his fortitude. Verses were improvised, and merry songs were sung. He was ready to listen to anything and everything except philosophical maxims and discourse on the immortality of the soul. To some of his slaves he gave largess, and to some he gave lashes. Finally he lay down upon a couch, and composed himself to sleep, as though preferring that his compulsory end should appear an accidental one. He had not, however, like many of the victims of that period, devoted his last will and testament to the adulation of Nero and Tigellinus. On the contrary, he drew up an arraignment of the Emperor, detailing all his adulteries and ingenious atrocities, and giving the names of those whom he had destroyed,—both men and women; which document he sealed and dispatched to Nero. He then broke his seal-ring, that it might bring no one else into trouble.”

Except for what remains of his own writing, and for casual and unimportant allusions by the elder Pliny, Macrobius, and one or two other ancient writers, this is literally all we know of Nero's *arbiter elegantiæ*; but seldom have a character and a career been condensed into fewer and more telling words. The whole man is there,—as truly as in the highly elaborate portrait drawn by Henryk Sienkiewicz, in (*Quo Vadis*.) We see and know him in all his native amiability and perfect breeding, his keen insight, quiet daring, and immense reserve of power; his irresistible gayety and careless fascination. But even without the help of the stern yet candid analysis of Tacitus, we almost think we could have divined the same interesting personality from the disjointed fragments of Petronius's own book. Even where the matter of the story it tells is coarsest, the narrator's accent is so refined, his touch so light,—above all, his humor is at once so droll and so delightfully indulgent and humane,—that we cannot help separating the man from his work. We feel as if he had the magic art of keeping his own fine toga to some extent unsmirched by the filth amid which he treads; and as if it were quite deliberately, and with a motive not base, and even less unkindly, that he holds his artistic silver mirror up to the festering waste of common Roman nature.

The ‘*Satiricon*,’ or ‘*Satirorum Liber Petronii Arbitri*,’ contained originally—or was apparently to have contained—some twenty books, of which we only possess parts of the fifteenth and sixteenth, and a few more disconnected passages. The species of satire was that known as Menippean, or prose interspersed with bits of verse. In the language of our day, the works would be called a novel of manners and adventure. And what manners! what adventures! Over and over again we turn away in disgust, but the irresistible accents of the narrator win us back. “Come, come,” he seems to say, “nothing human is alien! Squeamishness—pardon me!—is often a mere lack of nerve! These curious, wallowing folk are, after all, our next of

kin. Do not let us commit the unpardonable vulgarity of being ashamed of our relations! And then—they are so deliciously droll!” So he pursues his theme with all the *verve* of Dumas père, and all, but the unerring discernment and dramatic power of Shakespeare.

The freedman Eucolpius is relating his adventures, and those of his friend Ascylos, by sea and land. They appear, when we abruptly make their acquaintance, already to have traveled far and seen much. In the fifth century we come upon traces of them at Marseilles, in the writings of a no less worthy author than Sidonius Apollinaris,—but just where we pick them up they are living by their abundant wits among the semi-Greek cities of southern Italy; chiefly perhaps at Cumæ. The best and most complete episode they have to offer us is that of a stupendous feast, given by an enormously rich and ignorant parvenu named Trimalchio. The invitations have been so general that our two ne'er-do-weels find it easy to be included. The clumsy ceremonial and sumptuous hideosity of the house of entertainment are minutely and conscientiously described,—the costly serving of impossible viands, the persons of the host and of his wife Fortunata, with the ineffably queer contrast between their naïve grossness and their æsthetic affectations, their good temper and bad taste. Then we have the motley assemblage of guests, who, when Trimalchio leaves the table for a few minutes, all break out into uproarious talk. They have had just wine enough to reveal themselves without stint or shame. Two, a trifle more maudlin than the rest, solemnly discuss the folly and danger of too frequent baths. A morose old fellow interrupts them to bemoan the degeneracy of the times, the frightful decay of religion,—above all, the high cost of living. He will tell anybody who will listen to him, how cheap bread used to be, and how big the loaves when a certain Safinius was *Ædile*. After Trimalchio comes back, he makes a pompous attempt at turning the conversation to higher themes. He has heard that literature and art are the proper things to discuss at banquets, and he calls attention to the splendor of his own table ware, and repeats what they used to tell him at school about Homer. His elderly spouse, Fortunata, who has had a little too much wine since she joined the company at dessert, now obliges them with a dance; after which the fun becomes fast and furious, and unutterable anecdotes are in order. Trimalchio himself tells a ghost story; then, lapsing into a sentimental mood, he begins to recite his own last will and testament, and is so overcome by the generosity of his own posthumous provisions that he bursts into tears, and blubbers out an epitaph which begins, “Here lies Gaius Pompeius Trimalchio, the new *Mæcenas*,” and closes with the touching words, “He left thirty million sesterces, and never attended a course of Philosophy. Stranger, go thou and do likewise!”

The wit, spirit, and dramatic life of the whole scene are wonderful; the satire on the high life of the day and its frantic luxury is audacious and merciless. So hearty, infectious, and in the main, wholesome a laugh is not to be found elsewhere in all the Latin classics; not even in Horace, or Terence, or the gayest letters of Cicero. If, as appears likely enough, Tigellinus himself was glanced at in the demurely detailed solecisms and ineptitudes of Trimalchio at table, we really cannot wonder that Petronius's life was forfeit. All other and graver injuries would be light to a man of that description, beside the doom of being made supremely and eternally ridiculous.

Each one of the heterogeneous mob at Trimalchio's table is made to speak his own proper and inevitable dialect. Eucolpius, the hero, talks the cultivated Latin of his day—the Latin of a man who also knows Greek. But rustic and otherwise vulgar idioms come naturally to the lips of other guests; and there is a spice of racy old Roman slang—of the sort, no doubt, over which Cicero and his friend Papirius Pætus used to chuckle in their *soixantaine*, and which diverted them as the most polished Greek epigram could not do.

The friends manage to slip away during the emotion occasioned by Trimalchio's epitaph, and resume their vagrant life. Presently they have a furious quarrel, and after they have parted company, Eucolpius, while wandering disconsolately through a richly frescoed portico in a certain seaside town, falls in with a fat and unappreciated poet named Eumolpus, who is also a great connoisseur in art, and explains the paintings. These two join fortunes in their turn, and finally arrive together at Cortona, "the most ancient town in Italy," the manners and customs of whose citizens are described with an elaborate irony, of which, amusing as it is, we suspect that we do not appreciate quite all the delicate malice. Eumolpus, who has written long poems, both on the 'Capture of Troy' and the 'Civil War,' is lavish of recitations from these neglected masterpieces: and his poetry is by no means bad; though in the midst of its most serious and dignified passages, the reader is liable to be irresistibly tickled by a sly touch of irreverent Virgilian parody.

The MS. of the 'Cena Trimalchionis' was first discovered in a convent at Trau in Dalmatia, in 1650, and published at Padua four years later. It has been several times translated; and considering the obvious affinities between Petronius and the more polished representatives of "l'esprit Gaulois," one would have expected the French translations to be the best of all. But the most noteworthy and complete of these, by Héguin de Guerle of the Academy of Lyons, is weakened by excessive diffuseness; and is not to be compared in point, pith, and color, with a German version by Heinrich Merken,

published—strange to say, without any paraphernalia of notes or parade of scholarship—at Jena in 1876.

Besides the fragments of the ‘Satiricon,’ there are a good many others, both in prose and verse,—some of the latter very charming,—which are attributed with reasonable if not absolute certainty to Petronius Arbiter. One thinks at times with an impatience bordering on exasperation of all the lost books of the ‘Satiricon,’ and of what they might have told us concerning the habits and humors of the dead and gone Romans; but the rigid moralist will be apt to consider that what we have is enough.

Harriet Wallace Petron

THE ADVENTURE OF THE CLOAK

ASCYLLOS wished to push on to Naples that very day. “But,” say I, “it is most imprudent to go to a place where we may be sure close search will be made for us. Let us rather keep clear of the city, and travel about for a few days; we have enough money to do it comfortably.” He falls in with my plan, and we set out for a town, charmingly situated among smiling fields, where not a few of our friends were enjoying the pleasures of the season. Hardly however had we accomplished half our journey, when bucketfuls of rain began to fall from a great cloud, and we fled for refuge to a wayside inn, where we found many others in like plight with ourselves. The crowd prevented our being watched; and so we examined with curious eyes to see what theft stood easiest to our hands, and presently Ascylltos picked up a little sack which proved to contain many gold pieces. Rejoicing that our first omen should be so lucky, but afraid that the bag might be missed, we slipped out by the back door. Here we saw a groom saddling some horses, who presently entered the house in search of something he had forgotten; and during his absence I undid the cords, and made off with a gorgeous cloak which was bound to one of the saddles. Then skirting the stable walls, we took refuge in a wood hard by. Safe in its recesses, we had a great discussion as to the best disposition of our treasure, that we might not excite any suspicion either of being thieves or of possessing valuables. Finally we determined to sew the money into the lining of a worn mantle, which I then threw

over my shoulders, while Ascyrtos took charge of the cloak; and we planned to make our way by unfrequented roads to the city. But just as we were getting out of the forest, we heard on our left: "They won't escape: they went into the wood. Split up the party and make a thorough search. In this way we shall catch them easily." When we heard this we were so frightened that Ascyrtos plunged off through the briers toward town, while I rushed back into the wood at such a pace that the precious mantle fell from my shoulders without my knowing it. Worn out at last, and incapable of walking a step further, I threw myself down in the shade of a tree, and then noticed for the first time that my mantle was gone. Grief restored my strength; and rising, I set about recovering my treasure. After a long and fruitless search, overcome by fatigue and sorrow, I found myself in a deep thicket, where for four hours, melancholy and alone, I stayed amid the horrid shades. When I had at last resolved to leave this place, on a sudden I came face to face with a peasant. Then in truth I had need of all my firmness; nor did it fail me. I went boldly up to him, and asked him the way to the city, declaring that I was lost in the forest. My appearance roused his compassion, for I was pale as death and covered with mud; and after asking if I had seen any one in the wood, and receiving a negative answer, he obligingly put me on the high-road, where he met two of his friends, who reported that they had scoured every forest-path and found nothing but the mantle, which they displayed. I had not sufficient audacity to claim it as mine, you may easily believe, though I knew it well enough and its value; but how I regretted it and sighed for the loss of my fortune! The peasants, however, suspected nothing, and with ever more and more lagging footsteps I pursued my way.

It was late when I reached the city; and there at the first inn I found Ascyrtos lying, half dead with fatigue, on a miserable pallet. I let myself fall on another bed, and couldn't utter a single word. Greatly disturbed at not seeing my mantle, he demanded it of me in the most peremptory tones. I was too weak to articulate, and a melancholy glance was my only answer. Later, when my strength returned, I unfolded our misfortune to Ascyrtos. He thought I was joking; and in spite of my tears and solemn protestations, did not entirely lay aside his suspicions, but seemed inclined to think that I wanted to cheat him out of the money. This distressed me; and still more the consciousness

that the police were on our tracks. When I spoke of this to Ascylos, he took it lightly enough, because he had escaped from their clutches before. He assured me that we were perfectly safe, as we had no acquaintances, and no one had seen us. Yet we would have liked to feign illness, and keep to our bedroom; but our money was gone, and we had to set out sooner than we had planned, and under the pressure of need sell some of our garments.

As night was closing in, we came to a market-place where we saw a quantity of things on sale, not valuable in truth, and of which the ownership was so questionable that night was surely the best time to dispose of them. We too had brought the stolen cloak; and finding the opportunity so favorable, we took up our stand in a corner, and unfolded an edge of the garment, in the hope that its splendor might attract a purchaser. In a few minutes up comes a peasant well known to me by sight, with a young woman alongside, and begins to examine the cloak carefully. On his part Ascylos cast a glance towards the shoulders of the rustic, and stood spell-bound; for he saw it was the very man who had picked up my mantle in the forest, neither more nor less. But Ascylos could not believe his eyes; and to make sure, under pretext of drawing the would-be purchaser towards him, he drew the mantle from his shoulders and fingered it carefully.

Oh, wonderful irony of fortune! the peasant had never felt the seams, and was ready to sell it for a mere mass of rags, which a beggar would scorn. As soon as he had made sure that our deposit was intact, Ascylos, after surveying the man, drew me to one side and—"Learn, brother," said he, "that the treasure for which I lamented is restored to us. That is the very mantle and the money in it, to the best of my belief. Now what are we to do to get it back?" I was delighted, not only because I saw the plunder, but because fortune had cleared me of so base a suspicion. I wanted no beating about the bush, but a straightforward appeal to justice; and should the man refuse to give up another's property on demand, his summons to court.

But Ascylos stood in dread of the law. "Who knows us here," said he, "or who would believe what we said? Better buy it, since we know its value, even though it be ours already, than get into court. We shall get it cheap.

“What is the use of laws, where our lady Money sits queen, or
Where a man who is poor never has right on his side?
Round their frugal board the philosophers mourn at such fashions,
Yet they too have been found selling their speeches for gold.
So the judges' rights are reduced to a tariff of prices;
Knights, when they sit on the bench, prove that the case has
been bought.”

But save for one small coin, with which we had meant to buy
pease and beans, we were penniless. So not to lose our hold,
nor run the risk of letting slip the better bargain, we came down
in the price of the cloak. As soon as we had unfolded our mer-
chandise, the woman, who with covered head had been stand-
ing at the peasant's side, grasped the garment with both hands,
screaming at the top of her voice that she had caught her thieves.
In response, for the sake of doing something, though we were
horribly frightened, we seized the torn and dirty mantle, and with
equal energy announced that it was our property. But our case
was weaker than theirs by far, and the crowd, which ran up at the
noise, enjoyed a hearty laugh at our expense; seeing that the oth-
ers were claiming a splendid garment, and we one that was dirty
and covered with patches. When they had had their laugh out,
Ascylos said, “You see a man loves his own best: let them give
us back our mantle and take their cloak.” This bargain suited
both the peasant and the woman; but up came two sheriffs—two
night-hawks, rather—and wanted to appropriate the cloak. They
demanded that both garments should be deposited with them,
saying the judge would decide on the merits of the case the fol-
lowing day. And they said moreover that the real question was,
against which party a charge of theft could be brought. They
had all but settled on confiscating the goods; and a man in the
crowd, bald, with pimply forehead, who had something to do with
the courts, took hold of the cloak and declared that he would
produce it the following day. It was clear that their real object
was to get hold of the cloak and share it among themselves,
feeling sure that we would not dare to present ourselves in court.
True enough too, and so the case was speedily settled; for the
angry peasant, disgusted at our making such a fuss about a mass
of patches, threw the mantle in Ascylos's face and ordered him
to hand over the cloak, the only ground of dispute. Our treas-
ure once more in our hands, we hurried away to the tavern, and

behind closed doors had a good laugh at the sharpness of the peasant and the crowd, who had combined by their cleverness to get us back our money.

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature' by L. P. D.

TRIMALCHIO'S REMINISCENCES

TRIMALCHIO now turned his beaming countenance in our direction. "If you don't like the wine," said he, "I will change it. Your drink must suit you. Praise be to the gods. I don't buy it, for all that pleases your palate comes from a certain country-place of mine, which I have not yet visited. They say it lies between Terracina and Taranto. My present purpose is to add Sicily to my other estates, so that if I should want to go to Africa, I might keep to my own property on the journey. But tell me, Agamemnon, what was the subject of your discussion to-day?—for though I am no lawyer, still I have acquired all the principles of a polite education; and to prove that I keep up my studies, learn that I have three libraries, one Greek and two Latin. So give me the peroration of your address."

When Agamemnon had begun, "Two men, one rich and one poor, were enemies—" "What is *poor*?" demands Trimalchio. "Neat point!" exclaims Agamemnon, and went on to give some sort of a learned dissertation. Presently Trimalchio interrupted him. "If the subject in hand," says he, "be fact, there is no room for argument; if not fact, then it is nothing at all."

As we received these and such-like statements with the warmest expressions of approval, he proceeded: "Pray, my dear Agamemnon, do you remember by any chance the twelve labors of Hercules, or anything about the story of Ulysses,—as for example, how the Cyclops dislocated his thumb with a paint-brush? I used to read Homer when I was a boy, and at Cumæ I saw with my own eyes the Sibyl hung up in a glass bottle; and when the boys said to her, 'What do you want, Sibyl?' she used to answer, '*I want to die.*'"

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LAUDATOR TEMPORIS ACTI

THEN said Ganymede:—"You're talking in the air, and nobody gives a thought to the famine which threatens us. By Hercules! I haven't been able to get a crumb of bread to-day. And why not? The long drought. Why, I've been on short rations for a year now! The *ædiles*—curse 'em!—are in league with the bakers. 'One good turn deserves another,' is their motto; and so the poor toil on, and the jaws that crush them make one long holiday. Oh, if we only had some of those valiant defenders, such as I found here when first I came from Asia. That was living. This sort of thing had been going on in the interior of Sicily: there had been a drought as though Jupiter were in a rage with the Sicilians. But I remember Sabinus; when I was a boy he lived by the old arch. What a keen tongue the man had! Wherever he went, he caused a flare-up! But he was an upright man, on whom you could depend—who stood by his friends—with whom you could play *morra* in the dark. But when he spoke in the Senate! How he dealt his adversaries one after another a knock-down blow: he didn't talk in the air, either, but went straight to the point. When he was pleading at the bar his voice would peal out like a trumpet; but he never got hot or had to clear his throat. He had a certain something of us Asiatics about him, you see. And how kindly he was! always returned your bow! never forgot a name! Just like one of us! By the same token, when he was *ædile*, living was dirt-cheap. Two men couldn't get to the end of a penny loaf; while those you get for the same price nowadays are about as a bull's eye. These are bad times; this colony is growing backwards like a calf's tail. And why not? We have a good-for-nothing *ædile*, who would rather gain a penny than save one of our lives. He lives high, and makes more in one day than all another man's fortune. I know what brought him in a thousand *nummi* in gold; but if we were any good, we should make him laugh out of the other side of his mouth. But we are all alike,—brave as lions at home, timid as a fox abroad. As for me, I've eaten my wardrobe, and if the scarcity continues I shall sell my little cottage. For what will become of us if neither god nor man has compassion on this colony? I wish I may starve if I don't believe it all comes from the gods! For

nobody believes in heaven any longer; nobody keeps the fasts; nobody cares a straw for Jove: but all shut their eye to everything but their possessions. In olden times the women used to go barefoot to the Capitol, their hair loose and their thoughts pure, and implore Jupiter the god of Rain; and immediately the water would come down in bucketfuls, and all laughed with joy. Never a bit of it now! The feet of the women are shod, and the feet of the gods are slow; it's because we don't keep up our religious ceremonies that the fields lie waste."

"Come now," said Echion, the rag-man, "be a little more complimentary! 'Here we go up, and here we go down!' as the peasant said when he lost his spotted pig. What to-day is not, will be to-morrow. Such is life. By Hercules! our country would be all right, if it had any men in it. It's passing through a crisis just now. And that's not the whole of it. We ought to take things as we find them: the zenith is always overhead. If you were in another land, you would say that here the pigs walked round all ready roasted. And we are to have a fine treat in three days' time on the feast-day; none of your professional gladiators, but a lot of freedmen. Our friend Titus has a warm heart and a clever head. He's got something or other up his sleeve. I ought to know, for I'm a great friend of his. He's no sparer of flesh: he will give them good swords and no quarter; the spectators will have a solid heap of dead in their midst: and he can afford it. His father left him a million and a half. Suppose he spends twenty thousand: his fortune won't feel it, and his name will live forever."

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THE MASTER OF THE FEAST

IN THE best of humors, Trimalchio began:—"My friends, even slaves are men, and suck the same milk as ourselves, though ill-luck keeps them down in the world. And by my life! they shall soon drink of the water of freedom. In short, I have set them all free in my will. I have given, besides, a farm to Philagyras, and the woman who lives with him, and to Carrio a whole block of buildings free of taxes, and a bed with bedding. Fortunata I make my residuary legatee, and I recommend her to the care of all my friends; and I make these facts known that

my slaves may love me as well now as though I were already dead."

All began to express their gratitude to their indulgent master. He took it with perfect seriousness; and ordered a copy of his will to be brought, which he repeated from the first word to the last, amid the groans of his household. Then, turning towards Habinnas, "Promise, my dearest friend," said he, "that you will build my monument according to my directions. Let there be a little dog at the feet of my statue, and deck it with garlands and perfumes, and paint about it all the incidents of my life; so by your kindness, though dead, I shall still live. Moreover, I want my lot to have a hundred feet frontage, and be two hundred feet deep. I want you to plant all kinds of apple-trees about my ashes, and plenty of grape-vines. For it is wrong to beautify the homes of the living only, and neglect those abodes where we are sure to make a longer stay. And so I beg you, above all things, to set up a notice: 'This monument does not pass to the heir.' Moreover, I will provide in my will against any insult being offered my remains: I will put one of my freedmen in charge of my sepulchre, whose business shall be to see that no nuisance is committed there. I beg you put ships on my monument, going under full sail, and my likeness, clad in robes of state, and sitting on the tribune's seat, with fine gold rings on my fingers, and scattering a bagful of money among the crowd;—you recollect when I gave a public entertainment and two denarii apiece to the guests all round. And pray have a dining-room, and all the folks enjoying themselves! At my right hand you must put a statue of my beloved Fortunata holding a dove, and leading a small dog by a leash; and have my Cicaro represented, and some big jars tightly sealed, so the wine cannot possibly run out; and see that they carve a broken urn with a boy weeping over it. Finally you must put a timepiece in the centre, so that whoever looks up to learn the hour will have no choice but to read my name." . . .

At this point Trimalchio began to weep; Fortunata and Habinnas also burst out sobbing, and all the slaves followed suit, till the dining-room resounded with lamentations, as though they were all at a funeral. I also was preparing to burst into tears, when Trimalchio checked me by the remark, "Well then, since we know that we must die, why not live while we may?"

ON DREAMS

THE dreams that tease us with their phantoms eerie
 Come not from holy shrine nor heavenly space,
 But from within. Sleep stays the limbs a-weary,
 The truant spirit goes its wanton ways.
 Deeds of the day, deeds of the dark. The warrior
 Sees hosts in flight and hapless towns on fire;
 The monarch slain confronts his fell destroyer,
 Amid a weltering waste of blood-stained mire
 The Forum's all-triumphant pleader trembles
 Before the law, or frets within the bar;
 The miser his unearthed gold assembles,
 And baying hounds the huntsman call afar;
 The sinking seaman grasps the vessel keeling,
 The courtesan indites a billet-doux,
 The debauchee counts out his coin unwilling,
 The very dogs in dreams their hare pursue.

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature' by H. W. P.

EPITAPH ON A FAVORITE HUNTING-DOG

(ATTRIBUTED TO PETRONIUS ARBITER)

NATIVE of Gaul was I, and the name they gave me was Cockle,
 After a white sea-shell. I was beautiful too,
 Ay, and brave! I would scour the darkest depths of the forest
 Or upon desolate hill startle the quarry hirsute.
 Never was need at all of ugly chains to withhold me,
 Never an insolent lash wounded my snowy skin;
 Softly I used to lie in the lap of my lord or my lady,
 Or on the high state bed, when I came panting home.
 Even my bark, men said, awoke no terror insensate:
 Only a poor dumb beast, yet with a speech of my own!
 Nevertheless the doom ordained from my birthday o'ertook me,
 Wherefore I sleep in earth under this tiny stone.

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PHILEMON


(361-263 B. C.)

MENANDER

(342-291 B. C.)

AND THE LOST ATTIC COMEDY

BY WILLIAM CRANSTON LAWTON

RAGMENTARY and tantalizing as is the flotsam and jetsam drifted to us from the wreck of Greek civilization, we can yet say, of the literary masterpieces at least, that we have almost always a fair selection from the best in each kind. The bitterest loss is in lyric poetry. Probably most lovers of the old life would be tempted to give up even Pindar's cold and resounding splendor to recover the love songs of Sappho.

In the case of comedy, there can be no doubt that Aristophanes was the one exuberantly original genius, whose lonely height has been reached since then only twice at most: by Molière, and by the myriad-sided creator of Jack Falstaff, Caliban, and Bottom the weaver. If Attic comedy could have but one representative surviving in the modern world, there was no one to contest the right of Aristophanes. And yet: his very originality, his elemental creativeness, mocks the patient student who attempts to cite from him historical data, traits of manners, or even usages of the theatre! Nothing in his comic world walks our earth, or breathes our heavier air. We may as well appeal for mere facts to the adventurous Alice.

In a memorable passage at the close of Plato's 'Symposium,' after all the other banqueters are asleep, Socrates forces Aristophanes and the tragic poet Agathon—much against the will of both—to concede that their two arts are one, and that he who is a master artist in comedy can create tragedy no less. Though this seems to us like a marvelous foreshadowing of Shakespeare, it probably was in fact suggested to Plato by a process which he must have seen already far advanced; namely, the rapid approximation of the two dramatic forms to each other, until they were practically fused in the realistic melodrama, the comedy of manners. This creation is chiefly associated by the Athenians themselves with the long happy career of Philemon, though later ages preferred his younger and briefer-lived rival Menander.

These authors of comedy were right, however, in regarding as their chief master Euripides, who brought the dramatist's art down from its pedestal. He made his characters essentially human, realistic, even contemporary, in all save names and costumes. With his fussy nurses and quibbling slaves the comedy of manners begins. These later men, to be sure,—deprived of the dramatic chorus and expensive equipment generally, discarding the tragic cothurnus, set to face an audience utterly weary, or incredulous, of divine and heroic myths,—did hold the mirror up, far more frankly than Euripides dared, to the rather artificial and ignoble social conditions about them. Euripides, moreover, even in an age of religious doubt and political despair, retained a generous portion of Æschylus's noble aspiration, united with a creative fancy almost Aristophanic. Little indeed of either could survive the final fall of Athenian freedom.

Menander and Philemon catered to the diversion of a refined, quick-witted, degenerate folk, with very limited political power, and of petty social aims; perhaps best comparable, superficially, to London under the second Charles, but quite without the latent forces which lay dormant beneath England's ignominy. Doubtless even the courtly life of London had always more virtue and strength than Congreve and Vanbrugh concede. Athens, even a century after Chæroneia, can hardly have been so contemptible a microcosm as the comedies depict.

These comedies are known to us chiefly through the rough and rollicking adaptations of Plautus—the more polished, and perhaps truer, versions of Terence. We agree heartily with Professor Lodge, that both these Latin playwrights set before us Greek, not Roman, life. The “gags” and local hits, in which comedy must always indulge, make no essential exception. They are almost inevitable, indeed, whether the mimic scene claims to represent Plato's ideal republic or Pluto's shadowy realm.

I offer here a handful of original translations, from the copious fragments still surviving. They will at least give a glimpse of the infinitely greater wealth lying deep beneath “the tide whose waves are years.” The sources from which we must draw, however, are most unsatisfying. Athenæus in his ‘Banqueters’ assures us he had read *eight hundred* plays of the ‘Middle Comedy,’ or transition period alone (about 400–336 B. C.). He cites from them hundreds of times,—but almost solely to verify the existence of a rare tidbit or a dainty sauce! This indicates, of course,—as J. A. Symonds reminds us,—not that poets and people were livelong epicures, but that such a mass of realistic drama contained abundant material to illustrate any and every side of Athenian life. The sober Stobæus and his scrap-book, again, would give us the impression that brief moral sermons,

with an occasional thrust at the professional philosophers, were the chief staple of the comic dialogue; but this is of course no less misleading. Yet these two are our chief authorities! We again advise the English reader to peruse first the 'Trinummus' and the 'Andria,' at least. There he can mark for himself both sorts of passages,—wise saws and curious sauces,—and can see also that both together are but part of the seasoning in the general dish that was set before the greedy Demos!

It will be noticed that the earlier fragments represent (or rather, grievously misrepresent) contemporaries of Aristophanes, often placed above him by the judges and by the fickle Athenians generally. It is hard to believe their judgment well founded. Still, a single comedy of Eupolis, recovered from that unexhausted Egyptian storehouse, may come, any day, to prove that much of what we have thought was unique Aristophanic invention was but traditional commonplace on the high table-land of Attic imagination.

SUSARION

Susarion, the father of Attic comedy, is assigned to the sixth century B. C. He survives only in one brief passage of doubtful authenticity, which however strikes a note most characteristic of his guild in every age.

WOMEN

HEAR, oh ye people! This Susarion saith,
 Son of Philinus out of Megara:—
 We cannot without evil have a home:
 For both to wed, and not to wed, are ill!

The next half-dozen passages are from fifth-century poets.

TELECLIDES

THE AGE OF GOLD

IN THE first place, Peace was as plentiful then as water is now for washing,
 And the Earth no terror nor illness produced, but whatever men craved in abundance.
 For every stream ran full with wine, and the loaves with the biscuits contended
 Which first should enter the mouths of the folk, beseeching that men would devour them,

If they were desirous of dainties white; and the fishes came to the
houses,
And broiling themselves they served themselves on platters upon the
tables;
At the side of the couches ran rivers of soup, with hot sliced meat
in the current;
The quails ready broiled and laid upon toast straight into men's
mouths came flying.—
In those days men were exceedingly portly, a terrible people of
giants.

CRATINUS

Of Cratinus we hear something from his successful rival, Aristophanes. A single couplet may serve to recall his notorious weakness.

WINE is a swift-footed steed for the minstrel, giver of pleasure:
But nothing fine a water-drinker brings to light.

HERMIPPUS

The following passage from Herinippus, beginning with a Homeric verse, is really important for the light it throws on Attic imports. A bold political allusion or two will remind us how free and powerful a critic Comedy then was.

IMPORTS OF ATHENS

TELL me, ye Muses, now, who hold your Olympian dwellings,
Whence Dionysus comes, as he sails over wine-colored waters;
What are the goods men bring in black ships hither to harbor!
Out of Cyrene the cauliflower comes, and hides of the oxen;
Out of Italia ribs of beef and grain in abundance;
Syracuse sends us cheese, and pork she furnishes also.
As to the Corcyraëans, we pray that Poseidon destroy them
Utterly, vessels and all, for the treacherous heart that is in them!—
Rhodes provides us raisins, and figs that invite unto slumber.
Slaves from Phrygia come, but out of Arcadia, allies!
Carthage, finally, sends to us carpets, and cushions resplendent.

From the same play we have a loving disquisition on choice wines, ending quite like our modern toast, "Champagne for our real friends, and real pain for our sham friends!"

THE BEST WINES

OVER the Thasian wine there hovers the odor of apples;
 This I account by far most perfect, above all others,—
 Saving only the faultless and painless liquor of Chios.
 Yet there is also a certain wine, men Saprian name it:
 Whensoever from off its jar the cover is taken,
 Then there arises the odor of hyacinth, violets, roses;
 Glorious fragrance, filling the high-roofed palace entirely;—
That is a nectar indeed; ambrosia and nectar together!
 This is the wine for my friends;—Peparethian proffer my foe-
 men!

EUPOLIS

Our single citation from Eupolis again illustrates the freedom with which the poets assailed each other, especially in the 'Parabasis,' or interlude where they spoke in their own proper character. This passage is supposed to be aimed at Aristophanes, as a poet not born in Athens. Eupolis's quotation from his rival was probably accompanied by a gesture, pointing out Aristophanes in the audience.

HONOR TO HOME TALENT

FIRST I ask in my defense:
 How have you been taught to think the foreign poets mas-
 ters all?

But if any native-born, and noway less than they in wit,
 Undertake the poet's craft, and hope to win himself a prize,
 "He is mad and frenzied in his mind!" so run thy words!

Hearken unto me, my people. Change your feeling. Grudge it not
 If a youth, one of yourselves, shall take delight in poesy.

PHRYNICHUS

Phrynichus, the comic poet, is best known to us for his tender tribute to Sophocles! It will be remembered that even Aristophanes, in the 'Frogs,' dares not ridicule for a moment the lamented and popular tragic poet.

EULOGY ON SOPHOCLES

FORTUNATE Sophocles! His life was long,—
 An artist still, and happy, to the last.
 Many the noble tragedies he wrought
 Blessed his end. No sorrow he endured.

ALEXIS

The whole period of Middle Comedy is more than covered by the amazingly long life of Alexis, from 393 to 287 B. C. His view of life as a brief passing show is characteristic of the decadence, and is repeated far more impressively by Menander.

VANITY FAIR

THIS is a mere excursion we enjoy,
 We who are living, who are but released—
 As for some festival—from death and gloom.
 For our diversion we to light are sent,—
 This light of life; and whoso laughs and drinks
 And loves the most, in the brief time we here
 May tarry, and at the banquet wins him so
 The prize,—he best contented hies him home!

The next four authors cited also belong to the fourth century.

AMPHIS

LIFE AND DEATH

DRINK, and play! for life is mortal; brief the time on earth we
 spend:
 But eternal death will be, when once that life shall find an end!

ANAXANDRIDES

HEALTH, BEAUTY, WEALTH

WHOE'ER he was that made the drinking-song,
 Who put health first, as though it were the best,
 So far, was right;—but second he set beauty,
 And riches third! There he, you see, was daft;
 For after health is wealth the chiefest thing,—
 A handsome starveling is a wretched beast!

ANTIPHANES

THE COMIC POET'S GRIEVANCES

HAPPY in every way the lot
 Of tragic poets! First, because the tale
 Is perfectly to the spectators known,
 Ere aught is said. The poet only need

Remind them: for if I say "*Ædipus*,"
 Why, all the rest they know. . . .
 Besides, when they have nothing more to say,
 Then like a finger their machine they raise,
 And that suffices for their audience.

Nothing of this have we, but everything
 We must invent: new names, each circumstance,
 Present conditions, the catastrophe,
 The episodes. If one be overlooked,
 Chremes and Pheidon hiss us from the stage.

TIMOCLES

OFFICE OF TRAGEDY

MAN is a creature doomed to weary toil,
 And many sorrows life itself contains.
 As consolation to our anxious thoughts
 Is this devised. The soul forgets her woes,
 Led to oblivion by an alien grief.
 With pleasure, and made wiser, she departs.
 The tragic poets, then, consider well,
 How much they help us. . . .
 For each who sees a trouble, heavier far
 Than he has suffered, fall on other men,
 Lamenteth less his own calamity.

PHILEMON

From Philemon's ninety-eight years and ninety-seven plays surprisingly little remains. The 'prologue of the *Trinummus*,' however, says expressly:—

"PHILEMON wrote it: Plautus rendered it
 In barbarous speech."

The Plautine '*Mercator*,' also, is a translation from the Greek poet. His gentle nature and rather commonplace yet polished style may be indicated by the five passages here chosen.

PEACE IS HAPPINESS

IT is a question of philosophers,
 So have I heard, whereon much time is spent,—
 What is the real Good. None find it. One
 Says Virtue; and another Prudence. I,

Who in the country dwell, and dig the earth,
 Have found it: it is Peace! O dearest Zeus,
 How loving is the goddess, and how kind!
 Marriages, festivals, kin, children, friends,
 Food, wine, health, riches, happiness, she gives.
 And if of all these things we are deprived,
 Dead is the life of men while yet they live!

TEARS

IF LAMENTATION were the cure of grief,
 And he were freed from sorrow who laments,
 Then would we proffer gold to purchase tears!
 But now, our destiny doth pay no heed
 Thereto, my lord, but ever goes its way,
 The same, if thou give way to grief or no.
 What boots it? Nothing! Yet our sorrow brings
 The tear, as fitly as the tree her fruit!

TYRANNY OF CUSTOM

OH, TREBLY blessed, trebly happy are
 The beasts, who have no thought of things like
 these!
 For never one of them is criticized,
 Nor have they any artificial woes.
 Unlivable the life we men must live:
 The slaves of custom, subject unto law,
 Bound to posterity and ancestry,—
 So have we no escape from misery.

DIVERSITY OF CHARACTER

WHY, pray, did he who made us, as 'tis told,
 And all the beasts besides,—Prometheus,—give
 To other animals one nature each?
 For full of courage are the lions all,
 And every hare, again, is timorous.
 One fox is not of crafty spirit, one
 Straightforward; but if you shall bring together
 Three times ten thousand foxes, you will find
 One character is common to them all.
 But we,—so many as our bodies are,
 No less diverse our natures you will find.

MENANDER

In his interesting chapter on the lost comedies, Mr. Symonds expressly renounces the attempt to translate from Menander, whom he gives an extremely lofty place as the "Sophocles of comedy." This is perhaps an allusion to Matthew Arnold's famous characterization of the tragic poet,

"Who saw life steadily, and saw it whole."

Menander, as was almost inevitable in his age, saw life as a rather trifling and swift-passing show, hardly worth any violent expression of delight or grief. It was an age of outlived enthusiasm and lost ideals. Even in this fading twilight, Athens was still the fairest and richest of cities, a true university of books, statues, and temples: but her heroic men were only a memory.

All Terence's comedies, save the 'Phormio,' are based on lost plays of Menander. Of direct Roman allusion they contain hardly anything. The one plot is, to be sure, in several cases, skillfully framed from two Greek dramas; but the adapter's own contribution need have been little more than a graceful Latin style. Professor Lindsay seems to claim much more originality for the Roman author; and the problem cannot be definitely solved, save by the recovery of Menander's own scrolls.

In his comparatively brief life Menander surpassed his chief rival in fruitfulness, leaving a hundred comedies. His popularity also must have come quickly after death. Though he gained only eight prizes, the fragments from his plays are by far the most copious of all, amounting to two thousand four hundred verses. Tantalizing as these bits are, they fully justify the exclamation of a famous Alexandrian scholar: "O Menander, and Life, which of you has imitated the other?" Goethe, also, counted the tolerant, philosophic Greek poet among his chief teachers.

DESERT A BEGGAR BORN

IF SOME divinity should say to me,—
 "Crato, when you have died, you shall again
 Be born; and shall be what you please,—dog, sheep,
 Or goat, man, horse,—but live again you must:
 That is your destiny. Choose what you will:"
 "Anything rather," I methinks would say,
 "Make me, but man! Unjustly happiness
 And sorrow fall to him, and him alone.
 The horse that's excellent has better care
 Than does another; if a dog prove good,
 He is more prized than is the baser hound.

The valiant cock hath better sustenance,
The ignoble is in terror of the brave.
But man, if he be good, yea, excellent
And noble,—that avails not, nowadays.
The flatterer fares the best of all, and next
The sycophant; while third the rogue is found.
Rather an ass I'd spend my life, than see
Men worse than I in higher honor set!"

MONOTONY

THAT man I count most happy, Parmeno,
Who, after he has viewed the splendors here,
Departeth quickly, whither he hath come.
This common sun, I mean, stars, waters, clouds,
And fire,—these shall he see if he abide
A century, or if his years be few;
Nor aught more glorious shall he see than they.

THE CLAIMS OF LONG DESCENT

OUR family! 'Twill be the death of me!
Pray, if you love me, mother, harp no more
Upon our family! 'Tis they to whom
Nature accords no other excellence
Who trust to monuments, or high descent,
And count how many ancestors were theirs!
Nor have they more than all men:

Who doth live
That had not grandsires? Else how came he here?
And if he cannot name them, 'tis some change
Of home, or lack of friends, accounts for this:
And wherein is he worse than those who boast?
He who is fitted for heroic deeds,
Mother, although he be an African,
Or savage Scythian,—he is noble born.
Was Anacharsis not a Scythian?

THE POOR RELATION GOES A-VISITING

I HAD supposed that rich men, Phantias,
Who pay no interest, did not thus lament
The whole night through, nor tossing to and fro
Cry "Woe is me"; but sweetly took their rest,
While only beggars had such miseries.

But now I see you, who are called of men
 The fortunate, behaving like ourselves.
 Is Worry, then, to life so close akin?
 She clings to luxury; the illustrious man
 She leaves not;—with the poor she waxes old!

THE MISERY OF TYRANNY

O^H, UTTERLY accurst!
 How pitiful the life they waste, their guards
 Always about them, pent in citadels,
 And ever ready to suspect that each
 Who comes hath in his hand a dagger hid:
 How bitter are the penalties they pay!

KNOWLEDGE

F^{OR} many reasons 'tis unwisely said
 To know thyself: more profitable it is
 To know thy neighbors!

APHORISMS

T^{HE} boldest man, if conscious of his guilt,
 Is by that conscience made most cowardly.

T^{HE} heavy stone that from the hand is hurled
 We cannot check, nor word that leaves the tongue.

T^{HE} envious man is foeman to himself;
 In self-wrought worriment fast-bound he stands.

H^E WHO condemns before he fairly hears,
 Himself is guilty—for credulity.

I^F ALL to each would lend a helpful hand,
 Good fortune would be lacking then for none.

G^RIEVOUS indeed has been our error, when
 We are ashamed to tell the deed we do.

T^HRICE wretched, who by his economies
 Hath hoarded hatred doubling all his wealth.

I^N EVER envied much the wealthy man,
 Who nothing can enjoy of what he keeps.

'T^IS not the quantity we drink that marks
 'The drunkard, but our own capacity!

THERE is no remedy for wrath, it seems,—
Unless it be a friend's unflinching word.

WHO would command, and is not soldier-bred,
Leads forth but sacrifices to the foe.

The total mass of these comic fragments (chiefly from the Middle and New Comedy) is extremely large. They are most accessible in two volumes of the Didot series, 'Fragmenta Comicorum' and 'Aristophanes, etc.' The latter volume includes most of Menander and Philemon. There is added a Latin translation, with helpful notes. These estrays have not been translated into English,—and as a whole perhaps hardly deserve to be; but a most vivid picture of the Attic fourth century could be reconstructed from them, and numberless exquisite bits of pure poetry still glimmer in the dust.

Altogether, there is hardly another *terra incognita* so rich as this, lying so close outside the beaten track of classical scholarship. F. A. Paley, toward the end of his laborious life, made a rather flippant little volume of rhymed versions from the 'Fragmenta Comicorum.' Symonds, in the chapter mentioned above, has some good versions. Of Menander many of the finest sustained passages were rendered by Francis Fawkes, in the free Johnsonian fashion of the last century. But the field lies fallow.

The term "comedy" is, as we have tried to illustrate in the citations, rather too narrow. Plautus's 'Rudens,' a romantic tale of shipwreck, may well remind us of Shakespeare's 'Tempest' or 'Winter's Tale'; his 'Captives' is in its essential plot a story of heroic sacrifice for friendship's sake, like the 'Merchant of Venice.' The Greek originals of such plays may have formed a transitional class of romantic dramas, not precisely tragic, and by no means essentially comic. This was doubtless especially true of the "Middle" period, when Athens had not forgotten her more heroic past, nor renounced her freedom forever. Agathon's 'Flower,' again, may have been rather a melodramatic opera than a drama. In general, our traditional types are entirely too few and too rigid to include the numberless masterpieces of the Attic imagination.

The preceding paragraphs were written in 1897. During the twenty years following, Egypt has doubled for us the actual number of Menandrian verses which can be read more or less exactly. In particular, a single manuscript found at Aphroditopolis in 1905 contains very large though still fragmentary and tattered portions from four of the master's plays. Not one, unhappily, has a tinge of the heroic quality to be felt in the Plautine (Captivi.) Nor is one of the four plots fit, as is that of the (Trinummus,) to be frankly recounted to «ingenuous boys and maids.» Every one of the four turns largely on the fate of an infant who is the

fruit of shame if not also of violence. The social conditions are utterly ignoble; of patriotism or any large public duty there is hardly a whiff.

The most the enthusiastic editor can praise is «Menander's inimitable dialogue and monologue.» The peculiar grace of the phrasing, while undeniable, of course evaporates in any translation. The wit, the quickness in repartee, may be fairly illustrated in a single scene, the one which gives its name to the (Epitrepontes) or (Arbitrants,) which will be cited below.

These «four plays» (all still fragments) are edited with much devotion and learning by Professor Edward Capps of Princeton (Ginn & Co., 1909). A clever but rather willful and «restored» English version has been published, with the Greek text, by «Unus Multorum» (Oxford, 1909). Among the volumes announced in the Loeb Library is one by Professor F. G. Allinson of Brown University, already known for spirited translations from classical poets. This volume will no doubt contain both an accurate text and a faithful translation of every significant fragment, however recently discovered, from any Menandrian play.

William Cranston Lawton.

THE ARBITRANTS

Translated by Francis Greenleaf Allinson.

SCENE: *A deme of Attica, probably Acharnæ. The highway stretches off, nearly south, to the Acharnian Gate of Athens. In the background, to the north, lies Mt. Parnes.*

SCENE: Syrisus, Davus. (*Later Smicrines comes out of the house.*)
Enter from the direction of Mt. Parnes Syrisus, a charcoal burner, and his wife who carries a baby in her arms. Davus meets them. Davus had previously found an infant exposed in the undergrowth below Mt. Parnes, together with certain birth-tokens. At the request of Syrisus, whose wife had recently lost a child, he gave them the infant to adopt. The birth-tokens, however, he retained and concealed. Syrisus was later informed of this by another shepherd and in this scene he has just demanded them of Davus as belonging of right with the child. We find them in the midst of their altercation when the papyrus, as preserved, begins.

SYRISCUS — You'd dodge what's fair.

DAVUS — And you, unchancy, blackmail me.

SYRISCUS — You have no right to what's not yours. Let's leave the case

To some third person.

DAVUS — I agree. Let's arbitrate.

SYRISCUS — Who shall it be?

DAVUS — For my part anyone will suit.

[*Aside.*]

It serves me right, for why did I go shares with you?

[*Enter Smicrines from the house of Charisius.*]

SCENE: Syrisus, Davus, Smicrines.

SYRISCUS — Will you take *him* as judge?

DAVUS — Luck help me, yes!

SYRISCUS [*to Smicrines*] — Good sir,

Now, by the gods, could you give us a moment's time?

SMICRINES — Give you? And wherefore?

SYRISCUS — We've a question in dispute.

SMICRINES — What's that to me, pray?

SYRISCUS — Some impartial judge for this

We're seeking now, and so, if nothing hinders you,

Adjust our quarrel.

- Smicrines* — Rascals marked for misery!
Dressed in your goat-skins, do you walk and talk
of law?
- Syriscus* — But none the less the matter's short and easily
Decided. Grant the favor, father. By the gods,
Do not despise us, for at all times it behooves
That justice gain the upper hand, yes, everywhere,
And every one that comes along should take his part
In looking out for this. It is the common lot
We all must share.
- Davus* [aside] — I've grappled no mean orator,
Why did I give him part in this?
- Smicrines* — Will you abide
By my decision? Say.
- Syriscus* and *Davus* [together] — Of course.
- Smicrines* — I'll hear. For what's
To hinder? [To *Davus*.]
You! you close-mouthed fellow there! Speak first.
- Davus* — I'll start a little further back, not simply tell
His part, that I may make the matter plain to you.
Within this bushy thicket here, hard by this place
My flock I was a-herding, now, perhaps, good sir,
Some thirty days gone by, and I was all alone,
When I came on a little infant child exposed
With necklace and with some such other ornaments.
- Syriscus* [interrupting] — Of these, just these, we're talking.
- Davus* — He won't let me speak!
- Smicrines* [to *Syriscus*] — If you put in your chatter, with this stick of
mine
I'll fetch you one.
- Davus* And serve him right.
- Smicrines* [to *Davus*] — Speak on.
- Davus* — I will.
I took him up and with him went off to my house,
I had in mind to rear him — 'twas my notion then —
But overnight came counsel, as it does to all,
And with myself I reasoned: «What have I to do
With rearing children and the trouble? Where shall I
Find so much money? What anxiety for me!»
Thus minded was I. Back unto my flock again
At daybreak. Came this fellow — he's a charcoal
man —
Unto this selfsame place to saw out tree-stumps
there.
Now he had had acquaintance with me heretofore,

And so we fell to talking. Noticing my gloom
 Says he: «Why's Davus anxious?» «Now why not?»
 says I,
 «For I'm a meddler.» And I tell him of the facts:
 How I had found, how owned the child. And straight-
 way then
 Ere I could tell him everything, he begged and begged:
 «So, Davus, blessed be your lot!» at every word
 Exclaiming: «Give to me the baby! So, good luck
 Be yours! So, be you free. For I've a wife,» he says,
 «And she gave birth unto a baby and it died» —
 (Meaning this woman here that holds the baby now) —

Smicrines [to *Syriscus*] — You begged?

Davus [to *Syriscus*, who at first fails to answer] — *Syriscus*!

Syriscus —

Yes, I did.

Davus —

The live-long day

He pestered me, and when he urged, entreated me
 I promised him; I gave the child and off he went
 Calling down countless blessings, seized my hands and
 kissed
 And kissed them.

Smicrines [to *Syriscus*] —

You did this?

Syriscus —

I did.

Davus —

Well, off he went.

Just now he meets me with his wife, and suddenly
 Lays claim to all the things then with the child
 exposed —
 (Now these were small and worthless, merely no-
 thing) — claims
 That he should have them; says he's treated scurvily
 Because I will not give them, claim them for myself.
 But I declare he'd better feel some gratitude
 For what he did get by his begging. If I fail
 To give him all, no need to bring me to account.
 If even walking with me he had found these things,
 And 'twere a «Share-all Windfall,» he had taken this,
 I that. But when I made the find alone, do you,

[To *Syriscus*.]

Although you were not by, do you, I say, expect
 To have it all yourself, and not one thing for me?
 In fine, I gave you of my own, with free-will gave:
 If this still pleases you, then keep it even now,

But if it doesn't suit and if you've changed your mind
 Why, then return it. Don't commit nor suffer wrong.
 But, part by my consent and part by forcing me,
 That you get all—that were not fair. I've said my
 say.

Syriscus — Has said his say?

Smicrines — You're deaf?

Syriscus — He's said his say. All right

Then I come after. All alone this fellow here
 The baby found and all of this he's telling now
 He tells correctly; father, and it happened so.
 I do not contradict. I did entreat and beg
 And I received it from him. Yes, he tells the truth.
 A certain shepherd, fellow laborer of his
 With whom he had been talking, now brings word
 to me

That with the baby he had found some ornaments.
 On this account, see, father, he is here himself!
 Give me the baby, wife. [*Takes the child from his
 wife's arms.*]

Now, Davus, here from you
 He's asking back the necklace and the souvenirs,
 For he declares that these were placed upon himself
 For his adorning, not for piecing out your keep.
 I too join in, and ask for them, as guardian —
 You made me that by giving him. And now, good sir,

[*To Smicrines.*]

Methinks 't is yours to settle whether it be right
 These golden trinkets and whatever else there be
 As given by his mother, whosoc'er she was,
 Be put by for the baby till he come of age
 Or this sneak-thief who stripped him is to have these
 things,

Belonging unto others, if he found them first!
 «Why didn't I,» you'll say, «when first I took the child,
 Demand them then of you?» It was not then as yet
 Within my power to speak thus in the child's behalf;
 And even now I'm here demanding no one thing
 That's mine, mine only. «Windfall! Share-all!»

None of that!

No «finding» when 'tis question of a person wronged.
 That is not «finding,» simple confiscation that!
 And look at this too, father. Maybe this boy here

Was born above our station. Reared 'mongst working-folk

He will despise our doings, his own level seek
And venture on some action suiting noble birth:
Will go a-lion-hunting; carry arms; or run
A race at games. You've seen tragedians, I know,
And all of this you understand. Those heroes once,
Pelias, Neleus, by an aged man were found,
A goat-herd in his goat-skin dressed as I am now,
And, when he noticed they were better born than he,
He tells the matter, how he found, how took
them up.

He gave them back their wallet, with birth-tokens
filled.

And thus they found out clearly all their history,
And they, the one-time goat-herds, afterwards were
kings.

But had a Davus found those things and sold
them off,

That he might profit by twelve drachmas for himself,
Through all the coming ages they had been unknown
Who were such great ones and of such a pedigree.

And so it is not fitting, father, that I here
Should rear his body and that Davus seize meanwhile
His life's hope for the future, make it disappear.

A youth about to wed his sister once was stopped
By just such tokens. One a mother found and
saved.

This one a brother. Since, O father, all men's lives
Are liable to dangers, we must watch, look out,
By long ahead providing what is possible.
«Well, if you are not suited, give him back,» says he.
This is his stronghold in the matter, as he thinks.
But that's no justice. Must you give up what is his,
Then in addition would you claim to have the child
That more securely you may play the rogue again
If some of his belongings Fortune has preserved?
I've said my say.

[To Smicrines.]

Give verdict as you hold is just.

Smicrines — Well, this decision's easy: «All that was exposed
Together with the child goes with him,» I decide.

Davus — All right. But now, the baby?

- Smicrines* — Zeus, I won't decide
He's yours who'd wrong him, but he's his who came to
aid,
This man's who stood against you, you who'd injure
him.
- Syriscus* — Now yours be many blessings!
- Davus* — Nay, a verdict rank!
By Zeus the saviour! I, the sole discoverer,
Am stripped of all and he who did not find re-
ceives!
Am I to hand these over?
- Smicrines* — Yes.
- Davus* — A verdict rank
Else may no blessing ever light on me!
- Syriscus* — Come. Quick!
- Davus* — Good Heracles, how I am treated!
- Syriscus* — Loose your sack
And show us, for it's there you carry them.

[*To Smicrines, about to leave.*]

- Nay, stop.
I beg, a little, till he gives them up.
- Davus [aside]* — Why did
I let him judge our case?
- Smicrines* — Come, give, you quarry-slave!
- Davus [handing over the tokens]* — What shameful treatment!
- Smicrines [to Syriscus]* — Have you all?
- Syriscus* — I think so, yes.
- Smicrines* — You have, unless he swallowed something down
while I
Gave verdict of conviction.
- Syriscus* — I'd not believe he could.

[*To Smicrines who turns to leave.*]

Nay, then, good sir, may Luck attend you. Sooner
far
I'd have the judges all like you.

[*Exit Smicrines to city.*]

- Davus* — But how unjust,
O Heracles! This verdict, was it not too rank?
- Syriscus* — You were a rascal, rascal you!

Davus —

Look out yourself,
Yes, you now, that you keep these trinkets safe for
him.

Aye, mark you well, I'll ever have an eye on you.

[Exit Davus towards Mt. Parnes.]

Syriscus [calling after him] — Go hang! Go gang your gait! But you,
my wife, take these
And carry them in here to our young master's house.
For meanwhile here we will await Chærestratus
And in the morning we'll start off to work again
When we have made our payments. Stop! Let's
count them first,
Count over, one by one. Have you a basket there?
Here, loose your dress, and drop them in.

[While Syriscus examines the tokens and his wife holds
out the fold of her dress Onesimus comes out of the house
of Chærestratus.]

SCENE: Syriscus, Onesimus.

Onesimus [to himself] —

A slower chef
Nobody ever saw. Why, this time yesterday
Long since they had their wine.

Syriscus [talks to his wife of the trinkets without noticing Onesimus] —

Now this one seems to be
A sort of rooster and a tough one too! Take that.
And here is something set with stones. This one's an
axe.

Onesimus [becoming aware of Syriscus and his occupation] — What's this?

Syriscus [still failing to notice Onesimus] — This one's a ring of plated
gold. Inside

It's iron. On the seal is carved — a bull? — or goat?
I can't tell which, and one Cleostratus is he
That made it — so the letters say.

Onesimus [interrupting] —

I say, show me!

Syriscus [startled into handing him the ring] — Well, there! But who
are you?

Onesimus —

The very one!

Syriscus —

Who is?

Onesimus — The ring.

Syriscus — What ring d'ye mean? I don't know what you mean.

¹ Or, casket, chest.

- Onesimus — Charisius's ring, my master's ring!
 Syriscus — You're cracked!
 Onesimus — The one he lost.
 Syriscus — Put down that ring, you wretched man!
 Onesimus — Our ring? «Put down» for you? Where did you get it from?
 Syriscus — Apollo and the gods! What awful strait it is,
 To bring off safe an orphan baby's property!
 The first to come forthwith has plunder in his eyes,
 Put down that ring, I say.
 Onesimus — You'd jest with me, you would?
 It's master's ring. By your Apollo and the gods!
 Syriscus — I'd have my throat cut sooner than give in at all
 To him, I vow. That's settled. I will have the law
 On each and all by turns. The boy's they are, not
 mine.

[Returns to enumerating the tokens.]

This one's a collar. Take it, you. [To his wife.]
 A chiton's flap
 Of purple, this. Go, take them in.

[His wife with the child and tokens, except the ring,
 goes in.]

[To Onesimus.]

- Now tell me, you.
 What's this you're saying to me?
 Onesimus — I? This ring is his,
 Charisius's. Once when drunk, or so he said,
 He lost it.
 Syriscus — I'm Chærestratus's tenant slave.
 So either save it carefully or give to me
 That I may keep and safe deliver.
 Onesimus — I prefer
 Myself as guard.
 Syriscus — To me that matters not one whit,
 For both of us are going, as it seems, in here.
 Into the selfsame place.
 Onesimus — Just now it's no good time
 Perhaps, when guests are coming in, to tell him this
 Our story, but to-morrow —

Syriscus —

I will wait till then.

To-morrow, in a word, I'm ready to submit
This case to anyone you like.

[*Exit Onesimus into the house of Chærestratus.*]

Now this time, too,
I've come off not so badly, but it seems as though
A man must give up all besides and practice law.
By this means, nowadays, is everything kept straight.

[*Exit Syriscus into the house.*]

[*Enter a group of revellers, probably from the city.*]

Chorus.

[END OF ACT.]

STEPHEN PHILLIPS

(1868-1915)

BY BROOKS HENDERSON



STEPHEN PHILLIPS may be looked upon as the first of the modern and as the last of the mid-Victorian poets. Coming at a time when style had been carried to a high pitch of elaborate perfection, and when English poetry had been made free of most of the great stories of the world, he inherited much from his forbears. And from the first he was careful of this inheritance. But he was not content to do no more than exploit it. He was an individualist seeking expression — as is often to be seen in the technique of his verse. He demanded actual contact with this present world, where pre-Raphaelite beauty is not omnipresent; and being of a tragic cast of mind, was early led to make studies of drab circumstances in the lower orders of society which had little sponsorship among his immediate predecessors. This work, which produced such poems as *(The Wife,)* and *(The Woman with the Dead Soul)* was experimental. Further, it was of uneven merit. But it did discover for poetry values where values had long been unsought, and reclaim for art fields of experience which, since Crabbe's secession from an earlier Augustan age, had been little tilled. In them, modern art labors plentifully.

Interesting as is this phase of his work, it is exceeded in importance by what he did more in accord with immediate tradition — the retelling of old tales. Here his individuality showed to better advantage, whether he chose to make out of them drama or narrative poems. The themes are still for the most part, tragic. But the «lonely antagonists of destiny» are worthier. «The half of music» it may be, «to have grieved» — but here also is the second half, «to have loved.» *(Endymion)* and *(Marpessa)* are exquisite realizations of this double truth. Endymion is content with that «sorrow more supreme than joy» of a brief union with Cybele, which leads to the immortal dream in which (an allegory of the poet's life as Phillips conceived it) he is, even though apart, yet thrilled with all the «arrows of mankind.» Marpessa is happy in her choice of a mortal lover and the joys and sorrows of mortality, in preference to Apollo and Olympian calm.

This introduction of the philosophy of grief into the old tales was Phillips's distinct contribution — in addition to marked if incidental, stylistic beauty — in retelling them, as narrative poems. In his drama, however, this value is but one of many. It is subordinate to his dra-

matic imagination, rich in tender sympathy and poetic revelation of character, in its sense of situation — informed, too, as is the case with few poet-dramatists, as to the technical requirements of the actual stage. Paolo and Francesca live again under his hands — and (at the other extreme) Nero. Wide as is this range, his style is equal to it — and in the first case is as restrained and full of delicate beauty as in the latter it is opulent and suffused with an Elizabethan fervor. It is by reason of such work that his fame is secure.

His publications cover the period from 1890, when (Marpessa) appeared, up to 1915 when, shortly before his death, in (Armageddon,) an «epic drama» he gave utterance to his feelings about the Great War. Among his most famous volumes the following deserve especial notice: (Poems) (1897) (which includes (Marpessa) and (Christ in Hades)), (New Poems) (containing (Endymion) and other pieces) (Paolo and Francesca) (1897), (Ulysses) (1902), and (Nero) (1906).

FROM (PAOLO AND FRANCESCA)

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[Enter Paolo.]

- PAOLO — I am by music led into this room,
And beckoned sweetly: all the breezes die
Round me and in immortal ecstasy
Toward thee I move: now am I free and gay —
Light as a dancer when the strings begin.
- Francesca — What glow is on thy face, what sudden light?
- Paolo — It seems that I am proof against all perils.
- Francesca — And yet I fear to see thy air so glad.
- Paolo — To-night all points of swords to me are dull.
- Francesca — And still I dread the bravery of your words.
Kiss me, and leave me, Paolo, to-night.
- Paolo — What do you fear?
- Francesca — One watches quietly.
- Paolo — Who?
- Francesca — I know not: perhaps the quiet face
Of God: the eternal Listener is near.
- Paolo — I'll struggle now no more. Have I not fought
Against thee as a foe most terrible?
Parried the nimble thrust and thought of thee,
And from thy mortal sweetness fled away,
Yet evermore returned? Now all the bonds
Which held me I cast off — honor, esteem,
All ties, all friendships, peace, and life itself.
You only in this universe I want.

Francesca — You fill me with a glorious rashness.
What!

Shall we two, then, take up our fate and smile?

Paolo — Remember how when first we met we stood
Stung with immortal recollections.
O face immured beside a fairy sea,
That leaned down at dead midnight to be kissed!
O beauty folded up in forests old!
Thou wast the lovely quest of Arthur's knights —

Francesca — Thy armor glimmered in a gloom of green.

Paolo — Did I not sing to thee in Babylon?

Francesca — Or did we set a sail in Carthage bay?

Paolo — Were thine eyes strange?

Francesca — Did I not know thy voice?

All ghostly grew the sun, unreal the air
Then when we kissed.

Paolo — And in that kiss our souls
Together flashed, and now they are one flame,
Which nothing can put out, nothing divide.

Francesca — Kiss me again! I smile at what may chance.

Paolo — Again, and yet again! and here and here,
Let me with kisses burn this body away,
That our two souls may dart together free.
I fret at intervention of the flesh,
And I would clasp you — you that but inhabit
This lovely house.

Francesca — Break open then the door,
And let my spirit out. Paolo, kill me!
Then kill thyself: to vengeance leave these weeds,
And let our souls together soar away.

Paolo [recoiling] — You are too beautiful for human blow!

[*Francesca starts.*]

Why did you shiver and turn sudden cold?

Francesca [slowly] — I felt a wind pass over me.

Paolo — I too:

Colder than any summer night could give.

Francesca — A solitary wind: and it hath passed.

Paolo [embracing her] — Do you still fear?

Francesca — Ah, Paolo! if we

Should die to-night, then whither would our souls
Repair? There is a region which priests tell of
Where such as we are punished without end.

Paolo — Were we together, what can punish us?

Francesca — Nothing! Ah! think not I can love you less —
Only I fear.

Paolo —

What can we fear, we two?
O God, Thou seest us Thy creatures bound
Together by that law which holds the stars
In palpitating cosmic passion bright;
By which the very sun enthralls the earth,
And all the waves of the world faint to the moon.
Even by such attraction we two rush
Together through the everlasting years.
Us, then, whose only pain can be to part,
How wilt Thou punish? For what ecstasy
Together to be blown about the globe!
What rapture in perpetual fire to burn
Together! — where we are is endless fire.
Three centuries shall in a moment pass,
And all the cycles in one hour elapse!
Still, still together, even when faints Thy sun,
And past our souls Thy stars like ashes fall,
How wilt Thou punish us who cannot part?

Francesca — I lie out on your arm and say your name —
«Paolo!» «Paolo!»

Paolo — «Francesca!»

[*They slowly pass through the curtains. A pause.*]

ULYSSES AND CALYPSO

From (Ulysses.) Copyright by the Macmillan Co. and reprinted by their permission.

CALYPSO — How shall my heart contend against your brain?
Now by that time I thought eternity,
By long sea-evenings when all words would cease,
By all the sad tales of thy wandering,
Sad tales which will be happy to remember,
Tell me the reason of this haste to go.
'Tis she, I know; I want no words to tell me.
But is it she? And now I do recall
Even in your wildest kiss a kiss withheld,
Even in abandonment a something kept;
When veil on veil fell from you, still a veil.
When you so poured your soul out that a woman,
Even a woman, had in her heart said «now!»
I felt in all that sweet a something stern.

Ulysses — Why harp upon my wife? You being woman
Too much exalt the woman: a thousand calls
Are ringing in my ears: my mother pined —

Calyпсо — When did a lover heed a mother's woe?

Ulysses — My father desolate or dead: my son —
Calypso — No father nor no son could launch that ship.
Ulysses — My comrades, then!

[*Ulysses's comrades meanwhile are wandering at back.*]

Whatever my inclining,
 They still have homes which I must think upon
 Who took them far.

Calypso — Friend hath killed friend for love,
Ulysses — My empty throne and my neglected land:
 Duty —

Calypso — O! hath it come to duty now?
 Duty, that gray ash of a burnt-out fire,
 That lies between a woman and a man!
 We fence and fence about: tell me the truth.
 Why are you mad for home? I'll have the truth,
 Once and once only, but the living truth.

Ulysses [in a wild burst] — Then have the truth;
 I speak as a man speaks;
 Pour out my heart like treasure at your feet.
 This odorous amorous isle of violets,
 That leans all leaves into the glassy deep,
 With brooding music over noontide moss,
 And low dirge of the lily-swinging bee, —
 Then stars like opening eyes on closing flowers, —
 Palls on my heart. Ah, God! that I might see
 Gaunt Ithaca stand up out of the surge,
 You lashed and streaming rocks and sobbing crags,
 The screaming gull and the wild-flying cloud: —
 To see far off the smoke of my own hearth,
 To smell far out the glebe of my own farms,
 To spring alive upon her precipices,
 And hurl the singing spear into the air;
 To scoop the mountain torrent in my hand,
 And plunge into the midnight of her pines;
 To look into the eyes of her who bore me
 And clasp his knees who 'gat me in his joy,
 Prove if my son be like my dream of him.
 We two have played and tossed each other words;
 Goddess and mortal we have met and kissed.
 Now am I mad for silence and for tears,
 For the earthly voice that breaks at earthly ills,
 The mortal hands that make and smooth the bea.
 I am an-hungred for that human breast,

That bosom a sweet hive of memories —
 There, there to lay my head before I die,
 There, there to be, there only, there at last!

[Calypso weeps. Ulysses comes and touches her softly.]

Remember, Goddess, the great while it is,
 How far, far back, alas how long ago!

Calypso [clinging about him] — Now wilt thou leave me, now, close on
 the hour

Of silent planets luring us thro' dew,
 And steady pouring slumber from the waves,
 Wave after wave upon the puzzling brain?

Ulysses —

My wife, my wife!

Calypso —

And, mortal, I will breathe

Delicious immortality on thee.

Stay with me, and thou shalt not taste of death.

Ulysses —

I would not take life but on terms of death,
 That sting in the wine of being, salt of its feast.

To me what rapture in the ocean path
 Save in the white leap and dance of doom?

O death, thou hast a beckon to the brave,

Thou last sea of the navigator, last

Plunge of the diver, and last hunter's leap.

Calypso —

Yet, yet, Ulysses, know that thou art going
 Into a peril not of sky nor sea,

But to a danger strange and unimagined.

Ulysses —

I'd go down into hell, if hell led home!

Calypso [resignedly] — Call up your comrades!

Bid them hoist the sails!

Ulysses —

Comrades! [*He lifts his arms and cries to his followers,
 who come running to him, leaving the Nymphs on the
 shore.*]

Great hearts, that with me have so long

Breasted the wave and broken through the snare,

Have we not eaten and drunk on magic shores?

Your hands here!

[*They crowd around him eagerly, some clasping, others
 kissing his hands.*]

Comrades —

O great captain!

Ulysses —

Have we not

Heard all the Sirens singing and run free?

Comrades —

Lead! Lead!

Ulysses — Close, close to me! have we not burst
Up from the white whirl of Charybdis' pool?
Comrades — Storm-weatherer! mighty sailor!

[*They clasp his knees.*]

Ulysses — What say you?
Shall we put forth again upon the deep?
Comrades — We will go with thee even into hell!

[*They raise a shout.*]

Ulysses — Then Zeus decrees that we again set forth
And break at last the magic of this isle.
Comrades — Yet whither — whither?
Ulysses — Would ye see at last
Gaunt Ithaca?

Comrades — Ah, God!
Ulysses — Would ye behold
The bright fires blaze and crackle on your hearths?
Comrades — Torment us not!

Ulysses — Would you again catch up
Your babes?
Comrades — Have pity!
Ulysses — And clasp again your wives?
Comrades — Cease! Cease!
Ulysses — Then homeward will we sail to-night.
Comrades [*with amazed cries*] — Home? Home?

[*A wail of Nymphs is heard on sands.*]

Ulysses — Now lay the rollers under her,
And you make taut the ropes, you, hoist the sails,
And run her down with glee into the deep!
Comrades [*rushing off in various directions*] — The ship! ship! Ithaca!
Praise the gods!
Calypso [*coming out with cup*] — The cup, Ulysses! Drink to me
farewell!
Ulysses [*taking cup*] — First unto Zeus that would not have us die,
But suffered us to see our homes again.
Farewell, Calypso, the red sun half way
Is sunk and makes a firelight o'er the deep.
Calypso — Remember me a little when thou comest
To thine own country. Say farewell to me,
Not to the thought of me!

Ulysses —

I will not. See!

The ship moves! Hark, their shouts! She moves, she moves.

Hear you the glorying shingle cry beneath her?
She spreads her wings to fly upon the deep!

[The cries of Ulysses's crew are heard as the ship is shoved down and they climb in. Ulysses springs in and stands in the stern.]

Men —

We float! we float!

Ulysses —

Now each man to the oar
And, leaning all together, smite the sea!
For it is fated we shall see our homes!

[The ship puts off and the wind raised by Calypso fills the sails.]

Calypso —

I breathe a breeze to waft thee over sea!
Ah, could I waft thee back again to me!

[The ship gradually disappears, the joyous chorus of Ulysses's boatmen dying off as the wailing of the Nymphs becomes louder. A cloud gathers over the scene.]

[The curtain descends, but rising again discovers the ship, now a black speck on red sunset, and Calypso standing alone looking after it across the sea.]

[Wailing of Sea-Nymphs.]

CURTAIN.

WENDELL PHILLIPS

(1811-1884)

BY GEORGE W. SMALLEY

EMERSON said of Phillips that he was the best orator in America, because he had spoken every day for fourteen years. What Emerson meant was, that immense practice was the secret of Phillips's supremacy. It was one secret; but not, I think, *the* secret. He was one of those men in whom the orator is born, not made. It may be doubted whether he ever delivered a better speech than his first, at that memorable meeting in Faneuil Hall on the murder of Lovejoy. The germ of all his oratory lies there; the methods which he followed all his life he adopted, instinctively and unconsciously, in that critical instant of his life. He had not meant to speak. He went up to Faneuil Hall in the state which is called unprepared,—that is to say, his preparation consisted in years of thought and study, in a profound moral sense, in the possession of an imaginative and oratorical genius and of a diction which for his purpose was nearly perfect. It was the speech of Austin, Attorney-General of Massachusetts, in opposition to the object of the meeting, and his invective upon Lovejoy, which brought Phillips from the floor to the platform. I quote once more the famous sentence,—“Sir, when I heard the Attorney-General place the murderers of Alton side by side with Otis and Hancock, with Quincy and Adams, I thought those pictured lips would have broken into voice to rebuke the recreant American, the slanderer of the dead.” I asked Phillips, with whom I often talked over his speeches and his life, whether the image was thought out beforehand. “Oh no,” he answered: “it was the portraits themselves which suggested it as I spoke.”

The answer covers much. For this austere and irreconcilable enthusiast, with the blood of the martyr in his veins, was in oratory a pure opportunist. He was a general who went into battle with a



WENDELL PHILLIPS

force of all arms, but used infantry or artillery or cavalry as each seemed most apt to the moment. He formed his plan, as Napoleon did, on the field and in presence of the enemy. For Phillips—and the fact is vital to all criticism of his oratory—spoke almost always, during twenty-five years of his oratorical life, to a hostile audience. His audiences were often mobs; they often sought to drive him from the platform, sometimes to kill him. He needed all his resources merely to hold his ground and to get a hearing. You cannot compare oratory in those circumstances with oratory in a dress debate, or even with the oratory of a great parliamentary contest. On this last has often hung, no doubt, the life of a ministry. On Phillips's mastery over his hearers depended sometimes his own life, sometimes that of the antislavery cause—with which, as we now all see and as then hardly anybody saw, was bound up the life of the nation. It was, in my judgment, the oratory of Phillips which insured the maintenance of that great antislavery struggle during the last ten years or more which preceded the War. His oratory must be judged with reference to that—to its object as well as to its rhetorical qualities. He had and kept the ear of the people. To have silenced that silver trumpet would have been to wreck the cause. I speak of the Abolitionist cause by itself—that which relied solely on moral forces and stood completely outside of politics.

Yet Phillips never made a concession. There was no art of speech he would not employ to win the attention of his audience. But he never softened an invective or compromised the clear logic of his statement in order to divert the hostility which confronted him. He would coax, cajole, ridicule, transpire, or overwhelm an opponent, but never yielded a jot in principle. I have known him try all means to conciliate and then all means to crush, all within a few minutes. He had the art of so exciting curiosity, that a raging mob which half caught the first half of a sentence would still its own tumult in order to hear what was coming next. He shrank from no danger: on his unfailing cool courage and self-possession rested half the orator's power. When in Faneuil Hall he called the Attorney-General recreant, there were cries "Take that back!" and a tumult. "Fellow-citizens," answered the young Bostonian, "I cannot take back my words." It was the motto of his whole career. Twenty-four years later, April 21st, 1861, he was to speak in the Music Hall of Boston for the War. Against his habit, he wrote out his speech;—it was a turning-point in his history as orator and as abolitionist. He read me the speech, which began: "Many times this winter, here and elsewhere, I have counseled peace,—urged as well as I know how the expediency of acknowledging a Southern Confederacy, and the peaceful separation of these thirty-four States. One of the journals announces

to you that I come here this morning to retract those opinions. No, not one of them." Those were days of flame and fire, and I said to Phillips that they would never let him get farther. "Well," he answered, "if I cannot say that I will say nothing." And he read on. "I need them all,—every word I have spoken this winter, every act of twenty-five years of my life, to make the welcome I give this War hearty and hot." The result justified his gallantry. The low murmurs which the opening sentence provoked were swept away in the storm of passionate cheers which followed.

All this dwelling upon the moral attributes of the orator may seem out of place in a brief criticism; but it is inevitable. Take away the moral impulse and there would have been no orator, no oratory, no thirty years of unmatched eloquence, no such rhetorical lesson as the speeches of Phillips now give. There is, unhappily, no adequate record of them; as there is none of the speeches of any orator of the first order, except where they were written out like those of the great Greek, or written and rewritten like his Roman rival's or like Burke's,—or unless, like those of the one great English orator of this generation, Bright, they were fully reported at the time. Phillips was never thought worth reporting till late in life. He was of the minority; and then as now, the tyranny of the majority in this country was oppressive and relentless. They meant to keep him in obscurity: it was the sun of his genius which burst through the mists and darkness which enveloped him. Traditions still fresh tell you of the beauty of Phillips's presence on the platform, of his incomparable charm of manner and voice, of his persuasiveness, and much else. But oratory, save under such conditions as I mentioned above, is evanescent. That of Phillips did its work: it is the eulogy he would value most. There was in him the poet. He had in abounding measure the sympathies without which no oratory, be its other qualities what they may, carries an audience captive. He put himself instantly on easy terms with those before him. He could be colloquial and familiar, he delighted in repartee,—in which he never found his equal,—the next moment he was among the clouds, and on the just and unjust alike descended a rain of eloquence, beneath which sprang forth those seeds of virtue and moral faith and religious hatred of wrong which presently covered the land.

There was much of the Greek in him: the sense of ordered beauty and of art. He had culture; the fire of true patriotism; serenity of mind. Not a speech in which those high qualities are not visible. They were still more evident as you heard him; and still more, perhaps, the symmetrical quality of mind and speech which is almost the rarest in modern oratory or modern life. He had indomitable good-nature on the platform. The hard things he said about men had no root in his heart; they were meant to fasten attention not on the

sin only, which is abstract, but on the sinner. Intellectually a Greek, his moral nature was Hebraic, and the language of the Old Testament is inwrought in his oratory. But there was a smile on his face while the lightnings flashed. The authority with which he spoke was due largely to this coolness; but it is idle to ascribe it to any one trait, and to seek for the sources of it in mere rhetoric or mere culture. The true source of it was the whole man.

G. W. Sumner

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE.—Wendell Phillips was born in Boston, Massachusetts, November 29th, 1811; a son of the city's first mayor, and allied to the State's best blood and brains. He graduated at Harvard College in 1831, and from its Law School in 1833. A year later he was admitted to the bar. His career as a leader of men and a public orator, however, began early, and almost uninterruptedly engaged him until the close of his life. His denunciatory speech on the murder of Lovejoy, in 1837, may be reckoned the opening of his platform career. His "great speeches" followed each other rapidly. He threw himself fervently into the Abolition movement, and succeeded William Lloyd Garrison as president of the Anti-Slavery Society, in 1865. His continuous tours as a lecturer occupied all his latter years. He died February 2d, 1884.

The following selection is from one of the most famous of his general lectures. Only one other was equally identified with his name in popular regard,—that on 'Lost Arts'; a brilliant mosaic of apocrypha from all ages, so plausibly stated that it was hard to resist conviction of their truth while listening to his easy, graceful, conversational periods, spoken as though he had just remembered some interesting facts and wished to share the pleasure with a group of friends.

THE HERO OF HAYTI

From 'Toussaint l'Ouverture,' a lecture delivered in 1861. Copyright 1863, by Wendell Phillips

THIS is what Edward Everett calls the Insurrection of St. Domingo. It bore for its motto on one side of its banner, "Long live the King"; and on the other, "We claim the Old Laws." Singular mottoes for a rebellion. In fact, it was the *posse comitatus*; it was the only French army on the island; it

was the only force that had a right to bear arms. and what it undertook it achieved. It put Blanchelande in his seat; it put the island beneath his rule. When it was done, the blacks said to the governor they had created, "Now grant us one day in seven; give us one day's labor; we will buy another, and with the two buy a third,"—the favorite method of emancipation at that time. Like the Blanchelande of five years before, he refused. He said, "Disarm! Disperse!" and the blacks answered, "The right hand that has saved you, the right hand that has saved the island for the Bourbons, may perchance clutch some of our own rights;" and they stood still. This is the first insurrection, if any such there were in St. Domingo,—the first determined purpose on the part of the negro, having saved the government, to save himself. . . .

At such a moment Toussaint l'Ouverture appeared.

He had been born a slave on a plantation in the north of the island,—an unmixed negro,—his father stolen from Africa. If anything, therefore, that I say of him to-night moves your admiration, remember, the black race claims it all,—we have no part nor lot in it. He was fifty years old at this time. An old negro had taught him to read. His favorite books were Epictetus, Raynal, military memoirs, Plutarch. In the woods he learned some of the qualities of herbs; and was village doctor. On the estate, the highest place he ever reached was that of coachman. At fifty he joined the army as physician. Before he went, he placed his master and mistress on shipboard, freighted the vessel with a cargo of sugar and coffee, and sent them to Baltimore; and never afterward did he forget to send them, year by year, ample means of support. And I might add, that of all the leading negro generals, each one saved the man under whose roof he was born, and protected the family.

Let me add another thing. If I stood here to-night to tell the story of Napoleon, I should take it from the lips of Frenchmen, who find no language rich enough to paint the great captain of the nineteenth century. Were I here to tell you the story of Washington, I should take it from your hearts,—you, who think no marble white enough on which to carve the name of the Father of his Country. I am about to tell you the story of a negro who has left hardly one written line. I am to glean it from the reluctant testimony of Britons, Frenchmen, Spaniards,—

men who despised him as a negro and a slave, and hated him because he had beaten them in many a battle. All the materials for his biography are from the lips of his enemies.

The second story told of him is this: About the time he reached the camp, the army had been subjected to two insults. First their commissioners, summoned to meet the French Committee, were ignominiously and insultingly dismissed; and when afterward François, their general, was summoned to a second conference, and went to it on horseback, accompanied by two officers, a young lieutenant, who had known him as a slave, angered at seeing him in the uniform of an officer, raised his riding-whip and struck him over the shoulders. If he had been the savage which the negro is painted to us, he had only to breathe the insult to his twenty-five thousand soldiers, and they would have trodden out the Frenchmen in blood. But the indignant chief rode back in silence to his tent, and it was twenty-four hours before his troops heard of this insult to their general. Then the word went forth, "Death to every white man!" They had fifteen hundred prisoners. Ranged in front of the camp, they were about to be shot. Toussaint, who had a vein of religious fanaticism, like most great leaders,—like Mohammed, like Napoleon, like Cromwell, like John Brown, he could preach as well as fight,—mounting a hillock, and getting the ear of the crowd, exclaimed:—"Brothers, this blood will not wipe out the insult to our chief; only the blood in yonder French camp can wipe it out. To shed that is courage; to shed this is cowardice and cruelty besides;"—and he saved fifteen hundred lives.

I cannot stop to give in detail every one of his efforts. This was in 1793. Leap with me over seven years; come to 1800: what has he achieved? He has driven the Spaniard back into his own cities, conquered him there, and put the French banner over every Spanish town; and for the first time, and almost the last, the island obeys one law. He has put the mulatto under his feet. He has attacked Maitland, defeated him in pitched battles, and permitted him to retreat to Jamaica; and when the French army rose upon Laveaux, their general, and put him in chains, Toussaint defeated them, took Laveaux out of prison, and put him at the head of his own troops. The grateful French in return named him general-in-chief. "*Cet homme fait*

l'ouverture partout," said one (This man makes an opening everywhere); hence his soldiers named him "L'Ouverture," *the opening*.

This was the work of seven years. Let us pause a moment, and find something to measure him by. You remember Macaulay says, comparing Cromwell with Napoleon, that Cromwell showed the greater military genius, if we consider that he never saw an army till he was forty; while Napoleon was educated from a boy in the best military schools in Europe. Cromwell manufactured his own army; Napoleon at the age of twenty-seven was placed at the head of the best troops Europe ever saw. They were both successful; but, says Macaulay, with such disadvantages the Englishman showed the greater genius. Whether you allow the inference or not, you will at least grant that it is a fair mode of measurement. Apply it to Toussaint. Cromwell never saw an army till he was forty: this man never saw a soldier till he was fifty. Cromwell manufactured his own army—out of what? Englishmen, the best blood in Europe; out of the middle class of Englishmen, the best blood of the island. And with it he conquered—what? Englishmen, their equals: This man manufactured his army—out of what? Out of what you call the despicable race of negroes, debased, demoralized by two hundred years of slavery, one hundred thousand of them imported into the island within four years, unable to speak a dialect intelligible even to each other. Yet out of this mixed, and as you say, despicable mass, he forged a thunderbolt and hurled it at—what? At the proudest blood in Europe, the Spaniard, and sent him home conquered; at the most warlike blood in Europe, the French, and put them under his feet; at the pluckiest blood in Europe, the English, and they skulked home to Jamaica. Now if Cromwell was a general, at least this man was a soldier. I know it was a small territory; it was not as large as the continent; but it was as large as that Attica, which with Athens for a capital has filled the earth with its fame for two thousand years. We measure genius by quality, not by quantity.

Further,—Cromwell was only a soldier; his fame stops there. Not one line in the statute-book of Britain can be traced to Cromwell; not one step in the social life of England finds its motive power in his brain. The State he founded went down with him to his grave. But this man no sooner put his hand

on the helm of State than the ship steadied with an upright keel, and he began to evince a statesmanship as marvelous as his military genius. History says that the most statesmanlike act of Napoleon was his proclamation of 1802, at the peace of Amiens, when, believing that the indelible loyalty of a native-born heart is always a sufficient basis on which to found an empire, he said: "Frenchmen, come home. I pardon the crimes of the last twelve years; I blot out its parties; I found my throne on the hearts of all Frenchmen;"—and twelve years of unclouded success showed how wisely he judged. That was in 1802. In 1800 this negro made a proclamation; it runs thus: "Sons of St. Domingo, come home. We never meant to take your houses or your lands. The negro only asked that liberty which God gave him. Your houses wait for you; your lands are ready; come and cultivate them;"—and from Madrid and Paris, from Baltimore and New Orleans, the emigrant planters crowded home to enjoy their estates, under the pledged word, that was never broken, of a victorious slave.

Again, Carlyle has said, "The natural king is one who melts all wills into his own." At this moment he turned to his armies,—poor, ill-clad, and half-starved,—and said to them: Go back and work on these estates you have conquered; for an empire can be founded only on order and industry, and you can learn these virtues only there. And they went. The French admiral, who witnessed the scene, said that in a week his army melted back into peasants.

It was 1800. The world waited fifty years before, in 1846, Robert Peel dared to venture, as a matter of practical statesmanship, the theory of free trade. Adam Smith theorized, the French statesmen dreamed, but no man at the head of affairs had ever dared to risk it as a practical measure. Europe waited till 1846 before the most practical intellect in the world, the English, adopted the great economic formula of unfettered trade. But in 1800 this black, with the instinct of statesmanship, said to the committee who were drafting for him a constitution: "Put at the head of the chapter of commerce that the ports of St. Domingo are open to the trade of the world." With lofty indifference to race, superior to all envy or prejudice, Toussaint had formed this committee of eight white proprietors and one mulatto,—not a soldier nor a negro on the list; although Haytian history proves

that with the exception of Rigaud, the rarest genius has always been shown by pure negroes.

Again, it was 1800, at a time when England was poisoned on every page of her statute-book with religious intolerance, when a man could not enter the House of Commons without taking an Episcopal communion, when every State in the Union except Rhode Island was full of the intensest religious bigotry. This man was a negro. You say that is a superstitious blood. He was uneducated. You say that makes a man narrow-minded. He was a Catholic. Many say that is but another name for intolerance. And yet—negro, Catholic, slave—he took his place by the side of Roger Williams, and said to his committee: "Make it the first line of my Constitution that I know no difference between religious beliefs."

Now, blue-eyed Saxon, proud of your race, go back with me to the commencement of the century, and select what statesman you please. Let him be either American or European; let him have a brain the result of six generations of culture; let him have the ripest training of university routine; let him add to it the better education of practical life; crown his temples with the silver of seventy years,—and show me the man of Saxon lineage for whom his most sanguine admirer will wreath a laurel rich as embittered foes have placed on the brow of this negro: rare military skill, profound knowledge of human nature, content to blot out all party distinctions and trust a State to the blood of its sons,—anticipating Sir Robert Peel fifty years, and taking his station by the side of Roger Williams before any Englishman or American had won the right;—and yet this is the record which the history of rival States makes up for this inspired black of St. Domingo.

It was 1801. The Frenchmen who lingered on the island described its prosperity and order as almost incredible. You might trust a child with a bag of gold to go from Samana to Port-au-Prince without risk. Peace was in every household; the valleys laughed with fertility; culture climbed the mountains; the commerce of the world was represented in its harbors. At this time Europe concluded the Peace of Amiens, and Napoleon took his seat on the throne of France. He glanced his eyes across the Atlantic, and with a single stroke of his pen reduced Cayenne and Martinique back into chains. He then said to his

Council, "What shall I do with St. Domingo?" The slaveholders said, "Give it to us." Napoleon turned to the Abbé Grégoire: "What is your opinion?" "I think those men would change their opinions if they changed their skins." Colonel Vincent, who had been private secretary to Toussaint, wrote a letter to Napoleon, in which he said: "Sire, leave it alone: it is the happiest spot in your dominions; God raised this man to govern; races melt under his hand. He saved you this island; for I know of my own knowledge that when the Republic could not have lifted a finger to prevent it, George III. offered him any title and any revenue if he would hold the island under the British crown. He refused, and saved it for France." Napoleon turned away from his Council, and is said to have remarked, "I have sixty thousand idle troops: I must find them something to do." He meant to say, "I am about to seize the crown; I dare not do it in the faces of sixty thousand republican soldiers: I must give them work at a distance to do." The gossip of Paris gives another reason for his expedition against St. Domingo. It is said that the satirists of Paris had christened Toussaint the Black Napoleon; and Bonaparte hated his black shadow. Toussaint had unfortunately once addressed him a letter, "The first of the blacks to the first of the whites." He did not like the comparison. You would think it too slight a motive. But let me remind you of the present Napoleon, that when the epigrammatists of Paris christened his wasteful and tasteless expense at Versailles *Soulouquerie*, from the name of Soulouque, the Black Emperor, he deigned to issue a specific order forbidding the use of the word. The Napoleon blood is very sensitive. So Napoleon resolved to crush Toussaint, from one motive or another; from the prompting of ambition, or dislike of this resemblance,—which was very close. If either imitated the other, it must have been the white, since the negro preceded him several years. They were very much alike, and they were very French,—French even in vanity, common to both. You remember Bonaparte's vainglorious words to his soldiers at the Pyramids: "Forty centuries look down upon us." In the same mood, Toussaint said to the French captain who urged him to go to France in his frigate, "Sir, your ship is not large enough to carry me."

Napoleon, you know, could never bear the military uniform. He hated the restraint of his rank; he loved to put on the gray

coat of the Little Corporal, and wander in the camp. Toussaint also never could bear a uniform. He wore a plain coat, and often the yellow Madras handkerchief of the slaves. A French lieutenant once called him a maggot in a yellow handkerchief. Toussaint took him prisoner next day, and sent him home to his mother. Like Napoleon, he could fast many days; could dictate to three secretaries at once; could wear out four or five horses. Like Napoleon, no man ever divined his purpose or penetrated his plan. He was only a negro; and so in him they called it hypocrisy. In Bonaparte we style it diplomacy. For instance, three attempts made to assassinate him all failed, from not firing at the right spot. If they thought he was in the north in a carriage, he would be in the south on horseback; if they thought he was in the city in a house, he would be in the field in a tent. They once riddled his carriage with bullets; he was on horseback on the other side. The seven Frenchmen who did it were arrested. They expected to be shot. The next day was some saint's day; he ordered them to be placed before the high altar, and when the priest reached the prayer for forgiveness, came down from his high seat, repeated it with him, and permitted them to go unpunished. He had that wit common to all great commanders, which makes its way in a camp. His soldiers getting disheartened, he filled a large vase with powder, and scattering six grains of rice in it, shook them up, and said: "See, there is the white, there is the black; what are you afraid of?" So when people came to him in great numbers for office, as it is reported they do sometimes even in Washington, he learned the first words of a Catholic prayer in Latin, and repeating it, would say, "Do you understand that?"—"No, sir."—"What! want an office, and not know Latin? Go home and learn it!"

Then again, like Napoleon,—like genius always,—he had confidence in his power to rule men. You remember when Bonaparte returned from Elba, and Louis XVIII. sent an army against him, Bonaparte descended from his carriage, opened his coat, offering his breast to their muskets, and saying, "Frenchmen, it is the Emperor!" and they ranged themselves behind him, *his* soldiers, shouting "Vive l'Empereur!" That was in 1815. Twelve years before, Toussaint, finding that four of his regiments had deserted and gone to Leclerc, drew his sword, flung it on the grass, went across the field to them, folded his arms, and said, "Children,

can you point a bayonet at me?" The blacks fell on their knees praying his pardon. His bitterest enemies watched him, and none of them charged him with love of money, sensuality, or cruel use of power. The only instance in which his sternest critic has charged him with severity is this: During a tumult, a few white proprietors who had returned, trusting his proclamation, were killed. His nephew, General Moise, was accused of indecision in quelling the riot. He assembled a court-martial, and on its verdict ordered his own nephew to be shot, sternly Roman in thus keeping his promise of protection to the whites. Above the lust of gold, pure in private life, generous in the use of his power,—it was against such a man that Napoleon sent his army, giving to General Leclerc, the husband of his beautiful sister Pauline, thirty thousand of his best troops, with orders to reintroduce slavery. Among these soldiers came all of Tous-saint's old mulatto rivals and foes.

Holland lent sixty ships. England promised by special message to be neutral; and you know neutrality means sneering at freedom, and sending arms to tyrants. England promised neutrality, and the black looked out on the whole civilized world marshaled against him. America, full of slaves, of course was hostile. Only the Yankee sold him poor muskets at a very high price. Mounting his horse, and riding to the eastern end of the island, Samana, he looked out on a sight such as no native had ever seen before. Sixty ships of the line, crowded by the best soldiers of Europe, rounded the point. They were soldiers who had never yet met an equal; whose tread, like Cæsar's, had shaken Europe;—soldiers who had scaled the Pyramids, and planted the French banners on the walls of Rome. He looked a moment, counted the flotilla, let the reins fall on the neck of his horse, and turning to Christophe, exclaimed: "All France is come to Hayti: they can only come to make us slaves; and we are lost!" He then recognized the only mistake of his life,—his confidence in Bonaparte, which had led him to disband his army.

Returning to the hills, he issued the only proclamation which bears his name and breathes vengeance: "My children, France comes to make us slaves. God gave us liberty; France has no right to take it away. Burn the cities, destroy the harvests, tear up the roads with cannon, poison the wells, show the white man

the hell he comes to make;"—and he was obeyed. When the great William of Orange saw Louis XIV. cover Holland with troops, he said, "Break down the dikes, give Holland back to ocean;" and Europe said, "Sublime!" When Alexander saw the armies of France descend upon Russia, he said, "Burn Moscow, starve back the invaders;" and Europe said, "Sublime!" This black saw all Europe marshaled to crush him, and gave to his people the same heroic example of defiance.

It is true, the scene grows bloodier as we proceed. But remember, the white man fitly accompanied his infamous attempt to *reduce free men to slavery* with every bloody and cruel device that bitter and shameless hate could invent. Aristocracy is always cruel. The black man met the attempt, as every such attempt should be met, with war to the hilt. In his first struggle to gain his freedom, he had been generous and merciful, saved lives and pardoned enemies, as the people in every age and clime have always done when rising against aristocrats. Now, to save his liberty, the negro exhausted every means, seized every weapon, and turned back the hateful invaders with a vengeance as terrible as their own, though even now he refused to be cruel.

Leclerc sent word to Christophe that he was about to land at Cape City. Christophe said, "Toussaint is governor of the island. I will send to him for permission. If without it a French soldier sets foot on shore, I will burn the town, and fight over its ashes."

Leclerc landed. Christophe took two thousand *white* men, women, and children, and carried them to the mountains in safety; then with his own hands set fire to the splendid palace which French architects had just finished for him, and in forty hours the place was in ashes. The battle was fought in its streets, and the French driven back to their boats. Wherever they went, they were met with fire and sword. Once, resisting an attack, the blacks, Frenchmen born, shouted the Marseilles Hymn, and the French soldiers stood still; they could not fight the 'Marseillaise.' And it was not till their officers sabred them on that they advanced, and then they were beaten. Beaten in the field, the French then took to lies. They issued proclamations, saying, "We do not come to make you slaves; this man Toussaint tells you lies. Join us, and you shall have the rights

you claim." They cheated every one of his officers, except Christophe and Dessalines and his own brother Pierre; and finally these also deserted him, and he was left alone. He then sent word to Leclerc, "I will submit. I could continue the struggle for years,—could prevent a single Frenchman from safely quitting your camp. But I hate bloodshed. I have fought only for the liberty of my race. Guarantee that, I will submit and come in." He took the oath to be a faithful citizen; and on the same crucifix Leclerc swore that he should be faithfully protected, and that the island should be free. As the French general glanced along the line of his splendidly equipped troops, and saw opposite Toussaint's ragged, ill-armed followers, he said to him, "L'Ouverture, had you continued the war, where could you have got arms?" "I would have taken yours," was the Spartan reply. He went down to his house in peace; it was summer. Leclerc remembered that the fever months were coming, when his army would be in hospitals, and when one motion of that royal hand would sweep his troops into the sea. He was too dangerous to be left at large. So they summoned him to attend a council; and here is the only charge made against him,—the only charge,—they say he was fool enough to go. Grant it: what was the record? The white man lies shrewdly to cheat the negro. Knight-errantry was truth. The foulest insult you can offer a man since the Crusades is, "You lie." Of Toussaint, Hermona, the Spanish general, who knew him well, said, "He was the purest soul God ever put into a body." Of him history bears witness, "He never broke his word." Maitland was traveling in the depths of the woods to meet Toussaint, when he was met by a messenger and told that he was betrayed. He went on, and met Toussaint, who showed him two letters,—one from the French general offering him any rank if he would put Maitland in his power, and the other his reply. It was, "Sir, I have promised the Englishman that he shall go back." Let it stand, therefore, that the negro, truthful as a knight of old, was cheated by his lying foe. Which race has reason to be proud of such a record?

But he was not cheated. He was under espionage. Suppose he had refused: the government would have doubted him,—would have found some cause to arrest him. He probably reasoned thus: "If I go willingly, I shall be treated accordingly;"

and he went. The moment he entered the room, the officers drew their swords and told him he was prisoner; and one young lieutenant who was present says, "He was not at all surprised, but seemed very sad." They put him on shipboard and weighed anchor for France. As the island faded from his sight, he turned to the captain, and said, "You think you have rooted up the tree of liberty, but I am only a branch; I have planted the tree so deep that all France can never root it up."

Arrived in Paris, he was flung into jail, and Napoleon sent his secretary Caffarelli to him, supposing he had buried large treasures. He listened awhile, then replied, "Young man, it is true I have lost treasures, but they are not such as you come to seek." He was then sent to the Castle of Joux, to a dungeon twelve feet by twenty, built wholly of stone, with a narrow window high up on the one side, looking out on the snows of Switzerland. In winter, ice covers the floor; in summer, it is damp and wet. In this living tomb the child of the sunny tropic was left to die. From this dungeon he wrote two letters to Napoleon. One of them ran thus:—

"Sire, I am a French citizen. I never broke a law. By the grace of God, I have saved for you the best island of your realm. Sire, of your mercy grant me justice."

Napoleon never answered the letters. The commandant allowed five francs a day for food and fuel. Napoleon heard of it, and reduced the sum to three. The luxurious usurper, who complained that the English government was stingy because it allowed him only six thousand dollars a month, stooped from his throne to cut down a dollar to a half, and still Toussaint did not die quick enough.

This dungeon was a tomb. The story is told that in Josephine's time, a young French marquis was placed there, and the girl to whom he was betrothed went to the Empress and prayed for his release. Said Josephine to her, "Have a model of it made, and bring it to me." Josephine placed it near Napoleon. He said, "Take it away,—it is horrible!" She put it on his footstool, and he kicked it from him. She held it to him the third time, and said, "Sire, in this horrible dungeon you have put a man to die." "Take him out," said Napoleon, and the girl saved her lover. In this tomb Toussaint was buried, but he did not die fast enough. Finally the commandant was told to go into Switzerland, to carry the keys of the dungeon with him, and

to stay four days; when he returned, Toussaint was found starved to death. That imperial assassin was taken, twelve years after, to his prison at St. Helena, planned for a tomb as he had planned that of Toussaint; and there he whined away his dying hours in pitiful complaints of curtains and titles, of dishes and rides. God grant that when some future Plutarch shall weigh the great men of our epoch, the whites against the blacks, he do not put that whining child at St. Helena into one scale, and into the other the negro, meeting death like a Roman, without a murmur, in the solitude of his icy dungeon!

ANTIQUITY OF INVENTIONS AND STORIES

From Lecture on 'The Lost Arts'

I HAVE been somewhat criticized, year after year, for this endeavor to open up the claims of old times. I have been charged with repeating useless fables with no foundation. To-day I take the mere subject of glass. This material, Pliny says, was discovered by accident. Some sailors, landing on the eastern coast of Spain, took their cooking utensils, and supported them on the sand by the stones that they found in the neighborhood; they kindled their fire, cooked the fish, finished the meal, and removed the apparatus; and glass was found to have resulted from the nitre and sea-sand, vitrified by the heat. Well, I have been a dozen times criticized by a number of wise men, in newspapers, who have said that this was a very idle tale; that there never was sufficient heat in a few bundles of sticks to produce vitrification,—glass-making. I happened, two years ago, to meet on the prairies of Missouri, Professor Shepherd, who started from Yale College, and like a genuine Yankee brings up anywhere where there is anything to do. I happened to mention this criticism to him. "Well," says he, "a little practical life would have freed men from that doubt." Said he, "We stopped last year in Mexico, to cook some venison. We got down from our saddles, and put the cooking apparatus on stones we found there; made our fire with the wood we got there, resembling ebony; and when we removed the apparatus there was pure silver gotten out of the embers by the intense heat of that almost iron wood. Now," said he, "that heat was greater than any necessary to vitrify the materials of glass." . . .

Take the whole range of imaginative literature, and we are all wholesale borrowers. In every matter that relates to invention, to use, or beauty, or form, we are borrowers.

You may glance around the furniture of the palaces in Europe, and you may gather all these utensils of art or use; and when you have fixed the shape and forms in your mind, I will take you into the museum of Naples, which gathers all the remains of the domestic life of the Romans, and you shall not find a single one of these modern forms of art or beauty or use that was not anticipated there. We have hardly added one single line or sweep of beauty to the antique. . . .

All the boys' plays, like everything that amuses the child in the open air, are Asiatic. Rawlinson will show you that they came somewhere from the banks of the Ganges or the suburbs of Damascus. Bulwer borrowed the incidents of his Roman stories from legends of a thousand years before. Indeed, Dunlop, who has grouped the history of the novels of all Europe into one essay, says that in the nations of modern Europe there have been two hundred and fifty or three hundred distinct stories. He says at least two hundred of these may be traced, before Christianity, to the other side of the Black Sea. If this were my topic, which it is not, I might tell you that even our newspaper jokes are enjoying a very respectable old age. Take Maria Edgeworth's essay on Irish bulls and the laughable mistakes of the Irish. Even the tale which either Maria Edgeworth or her father thought the best is that famous story of a man writing a letter as follows: "My dear friend, I would write you in detail more minutely, if there was not an impudent fellow looking over my shoulder, reading every word."—"No, you lie: I've not read a word you have written!" This is an Irish bull; still it is a very old one. It is only two hundred and fifty years older than the New Testament. Horace Walpole dissented from Richard Lovell Edgeworth, and thought the other Irish bull was the best,—of the man who said, "I would have been a very handsome man, but they changed me in the cradle." That comes from Don Quixote, and is Spanish; but Cervantes borrowed it from the Greek in the fourth century, and the Greek stole it from the Egyptian hundreds of years back.

There is one story which it is said Washington has related, of a man who went into an inn and asked for a glass of drink from the landlord, who pushed forward a wine-glass about half the

usual size; the teacups also in that day were not more than half the present size. The landlord said, "That glass out of which you are drinking is forty years old." "Well," said the thirsty traveler, contemplating its diminutive proportions, "I think it is the smallest thing of its age I ever saw." That story as told is given as a story of Athens three hundred and seventy-five years before Christ was born. Why! all these Irish bulls are Greek,—every one of them. Take the Irishman who carried around a brick as a specimen of the house he had to sell; take the Irishman who shut his eyes and looked into the glass to see how he would look when he was dead; take the Irishman that bought a crow, alleging that crows were reported to live two hundred years, and he meant to set out and try it; take the Irishman who met a friend who said to him, "Why, sir, I heard you were dead." "Well," says the man, "I suppose you see I'm not." "Oh, no," says he, "I would believe the man who told me a good deal quicker than I would you." Well, those are all Greek. A score or more of them, of a parallel character, come from Athens. . . .

Cicero said that he had seen the entire Iliad, which is a poem as large as the New Testament, written on a skin so that it could be rolled up in the compass of a nut-shell. Now this is imperceptible to the ordinary eye. You have seen the Declaration of Independence in the compass of a quarter of a dollar, written with glasses. I have to-day a paper at home, as long as half my hand, on which was photographed the whole contents of a London newspaper. It was put under a dove's wing and sent into Paris, where they enlarged it and read the news. This copy of the Iliad must have been made by some such process.

In the Roman theatre,—the Coliseum, which could seat a hundred thousand people,—the emperor's box, raised to the highest tier, bore about the same proportion to the space as this stand does to this hall; and to look down to the centre of a six-acre lot was to look a considerable distance. ("Considerable," by the way, is not a Yankee word. Lord Chesterfield uses it in his letters to his son, so it has a good English origin.) Pliny says that Nero the tyrant had a ring with a gem in it, which he looked through and watched the sword-play of the gladiators,—men who killed each other to amuse the people,—more clearly than with the naked eye. So Nero had an opera-glass.


So Mauritius the Sicilian stood on the promontory of his island, and could sweep over the entire sea to the coast of Africa

with his *nauscopite*, which is a word derived from two Greek words, meaning "to see a ship." Evidently Mauritius, who was a pirate, had a marine telescope.

You may visit Dr. Abbot's museum, where you will see the ring of Cheops. Bunsen puts him five hundred years before Christ. The signet of the ring is about the size of a quarter of a dollar, and the engraving is invisible without the aid of glasses. No man was ever shown into the cabinets of gems in Italy without being furnished with a microscope to look at them. It would be idle for him to look at them without one. He couldn't appreciate the delicate lines and the expression of the faces. If you go to Parma, they will show you a gem once worn on the finger of Michael Angelo, of which the engraving is two thousand years old, on which there are the figures of seven women. You must have the aid of a glass in order to distinguish the forms at all. I have a friend who has a ring, perhaps three-quarters of an inch in diameter, and on it is the naked figure of the god Hercules. By the aid of glasses you can distinguish the interlacing muscles, and count every separate hair on the eyebrows. Layard says he would be unable to read the engravings on Nineveh without strong spectacles, they are so extremely small. Rawlinson brought home a stone about twenty inches long and ten wide, containing an entire treatise on mathematics. It would be perfectly illegible without glasses. Now if we are unable to read it without the aid of glasses, you may suppose the man who engraved it had pretty strong spectacles. So the microscope, instead of dating from our time, finds its brothers in the books of Moses,—and these are infant brothers.

PIERRE OF PROVENCE AND THE BEAUTIFUL MAGUELONNE

BY OLGA FLINCH

HE story of Pierre of Provence and the beautiful Maguelonne comes to us in a quaint little edition printed in Avignon in the year 1770; but goes back much farther than this date, and is one of the floating stories of the Middle Ages, which, passing from mouth to mouth and province to province, finally found their way into print in sometimes two or three different languages. There is said to be a German edition of Pierre of Provence, and there are also whispers of an Italian one. The present French edition comes without name of author or editor: and whoever the one that kindly saved it for us, he has the good grace of allowing the little story to speak for itself; naïvely relating it with a simplicity that suggests the fairy tale told of a winter evening to a group of children eagerly crowding around the log fire.

The scene is laid in Provence, which "seems always to have been the home of Poetry: be it because the sunlight, stronger and purer there than elsewhere, creates a more vivid and life-giving imagination; or because in this fresh country, hardly ever darkened by the colds of winter, it requires no effort to call forth the most smiling picture."

This little earthly paradise had been for some time the seat of intestine wars, when Count Jean de Provence, in spite of his title to the throne, preferred "quiet obscurity to a glory built upon murder; kept his title of count, and settled at Cavaillon, where he enjoyed the fruits of his virtue in peace, and where the happiness of loving and being loved by a most beautiful and most virtuous wife meant more to him than the empire of the world." Together this happy couple spent their time and efforts on the education of their son Pierre, who from early childhood was trained in all the arts, sciences, and accomplishments of the period, so that when "age and experience had ripened his principles, Pierre was one of the most redoubtable of knights; . . . no one could conquer him, neither in hand-to-hand fight, nor in races, nor with sword or lance. The most celebrated troubadours, the most practiced jongleurs, had to acknowledge him their master. In his twentieth year Pierre was the delight of his parents, and in the whole of Provence the talk was but of him."

But so much valor would naturally only await an opportunity to distinguish itself further; and after a tournament in which Pierre covered himself with fresh glory, a new direction was given to his ambition. At the repast after the tournament the talk fell on Maguelonne, daughter of the King of Naples, "for whose sake all the knights seeking her father's court attempted the most astonishing feats. Much was said of her charms and her beauty. She was described minutely, and Pierre had the description repeated twenty times. One of the knights asked him if he did not intend to see the world and seek adventures. Pierre did not answer, but remained lost in thought and absent-minded." At this time our hero was at the happy age when "the need of loving gives new life to the soul; and makes of a well-disposed character an excellent one, and of an evil-disposed character a vicious one." The beauty of Maguelonne made a deep impression on him; and all his thoughts were now of her, of the court of Naples, and of the glories to be won there. His only sorrow was the thought of the sorrow he would cause his devoted parents by leaving them: but kneeling before his father and opening his heart to him, he "reminded him modestly of the advantages he had taken of the education granted him, of the reputation he had won; 'but to what use,' added he, 'are the principles you have inculcated, the little talent I have won, if I am to spend my life in inactivity? It is not for his own sake, it is in order to be an example to the world, the defender of the oppressed, the protector of the unhappy, that a knight must live his life.'" And asking his parents to weigh carefully the life awaiting him in his home against the life of the world outside, he leaves the decision with them. They see the justice of his wishes, and all preparations are made for his departure; his father recalling to him the teachings of his childhood, and his mother giving him as a parting gift three costly rings.

Pierre finally arrives in Naples, where reigns the father of the beautiful Maguelonne; but although he has a brilliant suite, he prefers to remain unknown,—that he may win the love of Maguelonne on his own merits, and also that he may not attract the attention of his father's brother, Count Jacques of Provence, who might fear that with the help of the King of Naples, Pierre would attempt to regain for his father the throne which Count Jacques had usurped. Pierre chose as his emblem two keys, and had them embroidered on his clothes and on the harness of his horses; and dressed in his richest apparel, he went the following Sunday to the tournament called in honor of Maguelonne, who was to grace it with her presence. Pierre finds the princess far exceeding all that had been said of her: inspired by her beauty, he enters the lists and conquers all his combatants, as much by his skill and agility as by his strength; and to

the King's messenger, who asks the name of so valiant a stranger, he answers that he is merely a poor French knight in search of glory, who has vowed not to disclose his name.

Maguelonne is so charmed with his prowess, that the King, at her wish, orders several other tournaments, out of which Pierre comes equally victorious, each time gaining in her esteem. "She had seen many knights, but none had made the same impression on her. . . . Maguelonne was both gentle and vivacious; she had all the virtues of a tender heart, and all the qualities of an active and gifted mind: but at this time her strongest feeling was the fear that her father might lack in courtesy to the unknown knight." Her joy was therefore great when the King invited Pierre to dine at the palace, and gave him the seat of honor at her side. "Pierre, without forgetting that he was seated next to the King, saw nothing but the beauty of the daughter. He suppressed his sighs, and his heart was the prey of the most passionate love. Maguelonne experienced the same feeling, but would not believe it: she took her emotion for natural admiration, and her tenderness for the esteem due so many virtues."

In this way their mutual love grows, causing them to pass through all the various phases of emotion, from joy to sadness, from hope to fear, scarcely understanding what can be this new imperious feeling. After Maguelonne has passed several sleepless nights, she goes to her old nurse Nicé one morning at dawn, and confesses her love for the unknown knight; and being reproved for loving an adventurer, she says: "Nicé, you speak to me of thrones, grandeur, riches,—what is all that compared to love? You would make me despise my rank, were it to prevent me from loving the virtues of an honest man because he is neither rich nor powerful. Power should be the reward of valor and not of birth; but, cruel Nicé, who has told you that this stranger is of low birth? It is only because you fear him that you oppose my wishes. Go then to him, use all your tact to discover which is his country and who are his parents: not that I doubt him, but I would be justified in your sight. I would that you might help me with your counsel without blushing." Maguelonne conquers all Nicé's scruples; and having assured her that whatever happens, she will marry none other than the knight of the keys, she adds: "It is late: go, my dear friend, hasten, and if necessary make your way to the unknown; question him, ask him most urgently, and if you must tell him all I feel for him, it will not cause me a blush;—love ceases to be a weakness when it is wedded to virtue. Farewell; you know my heart,—my life is in your hands."

Pierre, who does not dare to hope that the princess will ever accept his love, is thinking over the difficulties of his position when Nicé comes to him. Assuring him of the friendship of the King

and Queen, and telling him that he has inspired the princess with "the feelings which he deserves," she begs him to disclose his name and rank, that envious courtiers may not make his silence a pretext to hurt him. Pierre declares that no fear of intrigues would make him disclose his identity; but that the sole wish to please the princess forces him to acknowledge that he belongs to an illustrious family of France. Thereupon he presents Nicé with one of the rings given him by his mother, not daring to give it to the princess herself; and Nicé, to reward him for his confidence, pledges herself to make Maguelonne accept it. She returns to find the princess more impatient than ever, in her delight over his ring able to talk of nothing but her love, spending her days and nights thinking of him and dreaming of him.

Pierre meanwhile, fearing the result of his message, seeks Nicé, who promises to help him if she is sure of the purity of his love for Maguelonne. "May I die before your eyes," he exclaims, "if carried away by base passion I should ever cast a bold look on the one I love so tenderly. I adore Maguelonne; I would give my life for her; and if I could win her hand thereby, there is no danger that I would not brave." Conquered by these protestations, Nicé confesses the love of the princess; Pierre promises to tell Maguelonne who he is, and sends her another ring. Their first meeting is set for the next day. Nicé meets Pierre and brings him to the princess, leaving them together overwhelmed by a happiness that finds no words to express itself. Maguelonne finally, reminding him of her great trust in him, begs him to have equal confidence in her; and kneeling before her, he confesses his vow not to disclose his name and title until he had succeeded in winning her love. Then, with Maguelonne's permission, and being assured of her love, he tells her all, and dwells upon the danger it would mean to his father, to herself, and him, if his uncle the reigning Count of Provence should hear of his intention to marry the heiress of a kingdom; by such an alliance making himself a much more redoubtable claimant to the throne of Provence.

Maguelonne trembles at the thought of the danger her lover is exposed to; but, assured that her father would approve of their union if he knew who Pierre was, "she feels that she does not lack in her duty toward her father in giving her heart and promise to so brave a knight, who is moreover of the blood of kings." Consequently they exchange the most solemn vows; Pierre gives Maguelonne the third of his mother's rings, and she takes from her neck a golden chain which she passes around his.

But the secrecy to which they are forced naturally weighs heavy on them; and when Maguelonne is alone with Nicé she cannot help contrasting her fate with that of her poorest subject, who can freely marry the man of her choice. "If Pierre were a reigning monarch,

might he even be the most detested but powerful tyrant, he had only to will it and he could be my husband. And if he were the son of a shepherd, although he had the courage of the greatest heroes and the wisdom of the best of kings, he would be punished for daring to aspire to the hand of a princess. Yes, Nicé, this is the fate of my lover. As prince he is lost if he becomes known, as simple citizen his love would be a crime if it were discovered.' 'What reasons for discontent?' said the nurse: 'you must expect everything from time and your own prudence.'"

Pierre meanwhile gains the heart of everybody at court by his repeated triumphs, beauty, and modesty; and this awakens the jealousy of Ferrier, Duke of Normandie, who aspires to Maguelonne's hand. Confident of his strength, Ferrier begs the King to call another tournament, at which he unseats all his adversaries until in turn he is thrown off his horse by Pierre. As victor, Pierre is to continue the fight with the next adversary; and great is his surprise when he recognizes his uncle, Count Jacques of Provence. Pierre, without making himself known, tries to dissuade the count from fighting; but his uncle insists upon his rights. Pierre contents himself with merely evading the count's thrusts, until "Count Jacques, rendered furious, takes his sword in both hands; Pierre, without attempting to evade him again, only turns his head a little, and the stroke merely grazes Pierre's armor; the count by the violence of his own motion is thrown over the head of his horse and falls at the feet of Pierre's. He rises with a low murmur. Everybody is surprised at the skill and strength of the knight of the keys: nobody understands why, being so superior to the count, he should have first refused to fight him; only Maguelonne understands all. As for the count, he dared not begin again, and was obliged to acknowledge that the unknown knight was the most redoubtable and at the same time the most courteous of all those he had fought until that day." Humiliated by his defeat, the count leaves at once, thus losing the chance of recognizing Pierre.

Before the tournament, Maguelonne had seized the opportunity of a conversation with Count Jacques to inquire after Pierre's parents; and when Pierre comes to her the next day, he hears from her that his mother is suffering great anxiety at not having heard from him, and he immediately asks Maguelonne's permission to go home and reassure his parents. But the prospect of his absence, and the fear of being forced to marry Ferrier, who will make the most of his opportunity, is more than Maguelonne can bear; and she implores Pierre not to leave, or at least not to leave without her. "'What!' exclaimed Pierre, 'you would have so great a confidence in me that you would go with me? O most adorable princess, the sacrifice which

you propose deserves that I should forget the entire world to belong only to you. Well then, I will not go. But my mother! my mother to whom I am giving this great sorrow may die, and I shall be the cause of her death!' Maguelonne's heart softened, and she begged Pierre to leave and take her with him."

Thus the lovers make up their mind to flee, and to be married as soon as they are out of reach, that Maguelonne may accompany her husband. The next night they leave, Pierre taking three horses carrying provisions, and Maguelonne taking with her all her jewels and valuables. "Maguelonne rode beside her lover; one of Pierre's servants rode ahead, and the two others behind. With the dawn of day they reached a thick wood bordering on the sea. . . . They dismounted and sat down on the grass. Maguelonne, who had been strengthened on the way by love and fear, felt tired out; she laid her head on Pierre's knees; with one of his hands he held her beautiful face, and with the other he held a veil to protect her from the dew falling from the leaves. To cleave helmets, break lances, and throw knights, demand great courage: but to be young, in love, hold in your arms in the solitude of the woods the woman who loves you, and still to treat her as a sister, is an effort of which not many knights would be capable; but Pierre was, and Maguelonne fell calmly asleep."

At the court of Naples all is consternation and despair. Nicé had known nothing of the lovers' flight; and after a fruitless search, the recent sight of Moorish ships on the coast gives rise to the suspicion that the unknown knight was a Moorish prince. The King sends out troops, who do not find the Moors, but do all the harm of which growing anxiety has accused the Moors.

Meanwhile our lovers were in the forest. "Maguelonne was asleep in Pierre's lap; her morning dreams with their happy fancies made her more beautiful than ever. Her face, half reclining on her lover's arm, was flushed with color; a light wind which raised her veil and fanned her cheek showed Pierre a throat whose whiteness made the color of her face all the more beautiful. Pierre looked at her, his heart full of love: from time to time he touched one of Maguelonne's hands with his lips, and tempted by her half-opened lips, he bent down a thousand times to pluck the kisses she seemed to offer him; and a thousand times fear and respect for his promises to her held him back. Ah, Pierre! Pierre! how dearly you will pay for your fatal prudence! He noticed at Maguelonne's side a little box of precious wood; he wanted to know what it contained. Ah, Pierre, is that the kind of curiosity you ought to have? He opens it, and finds therein the three rings left him by his mother which he had given her; Maguelonne kept them like a precious token of Pierre's love.

He closes the box, puts it beside him, and is lost in thought. But while he gives himself up to his reveries, a bird of prey seizes upon the box and flies away with it; Pierre follows it with his eyes; he foresees Maguelonne's disappointment at this loss: he takes off his coat, as quietly as possible spreads it over his beloved, takes a sling, tries to hit the bird with a stone; his efforts are useless: the bird perches on a rock in the water; Pierre hits it without wounding it; the bird flies away, letting the box fall into the water."

Pierre takes a boat and goes out for the ring, is drifted out to sea by a sudden strong current, appeals for help to a ship coming his way, is taken on board by the sailors, who are Moorish pirates, and is carried away to spend five years in captivity on the coast of Africa. He renders the Sultan great services, succeeds in putting down a State conspiracy, and finally obtains as a reward his freedom and innumerable riches, which are packed in barrels and covered with salt to avoid suspicion and robbery. He embarks for Provence, but on the way the ship puts in at a small island port, and he is left behind by mistake. On reaching shore, the sailors send his barrels to a convent hospital, the superior of which has a great reputation for kindness to strangers. Pierre after many trials reaches French soil, ill and suffering; and upon the advice of some sailors he seeks help at the convent hospital, where he is tenderly cared for. Among the patients are two knights that he knew at the court of Naples. From them he hears that Maguelonne is supposed to be dead; that the King of Naples has died of grief, the Queen reigning in his place; that the Count and Countess of Provence are still mourning the loss of their son. At the news of Maguelonne's death he is thrown into a violent fever; the mother superior, Emilie, is sent for, and seeing that his illness has a mental cause, she begs him to confide in her. He tells her his story; and when he names Maguelonne and acknowledges that he is Pierre of Provence, she exclaims, "O eternal justice, O Providence! What! you are the valiant Pierre, Maguelonne's lover? O Heaven! have mercy on me, support me and strengthen me.' . . . She was trembling and could hardly breathe, but she controlled herself: she feared that the news she had to tell the unfortunate Pierre might cause him so violent an emotion that he would not be able to bear it."

She tells him that she is a friend of Maguelonne's, and has reason to think that Maguelonne is still alive. The next day she comes again and brings him the news that Maguelonne is in a convent, but not bound by any vow, and that she still lives but for him; and adding that she must take a journey of a few days, she hands him a letter from Maguelonne. The letter, written to Emilie, is full of love, hope, and impatience; "of sentences not finished, of lines half

effaced by tears, expressions that had no sense, tender ravings, a thousand ideas that clashed with each other; the purest religious sentiments and the most devoted love, the severest moral rectitude and the most passionate forgetfulness, all are united therein, and any one but a lover would have thought Maguelonne bereft of reason. She promised her friend to come and see her, and then to unite her fate with Pierre's forever; but she did not set the time."

Pierre awaits Emilie's return most impatiently; and is finally told that she has come back, and asks him to sup with her that evening. Tortured by a thousand fears, Pierre imagines that she chooses this means of preparing him for the sad news that Maguelonne is bound by a convent vow, and goes to her in the evening with many misgivings. But she calms his fears, and tells him that she has brought Nicé, who is awaiting them in the adjoining room. "In a separate apartment Emilie had prepared a room with as much taste as magnificence; a table, carefully set, awaited five guests; Pierre and Emilie arrive, the door is opened, and Pierre finds himself in the arms of his father and mother. 'Great God,' cries Pierre, embracing them, 'cruel Emilie, you did not prepare me for this extreme happiness. O my father! O my mother! my joy is killing me.' They were all weeping tears of delight; the knight was in the arms now of the count, now of the countess; broken words, sighs, caresses, express the feeling that possessed him; it would have been hard for him to stand this touching scene if the presence of Nicé, who came to his aid, had not reminded him of Maguelonne's absence. He embraced Nicé, he assured her of his deep gratitude for the interest she had formerly taken in his love. 'Ah, Nicé! will you forgive me all the sorrow that our flight must have caused you? How many times have I not blushed at the thought of the opinion my imprudence must have given you of me! And Maguelonne, the virtuous Maguelonne, the victim of my rashness, has undoubtedly suffered part of the shame of this elopement in the minds of her parents and of the people of Naples. Ah, my dear Nicé, paint to her, if you can, my remorse!' . . . 'Will you then always be unjust to me?' exclaims Emilie, lifting her veil and embracing the knight, who finally recognizes Maguelonne. 'How can you speak of "victim"? you are only the accomplice of my crime, if our flight was a crime; forget your remorse, and speak to me only of your love. Ah, Pierre!'"

The next day Maguelonne relates her adventures: her distress at finding herself alone on awakening, her first decision to return to Naples, and her determination then to brave the world alone rather than to return and be forced to marry another than Pierre; how she landed on the island on which the convent is now situated, and bought three houses there, with the aim of establishing a shelter for

people who were ill and suffering; how she was joined in her undertaking by several young girls, who "thought it more meritorious in the sight of God to spend their days comforting suffering humanity than to waste their lives in a retreat useless to the world." The Count and Countess of Provence, hearing of her good work, had sought the convent to obtain if possible some comfort in their great distress; and she, telling them her true name and relation to their son, had upheld their courage by her never-failing hope.

Maguelonne and Pierre are then married; the barrels of treasures are brought to light; the Queen of Naples only too gladly gives up her throne to her daughter and son-in-law; Count Jacques of Provence chooses Pierre his heir after his own death. "Pierre and Maguelonne had a long, happy, and peaceful reign; they had no sorrows except those caused by the deaths of their parents. Pierre recovered Provence; he had a son who was heir to Naples, Provence, and all the riches of Robert [the son of Count Jacques]. This couple remained lovers to their grave, into which they did not descend until ripe old age."

And this ends our fairy tale; leaving us to imagine, perhaps not what was the actual life of those ages, but at least what was then the ideal of human glory and happiness.

Olga Finch

PILPAY

BY CHARLES R. LANMAN

WHEN we consider the wonderful history of 'Pilpay's Fables,' their fame, and their charm, we naturally invest their supposititious author with a personality and a name, in fact, however, "Pilpay" is probably a changed form of an Indian word for "court-scholar," misunderstood as a proper name, and implying therefore neither personality nor specific date. In India, from early times the parable or "example" has been the recognized method of conveying moral instruction. In the didactic literature, some general truth or some rule of life is stated in the form of a maxim, and a beast fable or other story is then added as a concrete instance or "example." This is well illustrated by 'The Lion-Makers' below. The folk-lore of which these tales are a reflex is not the exclusive property of any of the great religions of ancient India, but is common to Buddhism, Jainism, and Brahmanism alike. The sculptured representations of the stories upon the great Buddhist monuments of 250 B. C. make it certain that the stories themselves were familiar to the common people at that early date; and it is hardly less certain that they were so known long before that time.

The oldest and most important collection of Indian folk-lore is the Buddhist one called 'Jataka,'—that is, 'Birth-stories,' or stories of Gotama Buddha in his previous births: it consists of five hundred and fifty tales, each containing a moral; each is placed in the mouth of the Buddha, and in each the Buddha plays the best and most important part. It is this device of a framework or setting for the folk-tales that constitutes the principal essentially literary element of the collection. Next in importance to the Buddhist 'Jataka' stands the Brahmanical 'Panchatantra.' Here the material is not essentially different in kind from that of the 'Jataka'; but again it is the setting of the material which gives the work its distinctive literary character. It is a kind of 'Mirror for Magistrates.' Both the 'Jataka,' written in Pali, and the 'Panchatantra,' in Sanskrit, are still extant, and contain many of the stories which in translations of translations attained great currency and celebrity in mediæval literature.

The precise Indian original of these translations is lost; but we know that it was translated into the literary language of Persia (the Pehlevi), by command of the Sassanian king Khosru the Just, about

550 A. D. From the Pehlevi came two notable versions: one is the Old Syriac, called 'Kalilag and Damnag,' after the two jackals, Karataka and Damanaka, who figured prominently in the framework of the Sanskrit original; and the other is the Arabic version, called 'Kalilah and Dimnah,' or 'Fables of Pilpay,' made about 750 A. D. by Abd-allah ibn al-Moqaffa, a Persian convert to Islam under the Caliph al-Mansor.

According to the Arabic introduction, Dabshelim was the first king of the Indian Restoration, after the fall of the governor appointed by Alexander at the close of his campaign in the Panjab, B. C. 326. When firmly established, Dabshelim gave himself over to every wickedness. To reclaim the King, a Brahman philosopher takes up his parable, as did Nathan before David, and at last wins him back to virtue. The wise man is called in Arabic *bid-bah*, and in Syriac *bid-rag*. These words are traced through the Pehlevi to the Sanskrit *vidya-pati*, "master of sciences." Accordingly *bidbah*, which has become Bidpai or Pilpay in our modern books, is not really a proper name, but an appellative, applied to a "chief pandit" or "court-scholar" of an Indian prince.

From the Arabic are descended, in the fourth generation from the original, a dozen or more versions, of which three may be mentioned as noteworthy links in the chain of tradition: the Greek one, made about 1080 by Symeon Seth, a Jewish physician; the Persian, made some fifty years later, by Nasr Allah of Ghazni; and the Hebrew, ascribed to Rabbi Joel, and probably made before 1250.

Of the descendants in the fifth degree from the original, the 'Directorium Humanæ Vitæ,' made about 1270 by John of Capua from the Hebrew, is distinctly the most celebrated, because it gave rise in turn to Danish, Dutch, Spanish, Italian, and French, and above all to the famous German and English versions mentioned below. But besides the 'Directorium,' we must notice the 'Specimen of the Wisdom of the Ancient Hindus,' a version into Latin from the Greek of Symeon, made by the Jesuit father Petrus Possinus (1666); and the 'Anvâr-i Suhailî' or 'Lights of Canopus,' a simplified recast of Nasr Allah's. In the second edition of his fables, La Fontaine tells us that he owes the largest part of his new material to "Pilpay, the Indian sage." Pierre Poussin's 'Specimen' was the one embodiment of his shadowy Oriental fabulist, and a French version of the 'Lights' was the other.

Two offshoots of the 'Directorium' are of unrivaled interest to the student of the beast fable. The one is the 'Book of Examples of the Ancient Sages'; and the other is Doni's 'La Moral Filosofia.' The 'Book of Examples' was made at the instance of Duke Eberhard im Bart, whose name and motto, "*Eberhart Graf zu Wirttemberg*"

Attempto," appear as an acrostic in the initials of the first sections. It was first printed about 1481, and has since been admirably edited by W. L. Holland (Stuttgart, 1860). Holland used, besides three manuscripts, two printed editions without place and year, and enumerates seventeen dated editions that appeared between 1483 and 1592. Four dated editions appeared at Ulm between 1483 and 1485! The great number of editions of the work, and their rapid succession, are the best proof of its importance as a means of instruction and amusement at the beginning of the age of printing. The examples themselves had doubtless pointed the moral of many an ancient homily long before the days of Gutenberg: but the language of the old German version of them is so remarkable for its simplicity, dignity, strength, and beauty, that we cannot wonder at its immense popularity; and to this version, more than to any other, is Europe indebted for the wide-spread knowledge of this cycle of literature from the last part of the fifteenth to the middle of the seventeenth century.

The other offshoot of the 'Directorium'—namely, 'The morall philosophie of Doni: drawne out of the auncient writers. A worke first compiled in the Indian tongue, and afterwarde reduced into divers other languages: and now lastly Englished out of Italian by Thomas North' (London, 1570)—is most interesting to us as English-speaking people because it is "the first literary link between India and England, written in racy Elizabethan," a piece of "Tudor prose at its best," a veritable English classic.

A translation of the 'Jataka' is now issuing from the University Press of Cambridge, England, under the editorship of Professor Cowell, three volumes of which have thus far appeared: one by Robert Chalmers of Oriel College, Oxford; a second by W. H. D. Rouse of Rugby School; and a third by H. T. Francis and R. A. Neil of Cambridge. A charming reprint of North's Doni was edited by Joseph Jacobs (London, 1888). An account of the literary history of the fables of Pilpay may be found in Jacobs's book, or in Keith-Falconer's 'Kalilah and Dimnah' (Cambridge, 1885), or in the present writer's 'Sanskrit Reader' (Boston, 1888).

C. R. Lanman.



[The edition of the 'Jataka' from which the selections are taken is that of Professor Cowell, referred to in the essay.]

THE TALKATIVE TORTOISE

[The story of 'The Talkative Tortoise' we give in two of its many extant versions. The first is Rouse's translation from the Pali of the 'Jataka' (No. 215). The second is from Sir Thomas North's translation (London, 1570) of 'The Morall Philosophie of Doni,' the first English version of the Fables of Pilpay.]

FIRST VERSION

From the 'Jataka'

"THE Tortoise needs must speak," etc.—This is a story told by the Master while staying in Jetavana, about Kokalika. The circumstances which gave rise to it will be set forth under the Mahatakkari Birth. Here again the Master said: "This is not the only time, brethren, that Kokalika has been ruined by talking; it was the same before." And then he told the story as follows.

ONCE on a time Brahmadata was King of Benares; and the Future Buddha, being born to one of the King's court, grew up, and became the King's adviser in all things human and divine. But this King was very talkative; and when he talked there was no chance for any other to get in a word. And the Future Buddha, wishing to put a stop to his much talking, kept watching for an opportunity.

Now there dwelt a tortoise in a certain pond in the region of Himalaya. Two young wild geese, searching for food, struck up an acquaintance with him, and by-and-by they grew close friends together. One day these two said to him: "Friend tortoise, we have a lovely home in Himalaya, on a plateau of Mount Chittakuta, in a cave of gold! Will you come with us?"

"Why," said he, "how can I get there?"

"Oh, we will take you, if only you can keep your mouth shut, and say not a word to anybody."

"Yes, I can do that," says he: "take me along!"

So they made the tortoise hold a stick between his teeth; and themselves taking hold so of the two ends, they sprang up into the air.

The village children saw this, and exclaimed, "There are two geese carrying a tortoise by a stick!"

[By this time the geese, flying swiftly, had arrived at the space above the palace of the King, at Benares.]

The tortoise wanted to cry out, "Well, and if my friends do carry me, what is that to you, you caitiffs?"—and he let go the stick from between his teeth, and falling into the open court-yard he split in two. What an uproar there was! "A tortoise has fallen in the court-yard, and broken in two!" they cried. The King, with the Future Buddha and all his court, came up to the place, and seeing the tortoise asked the Future Buddha a question: "Wise sir, what made this creature fall?"

"Now's my time!" thought he. "For a long while I have been wishing to admonish the King, and I have gone about seeking my opportunity. No doubt the truth is this: the tortoise and the geese became friendly; the geese must have meant to carry him to Himalaya, and so made him hold a stick between his teeth, and then lifted him into the air; then he must have heard some remark, and wanted to reply; and not being able to keep his mouth shut, he must have let himself go; and so he must have fallen from the sky and thus come by his death." So thought he; and addressed the King: "O King, they that have too much tongue, that set no limit to their speaking, ever come to such misfortune as this;" and he uttered the following verses:

"The tortoise needs must speak aloud,
Although between his teeth
A stick he bit; yet, spite of it,
He spoke—and fell beneath.

"And now, O mighty master, mark it well.
See thou speak wisely, see thou speak in season.
To death the tortoise fell:
He talked too much, that was the reason."

"He is speaking of me!" the King thought to himself; and asked the Future Buddha if it was so.

"Be it you, O great King, or be it another," replied he, "whoever talks beyond measure comes by some misery of this kind;" and so he made the thing manifest. And thenceforward the King abstained from talking, and became a man of few words.

This discourse ended, the Master identified the Birth:—"Kokalika was the tortoise then, the two famous elders were the two wild geese, Ananda was the King, and I was his wise adviser."

SECOND VERSION

[From the earliest English version of the Fables of Bidpai: reprint London, 1888. Published by David Nutt, in the Strand.]

IN THE fishings of the Sophie there was a world of fowls that kept about it to feed of those fishes; and amongst them was a tortoise of the water that had close friendship with two great and fat fowls, who diving under water drove the fish all about, and they no sooner appeared almost above water, but at a chop they had them in their mouths. The lake was full of clefts; I cannot tell how but by certain earthquakes. And by little and little it began to wax dry, so that they were fain to void out the water to take out the great number of fish that were in it, that they should not die in that drought, but rather eat them up. The fowls therefore of that lake, meaning to depart out of that country, came one morning to break their fast together, and to take their leave of the tortoise their friend. The which when she saw them forsake her, she wept bitterly, and pitifully lamenting she said, "Alas! what shall I do here alone? But what thing can come worse to me than to lose the water and my friends at one instant! O poor tortoise that I am, wretched creature I! whither should I go to seek out water, that am so slow to go? I like not to tarry longer in this country. O good brethren, help me, I pray you! forsake me not in my distress! Ah, unhappy was I born in this world, that I must carry my house with me, and can put no victuals into it. In others' houses, alack! there is place enough for their necessities; but in mine I can scant hide myself. Ah woe, woe is me, how shall I do? If ye have any pity on me, my brethren, and if ye have taken me for your friend, help me, for God's sake. Leave me not here to burst for thirst. I would gladly go with you if that you would gladly put me in some lake, and I would follow mine old trade as I have done; therefore, dear fowls, help me!"

These words did penetrate the hearts of these great water fowls; and taking no less pity on her than looking to their own profit, they said unto her, "Dear mother tortoise, we could not do better than satisfy thy desire, but alas, what means have we to carry thee hence into any lake? Yet there is an easy way to bring it to pass, if that thy heart will serve thee to take upon thee to hold a piece of wood fast in thy teeth a good while. And then we (the one on the one side of thee, and the other on the other side) will with our bills take the end of the stick in our

mouths also, and so carry thee trimly into some lake, and there we would lead our lives and fare delicately. But in any case thou must beware thou open not thy mouth at any time, because the other birds that fly up and down will gladly play with thee and laugh to see thee fly in the air, thou that art used to tarry on the earth and under the water. Therefore they will tell thee marvelous wonders, and will be very busy with thee, and peradventure they will ask thee: O pretty she beast, whence comest thou, I pray thee, that thou art flying thus, and whither wilt thou? But take thou no heed to them, see them not, nor once hearken to them, I would advise thee. And if they prattle to thee, saying,—Oh, what an enterprise of birds! good Lord! what a piece of work they have taken in hand!—Whist! not a word thou, for thy life. Nor look not that we should answer them; for we having the stick in our mouths cannot speak but thou must needs fall, if the stick (by talk) fall out of our mouths at any time. Well, now thou hast heard all, how sayest thou? will thy mind serve thee? hast thou any fancy for the matter?"

"Who? I? Yes, that I have. I am ready to do anything. I will venture rather than I will tarry behind."

The fowls found out a stick, and made the tortoise hold it fast with her teeth as she could for her life, and then they each of them took an end in their mouth, and putting themselves up, straight flew into the air: that it was one of the foolishlest sights to see a tortoise fly in the air that ever was seen. And behold a whole flight of birds met them, seeing them fly thus strangely, and hovered round about them, with great laughers and noises, and speaking the vilest words to them they could: Oh, here is a brave sight! look, here is a goodly jest! whoo! what bug have we here? said some. See, see! she hangeth by the throat, and therefore she speaketh not, said others; and the beast flyeth not, like a beast.

These taunts and spiteful words went to the heart of the tortoise, that she was as mad as she could be: so she could no longer hold, but answer she would (at least as she thought), and when she opened her mouth to speak, down she fell to the ground, and smashed her all to pieces; and all because she would have said,—I am an honest woman, and no thief; I would ye should know it, knaves, rascals, and ravening birds that ye are.—So that, contemning the good counsel was given her,—or to say better, because she would not believe them,—she paid her folly with death.

THE GOLDEN GOOSE

From the 'Jataka,' No. 136

[This is interesting because traceable by literary documents, from the 'Jataka' down to La Fontaine (Book v., No. 13, 'La Poule aux Œufs d'Or').]

"CONTENTED be."—This story was told by the Master about a sister named Fat Nanda. A lay brother at Savatthi had offered the sisterhood a supply of garlic; and sending for his bailiff, had given orders that if they should come, each sister was to receive two or three handfuls. After that they made a practice of coming to his house or field for their garlic. Now one holiday the supply of garlic in the house ran out; and the sister Fat Nanda, coming with others to the house, was told, when she said she wanted some garlic, that there was none left in the house,—it had all been used up out of hand,—and that she must go to the field for it. So away to the field she went, and carried off an excessive amount of garlic. The bailiff grew angry, and remarked what a greedy lot these sisters were! This piqued the more moderate sisters; and the brethren too were piqued at the taunt when the sisters repeated it to them, and they told the Blessed One. Rebuking the greed of Fat Nanda, the Master said, "Brethren, a greedy person is harsh and unkind even to the mother who bore him: a greedy person cannot convert the unconverted, or make the converted grow in grace, or cause alms to come in, or save them when come in; whereas the moderate person can do all these things." In such wise did the Master point the moral; ending by saying, "Brethren, as Fat Nanda is greedy now, so she was greedy in times gone by." And thereupon he told the following story of the past.

ONCE upon a time when Brahmadata was reigning in Benares, the Future Buddha was born a brahman, and growing up was married to a bride of his own rank, who bore him three daughters named Nanda, Nanda-vati, and Sundari-nanda. The Future Buddha dying, they were taken in by neighbors and friends, whilst he was born again into the world as a golden mallard endowed with consciousness of its former existences. Growing up, the bird viewed its own magnificent size and golden plumage, and remembered that previously it had been a human being. Discovering that his wife and daughters were living on the charity of others, the mallard bethought him of his plumage like hammered and beaten gold, and how by giving them a golden feather at a time he could enable his wife and daughters to live in comfort. So away he flew to where they dwelt, and alighted

on the top of the ridge-pole. Seeing the Future Buddha, the wife and girls asked where he had come from; and he told them that he was their father, who had died and been born a golden mallard, and that he had come to visit them and put an end to their miserable necessity of working for hire. "You shall have my feathers," said he, "one by one, and they will sell for enough to keep you all in ease and comfort." So saying, he gave them one of his feathers and departed. And from time to time he returned to give them another feather, and with the proceeds of their sale these brahman women grew prosperous and quite well-to-do. But one day the mother said to her daughters, "There's no trusting animals, my children. Who's to say your father might not go away one of these days and never come back again? Let us use our time and pluck him clean next time he comes, so as to make sure of all his feathers." Thinking this would pain him, the daughters refused. The mother in her greed called the golden mallard to her one day when he came, and then took him with both hands and plucked him. Now the Future Buddha's feathers had this property, that if they were plucked out against his wish, they ceased to be golden and became like a crane's feathers. And now the poor bird, though he stretched his wings, could not fly, and the woman flung him into a barrel and gave him food there. As time went on his feathers grew again (though they were plain white ones now), and he flew away to his own abode and never came back again.

At the close of this story the Master said, "Thus you see, brethren, how Fat Nanda was as greedy in times past as she is now. And her greed then lost her the gold, in the same way as her greed will now lose her the garlic. Observe, moreover, how her greed has deprived the whole sisterhood of their supply of garlic; and learn therefrom to be moderate in your desires, and to be content with what is given you, however small that may be." So saying, he uttered this stanza:—

Contented be, nor itch for further store;
They seized the swan—but had its gold no more.

So saying, the Master soundly rebuked the erring sister, and laid down the precept that any sister who should eat garlic would have to do penance. Then, making the connection, he said:—"Fat Nanda was the brahman's wife of the story, her three sisters were the brahman's three daughters, and I myself the golden mallard."

THE GRATITUDE OF ANIMALS

From the 'Jataka,' No. 124

"**T**OIL on, my brother."—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a good brahman belonging to a noble Savatthi family who gave his heart to the Truth, and, joining the Brotherhood, became constant in all duties. Blameless in his attendance on teachers; scrupulous in the matter of foods and drinks; zealous in the performance of the duties of the chapter-house, bath-house, and so forth; perfectly punctual in the observance of the fourteen major and of the eighty minor disciplines; he used to sweep the monastery, the cells, the cloisters, and the path leading to their monastery, and gave water to thirsty folk. And because of his great goodness, folk gave regularly five hundred meals a day to the brethren; and great gain and honor accrued to the monastery, the many prospering for the virtues of one. And one day in the Hall of Truth the brethren fell to talking of how that brother's goodness had brought them gain and honor, and filled many lives with joy. Entering the Hall, the Master asked, and was told, what their talk was about. "This is not the first time, brethren," said he, "that this brother has been regular in the fulfillment of duties. In days gone by, five hundred hermits going out to gather fruits were supported on the fruits that his goodness provided." So saying, he told this story of the past.

ONCE on a time when Brahmadata was reigning in Benares, the Future Buddha was born a brahman in the North, and growing up, renounced the world and dwelt with a following of five hundred hermits at the foot of the mountains. In those days there came a great drought upon the Himalaya country, and everywhere the water was dried up, and sore distress fell upon all beasts. Seeing the poor creatures suffering from thirst, one of the hermits cut down a tree, which he hollowed into a trough; and this trough he filled with all the water he could find. In this way he gave the animals to drink. And they came in herds and drank and drank, till the hermit had no time left to go and gather fruits for himself. Heedless of his own hunger, he worked away to quench the animals' thirst. Thought they to themselves, "So wrapt up is this hermit in ministering to our wants that he leaves himself no time to go in quest of fruits. He must be very hungry. Let us agree that every one of us who comes here to drink must bring such fruits as he can to the

hermit." This they agreed to do, every animal that came bringing mangoes or rose-apples or bread-fruits or the like, till their offerings would have filled two hundred and fifty wagons; and there was food for the whole five hundred hermits, with abundance to spare. Seeing this, the Future Buddha exclaimed, "Thus has one man's goodness been the means of supplying with food all these hermits. Truly, we should always be steadfast in right-doing." So saying, he uttered this stanza:—

Toil on, my brother; still in hope stand fast,
Nor let thy courage flag and tire:
Forget not him, who by his grievous fast
Reaped fruits beyond his heart's desire.

Such was the teaching of the Great Being to the band of hermits.

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying:—"This brother was the good hermit of those days, and I the hermits' master."

THE DULLARD AND THE PLOW-SHAFT

From the 'Jataka,' No. 123

"FOR universal application."—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about the Elder, Laludayi, who is said to have had a knack of always saying the wrong thing. He never knew the proper occasion for the several teachings. For instance, if it was a festival, he would croak out the gloomy text,

"Without the walls they lurk, and where four cross-roads meet."

If it was a funeral, he would burst out with—

"Joy filled the hearts of gods and men,"
or with—

"Oh, may you see a hundred, nay, a thousand such glad days!"

Now one day the brethren in the Hall of Truth commented on his singular infelicity of subject, and his knack of always saying the wrong thing. As they sat talking, the Master entered, and in answer to his question was told the subject of their talk. "Brethren," said he, "this is not the first time that Laludayi's folly has made him say the wrong thing. He has always been as inept as now." So saying, he told this story of the past.

ONCE on a time when Brahmadata was reigning in Benares, the Future Buddha was born into a rich brahman's family; and when he grew up, after acquiring all the liberal arts at Takka-sila, he became a world-renowned professor at Benares, with five hundred young brahmans to instruct. At the time of our story there was among the young brahmans one who always had foolish notions in his head and always said the wrong thing; he was engaged with the rest in learning the Scriptures as a pupil, but because of his folly could not master them. He was the devoted attendant of the Future Buddha, and ministered to him like a slave.

Now one day after supper the Future Buddha laid himself on his bed, and there was washed and perfumed by the young brahman on hands, feet, and back. And as the youth turned to go away, the Future Buddha said to him, "Prop up the feet of my bed before you go." And the young brahman propped up the feet of the bed on one side all right, but could not find anything to prop it up with on the other side. Accordingly he used his leg as a prop, and passed the night so. When the Future Buddha got up in the morning and saw the young brahman, he asked why he was sitting there. "Master," said the young man, "I could not find one of the bed supports; so I've got my leg under to prop it up instead."

Moved at these words, the Future Buddha thought, "What devotion! And to think it should come from the veriest dullard of all my pupils. Yet how can I impart learning to him?" And the thought came to him that the best way was to question the young brahman on his return from gathering firewood and leaves, as to something he had seen or done that day; and then to ask what it was like. "For," thought the Master, "this will lead him on to making comparisons and giving reasons, and the continuous practice of comparing and reasoning on his part will enable me to impart learning to him."

Accordingly he sent for the young man, and told him always on his return from picking up firewood and leaves, to say what he had seen or eaten or drunk. And the young man promised he would. So one day, having seen a snake when out with the other pupils picking up wood in the forest, he said, "Master, I saw a snake."—"What did it look like?"—"Oh, like the shaft of a plow."—"That is a very good comparison. Snakes are like the shafts of plows," said the Future Buddha, who began to have hopes that he might at last succeed with his pupil.

Another day the young brahman saw an elephant in the forest, and told his master.—“And what is an elephant like?”—“Oh, like the shaft of a plow.” His master said nothing; for he thought that as the elephant's trunk and tusks bore a certain resemblance to the shaft of a plow, perhaps his pupil's stupidity made him speak thus generally (though he was thinking of the trunk in particular) because of his inability to go into accurate detail.

A third day he was invited to eat sugar-cane, and duly told his master.—“And what is a sugar-cane like?”—“Oh, like the shaft of a plow.”—“That is scarcely a good comparison,” thought his master, but said nothing.

Another day, again, the pupils were invited to eat molasses with curds and milk, and this too was duly reported.—“And what are curds and milk like?”—“Oh, like the shaft of a plow.” Then the master thought to himself, “This young man was perfectly right in saying a snake was like the shaft of a plow; and was more or less right, though not accurate, in saying an elephant and a sugar-cane had the same similitude. But milk and curds (which are always white in color) take the shape of whatever vessel they are placed in; and here he missed the comparison entirely. This dullard will never learn.” So saying, he uttered this stanza:—

“For universal application he
Employs a term of limited import.
Plow-shaft and curds to him alike unknown,
The fool asserts the two things are the same.”

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying:—“Laludayi was the dullard of those days, and I the world-renowned professor.”

THE WIDOW'S MITE

From the ‘Jataka,’ No. 109

AS FARES his worshiper.”—This story was told by the Master when at Savatthi, about a very poor man.

Now at Savatthi the Brotherhood, with the Buddha at their head, used to be entertained now by a single family, now by three or four families together. Or a body of people or a whole street would club together, or sometimes the whole city entertained them. But on the occasion now in question it was a street that was showing the hospitality. And the inhabitants had arranged to provide rice gruel, followed by cakes.

Now in that street there lived a very poor man, a hired laborer, who could not see how he could give the gruel, but resolved to give cakes. And he scraped out the red powder from empty husks, and kneaded it with water into a round cake. This cake he wrapped in a leaf of swallow-wort and baked it in the embers. When it was done, he made up his mind that none but the Buddha should have it, and accordingly took his stand immediately by the Master. No sooner had the word been given to offer cakes, than he stepped forward quicker than any one else and put his cake in the Master's alms-bowl. And the Master declined all other cakes offered him, and ate the poor man's cake. Forthwith the whole city talked of nothing but how the All-Enlightened One had not disdained to eat the poor man's bran-cake. And from porters to nobles and King, all classes flocked to the spot, saluted the Master, and crowded round the poor man, offering him food, or two to five hundred pieces of money, if he would make over to them the merit of his act.

Thinking he had better ask the Master first, he went to him and stated his case. "Take what they offer," said the Master, "and impute your righteousness to all living creatures." So the man set to work to collect the offerings. Some gave twice as much as others, some four times as much, others eight times as much, and so on, till nine crores of gold were contributed.

Returning thanks for the hospitality, the Master went back to the monastery, and after instructing the brethren and imparting his blessed teaching to them, retired to his perfumed chamber.

In the evening the King sent for the poor man, and created him Lord Treasurer.

Assembling in the Hall of Truth, the brethren spoke together of how the Master, not disdaining the poor man's bran-cake, had eaten it as though it were ambrosia; and how the poor man had been enriched and made Lord Treasurer, to his great good fortune. And when the Master entered the Hall and heard what they were talking of, he said, "Brethren, this is not the first time that I have not disdained to eat that poor man's cake of bran. I did the same when I was a Tree-sprite, and then too was the means of his being made Lord Treasurer." So saying, he told this story of the past.

ONCE on a time when Brahmadata was reigning in Benares, the Future Buddha was a Tree-sprite dwelling in a castor-oil plant. And the villagers of those days were superstitious about gods. A festival came round, and the villagers offered sacrifices to their respective Tree-sprites. Seeing this, a poor man showed worship to the castor-oil tree. All the others had come with garlands, odors, perfumes, and cakes; but the poor man had only a cake of husk-powder and water in a cocoanut shell for his tree.

Standing before it, he thought within himself, "Tree-sprites are used to heavenly food, and my Tree-sprite will not eat this cake of husk-powder. Why then should I lose it outright? I will eat it myself." And he turned to go away, when the Future Buddha from the fork of his tree exclaimed, "My good man, if you were a great lord you would bring me dainty manchets; but as you are a poor man, what shall I have to eat if not that cake? Rob me not of my portion." And he uttered this stanza:—

"As fares his worshiper, a Sprite must fare:

Bring me the cake, nor rob me of my share."

Then the man turned again, and seeing the Future Buddha, offered up his sacrifice. The Future Buddha fed on the savor and said, "Why do you worship me?"—"I am a poor man, my lord, and I worship you to be eased of my poverty."—"Have no more care for that. You have sacrificed to one who is grateful and mindful of kindly deeds. Round this tree, neck to neck, are buried pots of treasure. Go tell the King, and take the treasure away in wagons to the King's court-yard. There pile it in a heap, and the King shall be so well pleased that he will make you Lord Treasurer." So saying, the Future Buddha vanished from sight. The man did as he was bidden, and the King made him Lord Treasurer. Thus did the poor man by aid of the Future Buddha come to great fortune; and when he died, he passed away to fare according to his deserts.

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying:—"The poor man of to-day was also the poor man of those times, and I the Tree-sprite who dwelt in the castor-oil tree."

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

From the 'Jataka,' No. 97

"**S**EEING Quick dead."—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a brother who thought luck went by names.

For we hear that a young man of good family, named "Base," had given his heart to the Faith, and joined the Brotherhood. And the brethren used to call him, "Here, brother Base!" and "Stay, brother Base"; till he resolved that as "Base" gave the idea of incarnate wickedness and ill luck, he would change his name to one of better omen. Accordingly he asked his teachers and preceptors to

give him a new name. But they said that a name only served to denote, and did not impute qualities; and they bade him rest content with the name he had. Time after time he renewed his request, till the whole Brotherhood knew what importance he attached to a mere name. And as they sat discussing the matter in the Hall of Truth, the Master entered and asked what it was they were speaking about. Being told, he said: "This is not the first time this brother has believed luck went by names: he was equally dissatisfied with the name he bore in a former age." So saying, he told this story of the past.

ONCE on a time the Future Buddha was a world-renowned professor at Takkasila, and five hundred young brahmans learnt the Vedas from his lips. One of these young men was named Base. And from continually hearing his fellows say, "Go, Base," and "Come, Base," he longed to get rid of his name, and to take one that had a less ill-omened ring about it. So he went to his master, and asked that a new name of a respectable character might be given him. Said his master, "Go, my son, and travel through the land till you have found a name you fancy. Then come back and I will change your name for you."

The young man did as he was bidden; and taking provisions for the journey, wandered from village to village till he came to a certain town. Here a man named Quick had died, and the young brahman, seeing him borne to the cemetery, asked what his name was.

"Quick," was the reply.—"What, can Quick be dead?"—"Yes, Quick is dead: both Quick and Dead die just the same. A name only serves to mark who's who. You seem a fool."

Hearing this he went on into the city, feeling neither satisfied nor dissatisfied with his own name.

Now a slave-girl had been thrown down at the door of a house, while her master and mistress beat her with rope-ends because she had not brought home her wages. And the girl's name was Rich. Seeing the girl being beaten, as he walked along the street, he asked the reason, and was told in reply that it was because she had no wages to show.

"And what is the girl's name?"

"Rich," said they.—"And cannot Rich make good a paltry day's pay?"—"Be she called Rich or Poor, the money's not forthcoming any the more. A name only serves to mark who's who. You seem a fool."

More reconciled to his own name, the young brahman left the city, and on the road found a man who had lost his way. Having learnt that he had lost his way, the young man asked what his name was. "Guide," was the reply.—"And has Guide lost his way?"—"Guide or Misguide, you can lose your way just the same. A name only serves to mark who's who. You seem a fool."

Quite reconciled now to his name, the young brahman came back to his master.

"Well, what name have you chosen?" asked the Future Buddha.—"Master," said he, "I find that death comes to 'Quick' and 'Dead' alike, that 'Rich' and 'Poor' may be poor together, and that 'Guide' and 'Misguide' alike miss their way. I know now that a name serves only to tell who is who, and does not govern its owner's destiny. So I am satisfied with my own name, and do not want to change it for any other."

Then the Future Buddha uttered this stanza, combining what the young brahman had done with the sights he had seen:—

"Seeing Quick dead, Guide lost, Rich poor,
Base learned content, nor traveled more."

His story told, the Master said, "So you see, brethren, that in former days as now this brother imagined there was a great deal in a name." And he identified the Birth by saying:—"This brother who is discontented with his name was the discontented young brahman of those days; the Buddha's disciples were the pupils; and I myself their master."

THE BUDDHIST DUTY OF COURTESY TO ANIMALS

From the 'Jataka,' No. 28

"**S**PEAK only words of kindness."—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about the bitter words spoken by the Six. For in those days the Six, when they disagreed with respectable brethren, used to taunt, revile, and jeer them, and load them with the ten kinds of abuse. This the brethren reported to the Blessed One, who sent for the Six and asked whether this charge was true. On their admitting its truth, he rebuked them, saying, "Brethren, hard words gall even animals: in bygone days an animal made a man who had used harsh language to him lose a thousand pieces." And so saying, he told this story of the past.

ONCE on a time, at Takkasila in the land of Gandhara, there was a king reigning there, and the Future Buddha came to life as a bull. When he was quite a tiny calf, he was presented by his owners to a brahman who came in, they being known to give away presents of oxen to such-like holy men. The brahman called it Nandi-Visala (Great-Joy), and treated it like his own child, feeding the young creature on rice gruel and rice. When the Future Buddha grew up, he thought thus to himself: "I have been brought up by this brahman with great pains, and all India cannot show the bull which can draw what I can. How if I were to repay the brahman the cost of my nurture by making proof of my strength?" Accordingly, one day he said to the brahman, "Go, brahman, to some merchant rich in herds, and wager him a thousand pieces that your bull can draw a hundred loaded carts."

The brahman went his way to a merchant, and got into a discussion with him as to whose oxen in the town were strong. "Oh, so-and-so's, or so-and-so's," said the merchant. "But," added he, "there are no oxen in the town which can compare with mine for real strength." Said the brahman, "I have a bull who can pull a hundred loaded carts." "Where's such a bull to be found?" laughed the merchant. "I've got him at home," said the brahman.—"Make it a wager."—"Certainly," said the brahman, and staked a thousand pieces. Then he loaded a hundred carts with sand, gravel, and stones, and leashed the lot together, one behind the other, by cords from the axle-tree of the one in front to the trace-bar of its successor. This done, he bathed Nandi-Visala, gave him a measure of perfumed rice to eat, hung a garland round his neck, and harnessed him all alone to the leading cart. The brahman in person took his seat upon the pole, and flourished his goad in the air, shouting, "Now then, you rascal! pull them along, you rascal!"

"I'm not the rascal he calls me," thought the Future Buddha to himself; and so he planted his four feet like so many posts, and budged not an inch.

Straightway the merchant made the brahman pay over the thousand pieces. His money gone, the brahman took his bull out of the cart and went home, where he lay down on his bed in an agony of grief. When Nandi-Visala strolled in and found the brahman a prey to such grief, he went up to him and inquired if the brahman were taking a nap. "How should I be taking a nap, when I have had a thousand pieces won of me?"

"Brahman, all the time I have lived in your house, have I ever broken a pot, or squeezed up against anybody, or made messes about?"—"Never, my child."—"Then why did you call me a rascal? It's you who are to blame, not I. Go and bet him two thousand this time. Only remember not to miscall me rascal again."

When he heard this, the brahman went off to the merchant and laid a wager of two thousand. Just as before, he leashed the hundred carts to one another, and harnessed Nandi Visala, very spruce and fine, to the leading cart. If you ask how he harnessed him, well, he did it in this way: first he fastened the cross-yoke on to the pole; then he put the bull in on one side, and made the other fast by fastening a smooth piece of wood from the cross-yoke on to the axle-tree, so that the yoke was taut and could not skew around either way. Thus a single bull could draw a cart made to be drawn by two. So now seated on the pole, the brahman stroked Nandi-Visala on the back, and called on him in this style: "Now then, my fine fellow! pull them along, my fine fellow!" With a single pull the Future Buddha tugged along the whole string of the hundred carts, till the hindermost stood where the foremost had started. The merchant rich in herds paid up the two thousand pieces he had lost to the brahman. Other folks, too, gave large sums to the Future Buddha, and the whole passed into the hands of the brahman. Thus did he gain greatly by reason of the Future Buddha.

Thus laying down, by way of rebuke to the Six, the rule that hard words please no one, the Master, as Buddha, uttered this stanza:—

"Speak only words of kindness, never words
Unkind. For him who spoke him fair, he moved
A heavy load, and brought him wealth, for love."

When he had thus ended his lesson as to speaking only words of kindness, the Master identified the Birth by saying:—"Ananda was the brahman of those days, and I myself Nandi-Visala."

MONKEYS IN THE GARDEN

From the 'Jataka,' No. 268

"BEST of all," etc.—This story the Master told whilst dwelling in the country near South Mountain, about a gardener's son.

After the rains, the Master left Jetavana, and went on alms-pilgrimage in the district about South Mountain. A layman invited the Buddha and his company, and made them sit down in his grounds till he gave them of rice and cakes. Then he said, "If any of the holy Fathers care to see over the grounds, they might go along with the gardener;" and he ordered the gardener to supply them with any fruit they might fancy.

By-and-by they came upon a bare spot. "What is the reason," they asked, "that this spot is bare and treeless?" "The reason is," answered the gardener, "that a certain gardener's son, who had to water the saplings, thought he had better give them water in proportion to the length of the roots; so he pulled them all up to see, and watered them accordingly. The result was that the place became bare."

The brethren returned, and told this to their Master. Said he, "Not now only has the lad destroyed a plantation: he did just the same before;" and then he told them an old-world tale.

ONCE upon a time, when a king named Vissasena was reigning over Benares, proclamation was made of a holiday. The park keeper thought he would go and keep holiday; so calling the monkeys that lived in the park, he said:—

"This park is a great blessing to you. I want to take a week's holiday. Will you water the saplings on the seventh day?" "Oh, yes," said they. So he gave them the watering-skins, and went his way.

The monkeys drew water, and began to water the roots.

The eldest monkey cried out: "Wait, now! It's hard to get water always. We must husband it. Let us pull up the plants, and notice the length of their roots: if they have long roots, they need plenty of water; but short ones need only a little." "True, true," they agreed; and then some of them pulled up the plants, while others put them in again and watered them.

The Future Buddha at the time was a young gentleman living in Benares. Something or other took him to this park, and he saw what the monkeys were doing.

"Who bids you do that?" asked he.

"Our chief," they replied.

"If that is the wisdom of the chief, what must the rest of you be like!" said he; and to explain the matter, he uttered the first stanza:—

"Best of all the troop is this:
What intelligence is his!
If he was chosen as the best,
What sort of creatures are the rest!"

Hearing this remark, the monkeys rejoined with the second stanza:—

"Brahman, you know not what you say,
Blaming us in such a way!
If the root we do not know,
How can we tell the trees that grow?"

To which the Future Buddha replied by the third, as follows:—

"Monkeys, I have no blame for you,
Nor those who range the woodland through.
The monarch is a fool, to say
'Please tend my trees while I'm away.'"

When this discourse was ended, the Master identified the Birth:—
"The lad who destroyed the park was the monkey chief, and I was the wise man."

THE ANTELOPE, THE WOODPECKER, AND THE TORTOISE

From the 'Jataka,' No. 206

[This story is found sculptured upon an ancient Hindu monument of the greatest archæological interest, the Stupa of Bharhut. The history of the tale may accordingly be traced by actual records—in stone and in books—from 250 B.C. through Buddhist, Mohammedan, Jewish, and Christian literature, down to La Fontaine ('Fables,' xii. 15) and later.]

"COME, tortoise," etc.—This story the Master told at Veluvana, about Devadatta. News came to the Master that Devadatta was plotting his death. "Ah, Brethren," said he, "it was just the same long ago: Devadatta tried then to kill me, as he is trying now." And he told them this story.

ONCE upon a time, when Brahmadata was King of Benares, the Future Buddha became an antelope, and lived within a forest,

in a thicket near a certain lake. Not far from the same lake sat a woodpecker perched at the top of a tree; and in the lake dwelt a tortoise. And the three became friends, and lived together in amity.

A hunter, wandering about in the wood, observed the Future Buddha's footprint at the going down into the water; and he set a trap of leather, strong, like an iron chain, and went his way. In the first watch of the night the Future Buddha went down to drink, and got caught in the noose; whereat he cried loud and long. Thereupon the woodpecker flew down from her tree-top, and the tortoise came out of the water, and consulted what was to be done.

Said the woodpecker to the tortoise, "Friend, you have teeth, —bite this snare through: I will go and see to it that the hunter keeps away; and if we both do our best, our friend will not lose his life." To make this clear he uttered the first stanza:—

"Come, tortoise, tear the leathern snare,
And bite it through and through,
And of the hunter I'll take care,
And keep him off from you."

The tortoise began to gnaw the leather thong; the woodpecker made his way to the hunter's dwelling. At dawn of day the hunter went out, knife in hand. As soon as the bird saw him start, he uttered a cry, flapped his wings, and struck him in the face as he left the front door. "Some bird of ill omen has struck me!" thought the hunter; he turned back, and lay down for a little while. Then he rose up again, and took his knife. The bird reasoned within himself, "The first time he went out by the front door, so now he will leave by the back:" and he sat him down behind the house. The hunter too reasoned in the same way: "When I went out by the front door, I saw a bad omen: now will I go out by the back!" and so he did. But the bird cried out again, and struck him in the face. Finding that he was again struck by a bird of ill omen, the hunter exclaimed, "This creature will not let me go!" and turning back he lay down until sunrise, and when the sun was risen he took his knife and started.

The woodpecker made all haste back to his friends. "Here comes the hunter!" he cried. By this time the tortoise had gnawed through all the thongs but one tough thong; his teeth

seemed as though they would fall out, and his mouth was all smeared with blood. The Future Buddha saw the young hunter coming on like lightning, knife in hand: he burst the thong, and fled into the woods. The woodpecker perched upon his tree-top. But the tortoise was so weak that he lay where he was. The hunter threw him into a bag, and tied it to a tree.

The Future Buddha observed that the tortoise was taken, and determined to save his friend's life. So he let the hunter see him, and made as though he were weak. The hunter saw him, and thinking him to be weak, seized his knife and set out in pursuit. The Future Buddha, keeping just out of his reach, led him into the forest; and when he saw that they had come far away, gave him the slip and returned swift as the wind by another way. He lifted the bag with his horns, threw it upon the ground, ripped it open, and let the tortoise out. And the woodpecker came down from the tree.

Then the Future Buddha thus addressed them both: "My life has been saved by you, and you have done a friend's part to me. Now the hunter will come and take you; so do you, friend woodpecker, migrate elsewhere with your brood, and you, friend tortoise, dive into the water." They did so.

The Master, becoming perfectly enlightened, uttered the second stanza:—

The tortoise went into the pond, the deer into the wood,
And from the tree the woodpecker carried away his brood.

The hunter returned, and saw none of them. He found his bag torn; picked it up, and went home sorrowful. And the three friends lived all their life long in unbroken amity, and then passed away to fare according to their deeds.

When the Master had ended this discourse, he identified the Birth:—"Devadatta was the huntsman, Sariputta the woodpecker, Moggallana the tortoise, and I was the antelope."

PRINCE FIVE-WEAPONS

From the 'Jataka,' No. 55

[The essential feature of this story bears a striking, but probably fortuitous, resemblance to that of the Tar-baby of Uncle Remus. The narrator's naively religious interpretation of the Sword of Adamant is highly characteristic. Rabu is the demon that swallows the moon, and so causes eclipses.]

"WHEN no attachment."—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a brother who had given up all earnest effort.

Said the Master to him, "Is the report true, brother, that you are a backslider?"

"Yes, Blessed One."

"In bygone days, brother," said the Master, "the wise and good won a throne by their dauntless perseverance in the hour of need."

And so saying he told this story of the past.

ONCE on a time when Brahmadata was reigning in Benares, it was as his queen's child that the Future Buddha came to life once more. On the day when he was to be named, the parents inquired as to their child's destiny from one hundred and eight brahmans, to whom they gave their hearts' desire in all pleasures of sense. Marking the promise which he showed of a glorious destiny, these clever soothsaying brahmans foretold that, coming to the throne at the king's death, the child should be a mighty king, endowed with every virtue; famed and renowned for his exploits with five weapons, he should stand peerless throughout all the Land of the Rose-apple (India). And because of this prophecy of the brahmans, the parents named their son Prince Five-Weapons.

Now, when the prince was come to years of discretion, and was sixteen years old, the king bade him go away and study.

"With whom, sire, am I to study?" asked the prince.

"With the world-renowned professor in the town of Takkasila in the Gandhara country. Here is his fee," said the king, handing his son a thousand pieces.

So the prince went to Takkasila and was taught there. When he was leaving, his master gave him a set of five weapons; armed with which, after bidding adieu to his old master, the prince set out from Takkasila for Benares.

On his way he came to a forest haunted by an ogre named Sticky-hair; and at the entrance to the forest, men who met him tried to stop him, saying, "Young brahman, do not go through that forest: it is the haunt of the ogre Sticky-hair, and he kills every one he meets." But bold as a lion, the self-reliant Future Buddha pressed on, till in the heart of the forest he came on the ogre.

The monster made himself appear in stature as tall as a palm-tree, with a head as big as an arbor, and huge eyes like bowls, with two tusks like turnips, and the beak of a hawk; his belly was blotched with purple; and the palms of his hands and the soles of his feet were blue-black! "Whither away?" cried the monster: "halt! you are my prey." "Ogre," answered the Future Buddha, "I knew what I was doing when I entered this forest. You will be ill advised to come near me. For with a poisoned arrow I will slay you where you stand." And with this defiance, he fitted to his bow an arrow dipped in deadliest poison and shot it at the ogre. But it only stuck on to the monster's shaggy coat. Then he shot another and another, till fifty were spent, all of which merely stuck on the ogre's shaggy coat. Hereon the ogre, shaking the arrows off so that they fell at his feet, came at the Future Buddha; and the latter, again shouting defiance, drew his sword and struck at the ogre. But like the arrows, his sword, which was thirty-three inches long, merely stuck fast in the shaggy hair. Next the Future Buddha hurled his spear, and that stuck fast also. Seeing this, he smote the ogre with his club; but like his other weapons, that too stuck fast. And thereupon the Future Buddha shouted, "Ogre, you never heard yet of me, Prince Five-Weapons. When I ventured into this forest, I put my trust not in my bow and other weapons, but in myself! Now will I strike you a blow which shall crush you into dust." So saying, the Future Buddha smote the ogre with his right hand; but the hand stuck fast upon the hair. Then, in turn, with his left hand and with his right and left feet, he struck at the monster, but hand and feet alike clave to the hide. Again shouting, "I will crush you into dust!" he butted the ogre with his head, and that too stuck fast.

Yet even when thus caught and snared in fivefold wise, the Future Buddha, as he hung upon the ogre, was still fearless, still undaunted. And the monster thought to himself, "This is a very lion among men, a hero without a peer, and no mere man.

Though he is caught in the clutches of an ogre like me, yet not so much as a tremor will he show. Never, since I first took to slaying travelers upon this road, have I seen a man to equal him. How comes it that he is not frightened?" Not daring to devour the Future Buddha offhand, he said, "How is it, young brahman, that you have no fear of death?"

"Why should I?" answered the Future Buddha. "Each life must surely have its destined death. Moreover, within my body is a sword of adamant, which you will never digest, if you eat me. It will chop your inwards into mincemeat, and my death will involve yours too. Therefore it is that I have no fear." (By this, it is said, the Future Buddha meant the Sword of Knowledge, which was within him.)

Hereon the ogre fell a-thinking. "This young brahman is speaking the truth and nothing but the truth," thought he. "Not a morsel so big as a pea could I digest of such a hero. I'll let him go." And so, in fear of his life, he let the Future Buddha go free, saying, "Young brahman, you are a lion among men: I will not eat you. Go forth from my hand, even as the moon from the jaws of Rahu, and return to gladden the hearts of your kinsfolk, your friends, and your country."

"As for myself, ogre," answered the Future Buddha, "I will go. As for you, it was your sins in bygone days that caused you to be reborn a ravening, murderous, flesh-eating ogre; and if you continue in sin in this existence, you will go on from darkness to darkness. But having seen me, you will be unable thenceforth to sin any more. Know that to destroy life is to insure rebirth either in hell or as a brute or as a ghost or among the fallen spirits. Or if the rebirth be into the world of men, then such sin cuts short the days of a man's life."

In this and other ways the Future Buddha showed the evil consequences of the five bad courses, and the blessing that comes of the five good courses; and so wrought in divers ways upon that ogre's fears that by his teaching he converted the monster, imbuing him with self-denial and establishing him in the Five Commandments. Then making the ogre the fairy of that forest, with a right to levy dues, and charging him to remain steadfast, the Future Buddha went his way, making known the change in the ogre's mood as he issued from the forest. And in the end he came, armed with the five weapons, to the city of Benares, and presented himself before his parents. In later days, when

king, he was a righteous ruler; and after a life spent in charity and other good works, he passed away to fare thereafter according to his deserts.

This lesson ended, the Master, as Buddha, recited this stanza:—

When no attachment hampers heart or mind,
When righteousness is practiced peace to win,
He who so walks shall gain the victory,
And all the Fetters utterly destroy.

When he had thus led his teaching up to Arahatsip as its crowning point, the Master went on to preach the Four Truths, at the close whereof that brother won Arahatsip. Also the Master showed the connection and identified the Birth by saying, "Angulimala was the ogre of those days, and I myself Prince Five-Weapons."

AN "EXAMPLE" OF THE EVILS OF RASHNESS

[This "example," which points a warning against rash action, we give in three versions; partly for their intrinsic interest, and partly to show the surprising diversity in style and in details of treatment of what is essentially one *motif*. The first is from the Sanskrit of the 'Hitopadeṣa,' an offshoot of the Panchatantra. The second is from E. B. Eastwick's translation of the Persian 'Lights of Canopus.' If this is a "*simplified* recast of Nasr Allah's version," what must that have been! The third is from G. L. Gomme's reprint (London, 1885) of the British Museum chap-book entitled 'The Seven Wise Masters of Rome,' printed in 1520 by Wynkyn de Worde. The sources and imitations of this tale are given by Edouard Lancereau in his French translation of the 'Panchatantra' (Paris, 1871), page 384. The story is the same as that told of Llewellyn the Great and his faithful hound Gellert, and familiar to English readers through the well-known ballad of William R. Spencer. The hound, which is the European representative of the plucky little Indian ichneumon, has become a martyr and a patron saint of little children in the popular belief of the South of France, and is invoked by mothers under the name of St. Guinefort.]

FIRST VERSION

THE BRAHMAN AND HIS FAITHFUL ICHNEUMON

From the 'Hitopadeṣa'

IN UJJAIN lived a brahman named Madhava, whose wife once left him in charge of their little child and went to bathe.

Now an invitation came from the King for the brahman to perform a funeral oblation and partake of the funeral meal. At which news the poor fellow bethought himself: "If I go not

quickly, then some one else will receive the funeral meal. For 'tis said:—

‘Hast aught to give, or aught to take or do,
Give, take it, do it, quickly, ere the morrow rise;
Or else thy sloth full bitter shalt thou rue,
And ruthless Time shall suck the juice from thy emprise.’

But there is no one here to take care of the child. What then shall I do? Hold! I have here an ichneumon, which I have kept this long time and cared for as if he were my son: I will leave him to take care of the babe, and go.” And so doing, he went.

Meantime there came near the child a black cobra; which when the ichneumon saw, he killed it and tore it in pieces. Then, with blood-smeared snout and paws, he ran to meet the brahman as he was returning home, and fawned at his feet. But the brahman, seeing the ichneumon in that plight, came rashly to the conclusion that the beast had eaten his child; and forthwith killed the ichneumon. Then when he came nigh and looked, behold, his child was asleep and the cobra slain. Then he saw that the ichneumon had done him a service, and sorrowfully recognizing the rashness of his deed, he was filled with despair.

Translation of Charles R. Lanman.

SECOND VERSION

THE RESULTS OF PRECIPITATION

From the ‘Anvár-i Subaili’ or ‘Lights of Canopus,’ a Persian rendering of Pilpay

COUPLET

WHO dares to act without due thought and care,
Will sink at last in sorrow and despair.

And there are many anecdotes and innumerable stories apropos of this subject which are written and commemorated in the pages of nocturnal conversations and elegant annals, and among these is the story of the Holy Man who rashly stepped into the plain of precipitate action, and staining his hands with innocent blood, destroyed the unfortunate ichneumon; which displays the ill effects of this precipitation.

The King asked, "How was that?"

He said.

They have related that a Devotee after long celibacy desired to put in practice the injunction, "Matrimony is my commandment; therefore he who turns away from my commandment is none of mine." After extensive inquiry and infinite pains, the Devotee, through the aid of his lofty fortune and the help of his noble spirit, obtained a wife of a great family and an illustrious stock. The reflection of her countenance gave radiance to the morn, and the hue of her curling ringlets aided the perfumer of evening in intensifying his gloom. The azure sky had never beheld her equal, save in the mirror of the sun; and the swift-sighted limner of the imagination had ne'er looked on the like of her lovely semblance, save in the world of dreams.

VERSE

The glories of thy sunny cheek the world of beauty warmly kiss;

Like the full moon, thou hast arisen amid the sky of loveliness;

Thy countenance the brightest rose, thy form the fairest cypress is,

That ever grew in beauty's bower, or 'mid the flowers of comeliness.

And together with this beauty of form, she was adorned with excellence of disposition, and the graces of her body were set off by those of her mind. The Devotee, in his daily prayers, returned thanks for such a blessing; and having thus commenced his intercourse with that partner whose face resembled the beauties of Eden, he desired to beget a son. And no wise person bases his desire for children on mere sensual appetite, nor yields his body to the task save in quest of a virtuous son, who, in procuring the blessings asked for by prayer, is equivalent to the perpetual offering of alms.

And a son of fair visage and lovely form was born, such that the tokens of beauty and accomplishments bespoke his perfection, and the signs of admirable gifts shone and gleamed on the forehead of his condition. The Devotee beheld the morn of hope begin to smile from the dawning-place of desire, and the nightingale of his pleasure commenced singing on the rose-shrub of joy.

COUPLET

A fair gem from the boundless sea of Grace, was brought to light;
Upon the sky of Law divine a new star glittered bright.

The Devotee indulged in raptures at the beauty of his son, and fulfilled a variety of vows which he had made; and girding up his loins in attendance on his son's cradle night and day, drew through other matters the pen of oblivion, and expended all his energies in [promoting] his growth and strength, and grace and freshness and vigor.

COUPLET

How long shall I on thee bestow my breath like morn's young
breeze,
That thou mayst blossom like a rose, to gladden and to please?

One day the mother of the child desiring to take a warm bath, committed him, with many injunctions, to the care of his father, who besides had nothing else then to do. Some time passed, and a confidential person, sent by the king of the country, came to request his attendance, and there was no possibility of delay. He was of necessity compelled to go out of the house. Now they had an ichneumon, in whose charge they left the house, and through him their minds were altogether set at ease; and he used to display the utmost exertion in ridding them of noxious reptiles, and beasts that bite or sting. The Devotee came out and left the ichneumon with his son. To be short, no sooner had he left the house than a large snake showed itself near the cradle. When the ichneumon saw that dart-like, armor-wearing snake,—that malignant creature swift to wrath, which when quiescent assumes the shape of a circle,—that arrowy-paced reptile, which at times, like a curved bow, joins its extremities,—

STANZA

Straight as a dart, anon, like buckler, round;
Anon in noose-like circles flows its form;
No cloud *within*, two lightnings forked are found,
No sea, but waves roll there—a mimic storm,—

making for the cradle, and intending to kill the child, it leapt up, and seizing his throat, imprisoned him in the ring of the noose of death; and by the blessed influence of its defense, the boy escaped from that whirlpool of destruction. Shortly after, the Devotee returned; and the ichneumon, smeared with blood, ran to meet him, in exultation at having done a good deed.

The Devotee imagined that it had killed his son, and that these stains were from his blood. The fire of wrath was kindled in the stove of his heart, and the smoke of precipitation entered the aperture of his brain; and his reason, through the murkiness of the fumes of rashness,—which, like the cloud of tyranny, is the cause of darkening the world,—covered its face with the veil of concealment. Before inquiring into the matter, or examining into the real state of the case, he smote down his staff on the ichneumon, and broke the vertebræ of its back, and knocked its head into the casket of its chest. But when he entered the house he beheld the child sleeping in safety in the cradle, and a huge serpent lying there torn in pieces. Then the smoke of remorse ascended from his heart, and he began to smite his breast with the stone of regret, and complaining and lamenting said:—

COUPLET

"Hereafter, I and grief are one; and every man this well must see,—
For me to have a cheerful heart, impossible and strange would be.

Alas! that the fire of this distressing accident cannot be extinguished by the water of excuses, and that the dart of the shame of this troublous transaction will not be repelled by the shield of extenuation. What unjust action is this that I have committed! and what unsuitable act is this that my hands have done!

COUPLET

'Tis right that I my blood should drink, in shame for this distress;
'Tis fit that I my life resign for this unhappiness.

Would to God that this son had never come into existence from nonentity, and that I had not set my love and affections upon him! so that this innocent blood would not have been shed on this account, and I should not have happened to embark in this unholy business. And what answer shall I give to my Creator for this, that I have causelessly destroyed one that dwelt in the same house with me; and have slain the guardian of my home, and the protector of my beloved son, without reason? And what excuse can I offer to my fellow-creatures for this? And hereafter the chain of censure will not be removed from my neck, and the writing of infamy will never be obliterated from the page of my affairs."

THIRD VERSION

THE EXAMPLE OF THE FIRST MASTER

From 'The Seven Wise Masters of Rome': Printed from the edition of Wynkyn de Worde, 1520, and edited, with an introduction, by George Laurence Gomme, F. S. A. London: printed for the Villon Society, 1885.

THERE was a valiant knight which had only one son as ye have. The which he loved so much that he ordained for his keeping three nurses: the first should give him suck and feed him, the second should wash him and keep him clean, the third should bring him to sleep and to rest. This knight had also a greyhound and a falcon that he also loved right well. The greyhound was so good that he never ran to no game but he took it and held it till his master came. And if his master disposed him to go to battle, if he should not speed in the battle, anon as he should mount upon his horse the greyhound would take the horse's tail in his mouth and draw backward, and would also cry and howl marvelously loud. By these signs the knight understood if that he should speed in his journey or not. The falcon was so gentle and so hardy that he was never cast off to his prey but he took it. This same knight had great pleasure in jousting and tourneying, so that upon a time under his castle he let proclaim a tournament to the which came many good lords and knights. The knight entered into the tourney, and his lady went with her maidens to see it. And as they went out, after went the nurses, and left the child lying alone in the cradle in the hall, where the greyhound lay nigh the wall, and the hawk or falcon standing upon a perch. In this hall there was a serpent lurking or hid in a hole, to all them of the castle unknown. The which when he felt that they were all absent, he put out his head of his hole. And as he no man saw, but the child lying in the cradle, he went out of his cavern towards the cradle for the child to have slain. The noble falcon seeing that, beheld the greyhound that was sleeping; she made such a noise and rustling with her wings or feathers that the greyhound awoke and rose up. And when he saw the serpent nigh the child, anon against him he leapt, and they both fought so long together till that the serpent had grievously hurted and wounded the greyhound that he bled sore, so that the earth about the cradle was all bebled with the blood of the greyhound. The greyhound, when that he

felt himself so grievously hurted and wounded, started fiercely upon the serpent, and fought sore together and so eagerly, so that between them the cradle was overturned with the child. And because that the cradle had four pommels or feet, they saved the child's visage and his life from any hurtful falling towards the earth. And what shall I say more? Incontinent thereafter with great pain the greyhound overcame and slew the serpent, and went and laid him down again in his place and licked his wounds. And anon after, as the jousts and tourney was done, the nurses were the first that came into the castle. And as they saw the cradle reversed, with blood upon the earth environed, and that the greyhound was also bloody, they thought and said amongst themselves that the greyhound had slain the child, and they were not so wise as to turn up again the cradle with the child for to have seen what was thereof befallen. But they said, Let us flee or run away, lest that our master put or lay the blame upon us and slay us. And as they were thus away running, they met with the knight's wife, and she said to them, Wherefore make ye this sorrow, and whither will ye run? And they said, O lady, woe and sorrow be to us and to you. Why, what is there happened? show me. The greyhound, they said, that our lord and master loveth so much, hath devoured and slain your son, and lieth by the wall all full of the blood. As the lady this heard, she fell to the earth and began to weep and cry piteously; and said, Alas, O my dear son, be ye thus slain and dead? what shall I now make, that I have my only son thus lost?

Herewithal came in the knight from the tourney, and beholding his lady thus crying and making sorrow, he demanded her wherefore that she made so great sorrow and lamentation. She answered him, O my lord, your greyhound that ye love so much hath slain your only son, and lieth by the wall satiate with blood of the child. The knight hugely angered went in to the hall, and the greyhound went to him to meet and to fawn as he was wont to do. And the knight drew out his sword and with one stroke smote off the hound's head, and went to the cradle and found his son all whole, and by the cradle the serpent slain. And by divers signs perceived that the hound had fought against the serpent for the salvation of the child. Then with great sorrow and weeping he tare his hair and said, Woe be to me that for the words of my wife I have slain my good greyhound, the which hath saved my child's life and hath slain the serpent. Herefore I will put myself to penance. And brake his sword in

three pieces, and went towards the Holy Land, and abode there all the days of his life.

Then said the Master to the Emperor, Lord, understand ye what I have said? And he answered and said, Right well. The Master said: If that ye do your son to death for the words of your wife, it shall come to you worse than it did to the knight for his greyhound. The Emperor said, Ye have showed me a fair example, and without doubt this day shall not my son die. Then said the Master, If ye do so, ye do wisely; but I thank you that ye have him spared this day for my sake.

THE LION-MAKERS

From the 'Panchatantra,' Book v., No. 4

EVEN men of learning and noble birth are sometimes devoid of common-sense. For, true is the saying:—

Book-learning people rightly cherish;
But gumption 's best of all to me.
Bereft of gumption you shall perish,
Like to the Lion-makers three.

"How was that?" said the Man-with-the-wheel. And the Gold-magician narrated:—

IN A certain place there dwelt four brahman youths in the greatest friendship. Three of them had got to the further shore of the ocean of science, but were devoid of common-sense; while the fourth had common-sense only, and no mind for science. Now once upon a time these friends took counsel together, and said, "Of what profit is science, if we cannot go with it to some foreign country and win the favor of princes and make our fortune? Therefore to the Eastern Country let us go." And so it came to pass.

Now after they had gone a little way, the eldest spoke: "There is one among us, the fourth, who has no learning, but only common-sense; and a man can't get presents from kings by common-sense without learning. Not a whit will I give him of all that I gain; so let him go home." And the second said, "Ho there, Gumption! get you homeward, for you have no learning!" But the third made answer, "Alas, it is not fitting so to do; for we have played together since we were boys. So

let him come along too. He's a noble fellow, and shall have a share in the riches that we win."

On then they went together, till in a jungle they saw the bones of a dead lion. Then spoke the first: "Ha! now we can put our book-learning to the test. Here lies some sort of a dead creature: by the power of our learning we'll bring it to life. I'll put the bones together." And that then he did with zeal. The second added flesh, blood, and hide. But just as the third was breathing the breath of life into it, Gumption stopped him and said, "Hold: this is a lion that you are turning out. If you make him alive, he will kill every one of us." Thereupon made answer the other, "Fie, stupid! is learning to be fruitless in my hands?" "Well then," said Gumption, "just wait a bit till I climb a tree."

Thereupon the lion was brought to life. But the instant this was done, he sprang up and killed the three. Afterwards Gumption climbed down and went home.

Therefore, concluded the Gold-magician, therefore I say:—

Book-learning people rightly cherish;
But gumption 's best of all to me,
Bereft of gumption you shall perish,
Like to the Lion-makers three.

Translation of Charles R. Lanman.

THE KING AND THE HAWK

From the Persian version of Pilpay, 'Anvár-i Suhailí,' or 'Lights of Canopus'

THEY have related that in ancient times there was a king fond of hunting. He was ever giving reins to the courser of his desire in the pursuit of game, and was always casting the lasso of gladness over the neck of sport. Now this king had a hawk, who at a single flight could bring down the Símurgh from the peak of Káf, and in terror of whose claws the constellation Aquila kept himself close in the green nest of the sky.

VERSE

When that bold falcon stretched his pinions wide,
Heaven's bosom then was piercèd through with dread;
When to the sky with upward flight he hied,
The eagle of the spheres his feathers shed.

And the king had a prodigious fondness for this hawk, and always cared for it with his own hands. It happened that one day the monarch, holding the hawk on his hand, had gone to the chase. A stag leapt up before him, and he galloped after it with the utmost eagerness. But he did not succeed in coming up with it, and became separated from his retinue and servants; and though some of them followed him, the king rode so hotly that the morning breeze—which in the twinkling of the eye encircles the world—could not have reached the dust he raised, nor could the north wind, in spite of its velocity, attain to the dust of his horse's hoofs.

COUPLET

Unmeasured has thy swiftness been:
So swift, no trace of thee is seen!

Meantime the fire of his thirst was kindled, and the intense desire to drink overcame the king. He galloped his steed in every direction, and traversed the desert and the waste in search of water, until he reached the skirt of a mountain, and beheld that from its summit limpid water was trickling. The king drew forth a cup which he had in his quiver, and riding under the mountain filled the cup with that water, which fell drop by drop; and was about to take a draught, when the hawk made a blow with his wing and spilled all the water in the goblet. The king was vexed at that action, but held the cup a second time under the rock until it was brimful. He then raised it to his lips again, and again the hawk made a movement and overthrew the cup.

HEMISTICH

Brought to the lip, they then forbid the draught.

The king, rendered impatient by thirst, dashed the hawk on the ground and killed it. Shortly after, a stirrup-holder of the king came up, and saw the hawk dead and the king athirst. He then undid a water-vessel from his saddle-cord, and washed the cup clean, and was about to give the king to drink. The latter bade him ascend the mountain, as he had the strongest inclination for the pure water which trickled from the rock, and could not wait to collect it in the cup, drop by drop; and therefore he desired the attendant to fill a cup with it and come

down. The stirrup-holder ascended the mountain and beheld a spring like the eye of hard-hearted misers, giving out a drop at a time with a hundred stintings; and a huge serpent lay dead on the margin of the fountain; and as the heat of the sun had taken effect upon it, the poisonous saliva mixed with the water of that mountain, and it trickled drop by drop down the rock. The stirrup-holder was overcome with horror, and came down from the mountain bewildered, and represented the state of the case, and gave the king a cup of cold water from his ewer. The latter raised the cup to his lips, and his eyes overflowed with tears.

COUPLET

A little water then he drank: the burnings of his heart were stopped;
The fluid that his lips imbibed, back from his flooding eyelids dropped.

The attendant asked the reason of his weeping. The king drew a cold sigh from his anguished heart, and said:—

COUPLET

“So deep my grief that I to none can tell the secret of my woes;
And yet my tale is such that I must still my lips perforce uncloze.”

He then related in full the story of the hawk and the spilling of the water in the cup; and said, “I grieve for the death of the hawk, and bemoan my own deed in that without inquiry I have deprived a creature so dear to me of life.” The attendant replied, “This hawk protected thee from a great peril, and has established a claim to the gratitude of all the people of this country. It would have been better if the king had not been precipitate in slaying it, and had quenched the fire of wrath with the water of mildness, and had turned back the reins of the courser of his passions with the vigor of endurance, and had not transgressed the monition of the wise, who have said:—

COUPLET

Do not the courser of thyself so strain,
That thou canst not at will draw in the rein.”

The king replied, “I repent of this unseemly action, but my repentance is now unavailing, and the wound of this sorrow cannot be healed by any salve; and as long as I live I shall retain

on my bosom the scar of this regret, and lacerate the visage of my feelings with the nail of remorse.

HEMISTICH

What can I do? The deed was mine: for self-made ills there is no cure."

THE ASS IN THE LION'S SKIN

From the 'Jataka': translated by Henry Clarke Warren, in his 'Buddhism in Translations,' Vol. iii. of the Harvard Oriental Series

"**N**AY, this is not a lion's roar."—This also was related by the Teacher concerning Kokalika; and it was while dwelling in Jetavana monastery. Kokalika, at the time, was desirous of intoning a doctrinal recitation before the congregation of the priests. When the Teacher heard this, he related the following tale:—

ONCE upon a time, when Brahmadata was reigning at Benares, the Future Buddha, having been born in a farmer's family and now come of age, was making his living by husbandry. Now at that time a certain peddler went about selling his wares, which he carried on the back of an ass. And at every place he came to he would unload the ass, and dressing him up in the skin of a lion, let him loose in some field of rice or barley. And the field-watchers did not dare approach, as they thought it was a lion. Now one day the peddler took up his abode at the gate of a village, and while his breakfast was cooking, he dressed up the ass in the lion's skin and let him loose in a field of barley. The field-watchers did not dare approach, as they thought it was a lion, but went home and announced the news. Then all the inhabitants of the village took up arms, and, blowing conch-shells and beating drums, went to the field and shouted, so that the ass became afraid for his life and brayed. Then the Future Buddha knew it was an ass, and pronounced the first stanza:—

"Nay, this is not a lion's roar,
Nor tiger, panther, gives it vent;
But, dressed up in a lion's skin,
It is a wretched ass that brays."

And also the inhabitants of the village knew it was an ass, and beat him until his bones broke, and took the lion's skin away

with them. Then came the peddler, and seeing that his ass had come to grief, he pronounced the second stanza:—

“Long might the ass have lived to eat
The green and tender barley grain,
Accoutred in the lion's skin,
But that he brayed, and ruined all.”

And while he was thus speaking, the ass died; whereupon the peddler left him and went his way.

The Teacher, having given this doctrinal instruction, identified the characters in the Birth-story:—“At that time the ass was Kokalika, but the wise farmer was I myself.”

THE HARE-MARK IN THE MOON

From the ‘Jataka’: translated by Henry Clarke Warren, in his ‘Buddhism in Translations,’ Vol. iii. of the Harvard Oriental Series

“SOME red-fish have I, seven in all.”—This was related by the Teacher while dwelling in Jetavana monastery; and it was concerning a donation of all the requisites to the congregation of the priests.

It seems that a householder of Savatthi prepared a donation of all the requisites for the Buddha and for the Order. At the door of his house he had a pavilion built and gotten ready; and having invited the Buddha and the congregation of the priests, he made them sit down on costly seats which had been spread for them in the pavilion, and gave them an excellent repast of savory dishes. Then he invited them again for the next day, and again for the next, until he had invited them seven times. And on the seventh day he made the donation of all the requisites to the Buddha and to five hundred priests.

At the end of the breakfast the Teacher returned thanks and said:—

“Layman, it is fitting that you thus manifest a hearty zeal; for this almsgiving was also the custom of the wise of old time. For the wise of old time surrendered their own lives to chance suppliants, and gave their own flesh to be eaten.”

Then, at the request of the householder, he related the bygone occurrence:—

ONCE upon a time, when Brahmadatta was ruling at Benares, the Future Buddha was born as a hare, and dwelt in a wood.

Now on one side of this wood was a mountain, on another a river, and on another a border village. And there were three other animals that were his comrades,—a monkey, a jackal, and an otter. These four wise creatures dwelt together, catching their prey each in his own hunting-ground, and at night resorting together. And the wise hare would exhort the other three and teach them the Doctrine, saying, "Give alms, keep the precepts, and observe fast-days." Then the three would approve of his admonition, and go each to his own lair in the thicket, and spend the night.

Time was going by in this manner, when one day the Future Buddha looked up into the sky and saw the moon, and perceived that the next day would be fast-day. Then said he to the others:

"To-morrow is fast-day. Do you three keep the precepts and observe the day; and as alms given while keeping the precepts bring great reward, if any suppliants present themselves give them to eat of your own food."

"Very well," said they, and passed the night in their lairs.

On the next day the otter started out early, and went to the banks of the Ganges to hunt for prey. Now a fisherman had caught seven red-fish and strung them on a vine, and buried them in the sand on the banks of the Ganges, and had then gone on down-stream catching fish as he went. The otter smelt the fishy odor, and scraping away the sand, perceived the fish and drew them out. Then he called out three times, "Does any one own these?" and when he saw no owner, he bit hold of the vine with his teeth, and drew them to his lair in the thicket. There he lay down, remembering that he was keeping the precepts, and thinking, "I will eat these at the proper time."

And the jackal also went out to hunt for prey, and found in the hut of a field-watcher two spits of meat, and one iguana, and a jar of sour cream. Then he called out three times, "Does any one own these?" and when he saw no owner, he placed the cord that served as a handle for the jar of sour cream about his neck, took hold of the spits of meat and of the iguana with his teeth, and brought them home, and placed them in his lair in the thicket. Then he lay down, remembering that he was keeping the precepts, and thinking, "I will eat these at the proper time."

And the monkey also, entering the forest, fetched home a bunch of mangoes, and placed them in his lair in the thicket.

Then he lay down, remembering that he was keeping the precepts, and thinking, "I will eat these at the proper time."

The Future Buddha, however, remained in his thicket, thinking, "At the proper time I will go out and eat dabba-grass." Then he thought, "If any supplants come, they will not want to eat grass, and I have no sesamum, rice, or other such food. If any suppliant comes, I will give him of my own flesh."

Such fieriness of zeal in keeping the precepts caused the marble throne of Sakka to grow hot. Then, looking carefully, Sakka discovered the cause, and proposed to himself to try the hare. And disguised as a brahman, he went first to the lair of the otter.

"Brahman, why stand you there?" said the otter.

Said he, "Pandit, if I could but get something to eat, I would keep fast-day vows, and perform the duties of a monk."

"Very well," said the otter: "I will give you some food." And he addressed him with the first stanza:—

"Some red-fish have I, seven in all,
Found stranded on the river bank.
All these, O brahman, are my own:
Come eat, and dwell within this wood."

"I will return a little later," said the brahman; "let the matter rest until to-morrow."

Then he went to the jackal. And the latter also asking, "Why stand you there?" the brahman answered the same as before.

"Very well," said the jackal: "I will give you some food." And he addressed him with the second stanza:—

"A watchman guards the field close by,—
His supper have I ta'en away:
Two spits of meat, iguana one,
One dish of butter clarified.
All these, O brahman, are my own:
Come eat, and dwell within this wood."

"I will return a little later," said the brahman; "let the matter rest until to-morrow."

Then he went to the monkey. And the latter also asking, "Why stand you there?" the brahman answered the same as before.

"Very well," said the monkey: "I will give you some food." And he addressed him with the third stanza:—

"Ripe mangoes, water clear and cold,
And cool and pleasant woodland shade,—
All these, O brahman, are my own:
Come eat, and dwell within this wood."

"I will return a little later," said the brahman: "let the matter rest until to-morrow."

Then he went to the wise hare. And he also asking, "Why stand you there?" the brahman answered the same as before.

The Future Buddha was delighted. "Brahman," said he, "you have done well in coming to me for food. To-day I will give alms such as I never gave before; and you will not have broken the precepts by destroying life. Go, my friend, and gather wood, and when you have made a bed of coals, come and tell me. I will sacrifice my life by jumping into the bed of live coals. And as soon as my body is cooked, do you eat of my flesh, and perform the duties of a monk." And he addressed him with the fourth stanza:—

"The hare no seed of sesamum
Doth own, nor beans, nor winnowed rice.
But soon my flesh this fire shall roast:
Then eat, and dwell within this wood."

When Sakka heard this speech, he made a heap of live coals by his superhuman power, and came and told the Future Buddha. The latter rose from his couch of dabba-grass, and went to the spot. And saying, "If there are any insects in my fur, I must not let them die," he shook himself three times. Then throwing his whole body into the jaws of his liberality, he jumped into the bed of coals, as delighted in mind as a royal flamingo when he alights in a cluster of lotuses. The fire, however, was unable to make hot so much as a hair-pore of the Future Buddha's body. He felt as if he had entered the abode of cold above the clouds.

Then, addressing Sakka, he said:—

"Brahman, the fire you have made is exceeding cold, and is not able to make hot so much as a hair-pore of my body. What does it mean?"

"Pandit, I am no brahman: I am Sakka, come to try you."

"Sakka, your efforts are useless; for if all beings who dwell in the world were to try me in respect of my liberality, they would not discover in me any unwillingness to give." Thus the Future Buddha thundered.

"Wise hare," said then Sakka, "let your virtue be proclaimed to the end of this world-cycle." And taking a mountain, he squeezed it, and with the juice drew the outline of a hare in the disk of the moon. Then in that wood, and in that thicket, he placed the Future Buddha on some tender dabba-grass, and taking leave of him, departed to his own celestial abode.

And these four wise creatures lived happily and harmoniously, and kept the precepts, and observed fast-days, and passed away according to their deeds.

When the Teacher had given this instruction, he expounded the truths, and identified the characters of the Birth-story (at the close of the exposition of the truths, the householder who had given all the requisites became established in the fruit of conversion):—

"In that existence the otter was Ananda, the jackal was Moggallana, the monkey was Sariputta, while the wise hare was I myself."

COUNT NOT YOUR CHICKENS BEFORE THEY BE HATCHED

From the 'Panchatantra,' Book v., Fable 9

[This is the well-known tale of the 'Milkmaid who poised a full pail on her head,' La Fontaine's 'Perrette' (vii. 10). It recurs in the 'Arabian Nights' (Night 716), and often elsewhere.*]

ONCE upon a time there lived in a certain town a brahman named Luckless. He begged a lot of barley grits; and with what he had left over from his dinner, he filled a jar. This he hung on a low peg in the wall, put his cot beneath it, and looking at it with unaverted gaze, he bethought him:—"This pot is full of barley grits, and if there comes a famine, will fetch me a hundred pieces of silver. With them I shall buy me a couple of she-goats; and as they will drop kids every six months, I shall soon have a herd from them. For the goats I

* See the mutations of this tale in the selection from Max Müller, in the present work.

shall get many cows; for the cows, buffalo-cows; and for them, mares; and when they have foaled, I shall have many horses; and from the sale of them, much gold. With the gold I'll get a house with four rooms, about a court. And then some brahman will come to my house, and give me his lovely daughter, with a rich dowry in marriage.

"She will bear me a son, and I'll name him Soma-çarman. When he's old enough for me to trot him on my knee, I'll take a book, and sitting out behind the stable, I'll study it. Then Soma-çarman, seeing me, and eager to be trotted on my knee, will leave his mother's lap, and in coming to me will get right near the horses' hoofs. And I, full of anger, shall say to my wife, 'Take the child, quick!' She, busy with housework, won't hear me, and I shall get up and give her a kick."

Deep sunk in thought, he gave such a kick that he broke the jar, and the grits ran down over him till he was well whitened.

Translation of Charles R. Lanman.

THE TRANSFORMED MOUSE

From the 'Panchatantra,' Book iii., Fable 12

ON THE bank of the Ganges, whose billows are flecked with white foam made by the fish that dart in terror at the roar of the waters breaking on its craggy shores, there is a hermitage filled with ascetics. They are given over to prayer, restraint of the senses, asceticism, study of holy writ, fasting, and meditation. They take very pure and very little water. They mortify the flesh by a diet of bulbs, roots, fruits, and water-plants. They wear only an apron of bast.

There was one among them named Yajnavalkya. He had performed his sacred ablutions in the Ganges, and was about to rinse his mouth, when into his hand there fell from the beak of a hawk a little mouse. On seeing it, he put it on a banyan-leaf, bathed again and rinsed his mouth, performed rites of expiation and so forth; and then by the power of his asceticism he changed the mouse into a girl, took her with him to his hermitage, and said to his wife, who was childless, "My dear, take this girl as your daughter, and bring her up carefully."

So the wife reared her, and loved her, and cared for her, till she was twelve years old; and then, seeing the girl was fit to be married, she said to her husband, "Seest thou not, O husband, that the time for our daughter's marriage is slipping by?" "Quite right," said he: "so if she is agreed, I will summon the exalted sun-god, and give her to him to wife." "What's the harm?" said his wife: "do so."

So the sage called the sun. And such was the power of his summons, which was made up of words of the Scripture, that the sun came instantly, saying, "Reverend sir, didst thou call me?" He answered, "Here is my daughter. If she will but choose thee, then take her to wife." And to his daughter he spake, "My child, does the exalted sun, the illumer of the three worlds, please thee?" The girl said, "Father, he is too scorching. I like him not. Call me some one more eminent than he." Then said the hermit to the sun, "Exalted one, is there any one mightier than thou?" And the sun said, "There is one mightier than I,—the cloud; for he covers me, and then none can see me."

So the sage called the cloud, and said, "Daughter, to him do I give thee." "He is too dark and cold," answered she; "so give me to some other mightier being." Then the sage asked the cloud, "O cloud, is there any mightier even than thou?" "The wind is mightier than I," said the cloud: "when the wind strikes me I am torn to a thousand shreds."

So the sage called the wind and said, "Daughter, does the wind please thee best for a husband?"—"Father, he is too fickle. Bring hither some one mightier even than he." And the sage said, "O wind, is any mightier than thou?" And the wind made answer, "The mountain is mightier than I; for strong as I am, it braces itself and withstands me."

So the sage called the mountain and said, "Daughter, to him do I give thee." She answered and spake, "Father, he is too hard and unyielding. Give me to some other than him." So the sage asked the mountain, "O king of mountains, is there any mightier even than thou?" And the mountain said, "The mice are mightier than I; for they tear and rend my body asunder."

So the sage called a mouse, and showed him to her, and said, "Daughter, to him do I give thee. Does the king of the mice please thee?"

And she, showing her joy at the thought that this one at last was of her own kind, said, "Father, make me a mouse again, and give me to him, in order that I may fulfill my household duties after the manner ordained for my kind." So by the power of his asceticism he made her a mouse again, and gave her to him.

Translation of Charles R. Lanman.

THE GREEDY JACKAL

From the 'Panchatantra,' Book ii., Fable 3

THE brahman said:—

Excessive greed should ne'er be cherished.
Have greed—but keep it moderate.
The all too greedy jackal perished,
A wooden top-knot on his pate.

"How was that?" asked the brahman woman. And the brahman narrated.

IN a certain forest lived a savage tribesman, who, on a day, set out a-hunting. And as he went he met a mighty boar, as big as the peak of Mount Anjana. Straightway, drawing his bow till the string touched his ear, he let fly a keen arrow and hit the boar. Full of rage, the boar, with his sharp tusk that gleamed like the young moon's crescent, ripped up the belly of the hunter, that he fell lifeless to earth. But the boar too yielded his life, from the smarting wound of the arrow.

Meantime a jackal, for whom Fate had ordained a speedy death, roaming for hunger hither and yon, came to the spot. Delighted at the sight of the boar and the hunter, he bethought him: "Ah! Fate is kind to me in giving me this unexpected food. How true is the saying:—

No finger need'st thou raise! may'st work or sleep!
But of thy deeds wrought in a former birth,
The fruit—or good or ill—thou needs must reap!
Inexorable Karma rules the earth.

And again—

In whatso time of life, or when, or where,
In former birth thou didst or good or ill,
In just that time of life, and then, and there,
In future birth, of fruit shalt have thy fill!

Now I'll manage it so with these carcasses that I shall get a living off of them for many days. And to begin withal, I'll eat the sinew which forms the bowstring. For they say—

A wise man doth sip the elixir of life,

Circumspectly and slowly, and heedful.

Thus enjoy thou the riches thou'st won by thy strife:

Never take at one time more than needful."

Making up his mind in this way, he took the end of the bow in his mouth, and began to gnaw the sinew. But as soon as his teeth cut through the string, the bow tore through his palate, and came out of his head like a top-knot, and he gave up the ghost. Therefore, continued the brahman, therefore I say:—

Excessive greed should ne'er be cherished.

Have greed—but keep it moderate.

The all too greedy jackal perished,

A wooden top-knot on his pate.

Translation of Charles R. Lanman.

«HOW PLAUSIBLE»

From the 'Jataka,' No. 89

THIS story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a knave. The details of his knavery will be related in the Uddala-jataka.

ONCE on a time when Brahmadata was reigning in Benares, there lived hard by a certain little village a shifty rascal of an ascetic, of the class which wears long matted hair. The squire of the place had a hermitage built in the forest for him to dwell in, and used to provide excellent fare for him in his own house. Taking the matted-haired rascal to be a model of goodness, and living as he did in fear of robbers, the squire brought a hundred pieces of gold to the hermitage, and there buried them, bidding the ascetic keep watch over them.—“No need to say that, sir, to a man who has renounced the world; we hermits never covet other folks' goods.”—“It is well, sir,” said the squire, who went off with full confidence in the other's protestations. Then the rascally ascetic thought to himself, “There's enough here to keep a man all his life long.” Allowing a few days to elapse first,

he removed the gold and buried it by the wayside, returning to dwell as before in his hermitage. Next day, after a meal of rice at the squire's house, the ascetic said, "It is now a long time, sir, since I began to be supported by you; and to live long in one place is like living in the world,—which is forbidden to professed ascetics. Wherefore I must needs depart." And though the squire pressed him to stay, nothing could overcome this determination.

"Well then, if it must be so, go your way, sir," said the squire; and he escorted the ascetic to the outskirts before he left him. After going a little way, the ascetic thought that it would be a good thing to cajole the squire; so putting a straw in his matted hair, back he turned again. "What brings you back?" asked the squire. "A straw from your roof, sir, had stuck in my hair; and as we hermits may not take anything which is not bestowed upon us, I have brought it back to you." "Throw it down, sir, and go your way," said the squire, who thought to himself, "Why, he won't take so much as a straw which does not belong to him! What a sensitive nature!" Highly delighted with the ascetic, the squire bade him farewell.

Now at that time it chanced that the Future Buddha, who was on his way to the border district for trading purposes, had halted for the night at that village. Hearing what the ascetic said, the suspicion was aroused in his mind that the rascally ascetic must have robbed the squire of something; and he asked the latter whether he had deposited anything in the ascetic's care.

"Yes: a hundred pieces of gold."

"Well, just go and see if it's all safe."

Away went the squire to the hermitage, and looked, and found his money gone. Running back to the Future Buddha, he cried, "It's not there." "The thief is none other than that long-haired rascal of an ascetic," said the Future Buddha: "let us pursue and catch him." So away they hastened in hot pursuit. When they caught the rascal, they kicked and cuffed him till he discovered to them where he had hidden the money. When he procured the gold, the Future Buddha, looking at it, scornfully remarked to the ascetic, "So a hundred pieces of gold didn't trouble your conscience so much as that straw!" And he rebuked him in this stanza:—

"How plausible the story that the rascal told!

How heedful of the straw! How heedless of the gold!"

When the Future Buddha had rebuked the fellow in this wise, he added: "And now take care, you hypocrite, that you don't play such a trick again."

When his life ended, the Future Buddha passed away, to fare thereafter according to his deserts.

His lesson ended, the Master said, "Thus you see, brethren, that this brother was as knavish in the past as he is to-day." And he identified the Birth by saying:—"This knavish brother was the knavish ascetic of those days, and I the wise and good man."

THE MAN IN THE PIT

From the 'Maha-Bharata'

[This is one of the most famous parables of antiquity and the Middle Ages, and has served alike for the edification of Brahmans, Jains, Buddhists, Mohammedans, Jews, and Christians. The text of this passage of the 'Maha-Bharata' (Book xi., Sections 5, 6) is corrupt, and the version therefore free. The history of the parable forms the subject of a charming essay by Ernst Kuhn, in 'Festgruss an Otto von Böhtlingk' (Stuttgart, 1888).]

THE PARABLE

A CERTAIN brahman, it is said, once came into a vast and impassable jungle filled with beasts of prey, and so beset on every hand with horribly roaring lions, tigers, and elephants that even the God of Death would quake at the sight. The brahman's heart was sore affrighted, and his hair stood on end. He ran hither and yonder, searching in every quarter for some place of refuge, but in vain. And as he ran, he saw that the horrible jungle was encompassed with a net which was held by a woman of most horrible aspect.

Now in the midst of the jungle was an overgrown pit, whose mouth was covered with creepers and tough grasses. The brahman fell into this hidden well, but caught himself in the tangled creepers and hung there, feet upwards, head downwards.

Meantime new troubles came upon him: for within the pit he beheld a huge and mighty serpent; and hard by the mouth of it, an enormous black elephant with six faces and twelve feet, gradually approaching. Many terrible bees swarmed about the branches of the tree that stood over the pit, eager for the honey which continually dripped down from the twigs.

The man, in spite of his dreadful strait as he hung in the pit, sipped the honey as it dripped: but as he sipped, his thirst did not abate; and ever insatiate, he longed for more and more. Mice, some white and some black, gnawed the roots of the plants on which he held fast. There was danger from the beasts, from the horrible woman, from the serpent at the bottom, and from the elephant at the mouth of the pit; danger from the mice and from the giving way of the plants; and danger from the bees.

Yet even so, he let not go his hope and wish for life.

THE INTERPRETATION OF THE PARABLE

THE impassable jungle is life. The beasts are diseases. The monstrous woman is old age, that robs us of youth and beauty. The pit is our mortal body. The mighty serpent within it is time (or death), the ender of all creatures. The creeper on whose tendrils the man hangs in the pit is the hope of life. The elephant is the year: his six faces are the six seasons, and his twelve feet are the twelve months. And the white and black mice that are gnawing away the roots of the plant are the days and nights. The bees are the desires; and the honey, the pleasures of sense.

PINDAR

(518-450 ? B. C.)

BY BASIL L. GILDERSLEEVE

PINDAR, greatest of Greek lyric poets, was born at Thebes of Bœotia, in 518 B. C. He came of a noble family, and the aristocratic note sounds clear and shrill throughout his poems. The family was not only noble,—it was artistic, it was musical. The flute, or rather clarionet, was a favorite Bœotian instrument; and Pindar served an apprenticeship as a flute-player, as a musical composer. Sundry stories are told of his early career: how he was defeated by Corinna, whose fair face and sweet Bœotian brogue won her the victory; and how the same Corinna warned him against overcrowding his poems with mythological figures, summing up her advice in the homely proverb, "Sow with the hand and not with the whole sack." The period of apprenticeship past, he began to compose poems for public occasions; and the fragments show that he became a master in all the ranges of lyric poetry,—in hymns, in pæans, in songs for the dance, in processional songs, choruses for virgins, songs of praise, drinking songs, dithyrambs, dirges,—maintaining everywhere his eminence, and striking at times notes that are more sympathetic to the modern soul than his great Songs of Victory. The oldest poem that we have of his, the tenth Pythian,—composed, according to the common computation, when he was only twenty years old, in honor of a Thessalian victor,—shows little trace of a 'prentice hand. From this time forth his fame grew, and his commissions came from every part of Greece; and as was the wont of lyric poets, he traveled far and wide in the exercise of his art, the peer of Thessalian nobles and Sicilian princes. Honored wherever he went, he was revered at home; for he was a poet-priest, and the Blessed Ones are said to have manifested themselves to him. When he craved of a god what was best for man, the god sent him death, as he lay resting on the lap



PINDAR

of his favorite in the theatre at Argos. He cannot have long out-lived his seventieth year.

Pindar was a proud, self-contained man, and held himself aloof from meaner things; and this pride in his lineage and in his art, this belief in the claims of long descent, and in the supreme perfection of his own consecrated song, may be the reason why the modern heart does not respond to Pindar as it does to other Greek poets—as it does to his rival Simonides, and to his contemporary Æschylus. Simonides is more tender; and Æschylus in his ‘*Persians*’ and his ‘*Seven against Thebes*’ strikes a warlike note of patriotism, that thrilled the Athenian theatre then and thrills us now. But Æschylus was a Marathon man; and Pindar was bound by his people and by his order to the cause of Thebes, which was the cause of the invader. But the issue of the Persian war interpreted to Pindar the meaning of the struggle; and his praise of Athens—“the violet-wreathed,” “the stay of Hellas”—was a chaplet that the Athenians wore proudly. The Thebans are said to have fined him heavily for the praise of their enemy, but Athens more than made good the loss; and long afterwards, when the Macedonian soldiery pillaged Thebes, Alexander, grateful for a like honor which Pindar had done to an ancestor of his,

“—bid spare

The house of Pindarus when temple and tower
Went to the ground.”

Pindar is known to us chiefly by his Songs of Victory, composed in honor of the victors in the great games of Greece. The preservation of these poems is attributed to the accident of their position in the Alexandrian collection; but one cannot suppress the feeling that it was not accident alone that has preserved for us these characteristic specimens of an unreturning past. For nothing can bring these games back. The semblance may be there, but the spirit is gone forever. The origin of the games was religious, and they were held in honor of the great divinities of Greece,—the Olympian and Nemean in honor of Zeus, the Pythian of Apollo, the Isthmian of Poseidon. The praise of the gods is often the burden of the Song of Victory. The times of the games were fixed by a sacred calendar; and the prizes were simply consecrated wreaths of wild olive, laurel, and wild celery. True, abundant honors and many privileges awaited the victor at his home. The blessing of the gods rested on him; he was a man of mark everywhere in Greece; and sunshine lay thenceforth about his life. Surely reward enough for the “toil and expense,” the “expense and toil,” which Pindar emphasizes so much. Much stress is laid, and justly laid, on the athletic features of the

games,—on the truly Greek consecration of the body, in its naked perfection, to the service of the deity. But there was a service of the substance as well; and the odes are so arranged as to bring the most expensive, the most princely, to the front. Only one of the odes here selected deals with physical prowess.

The theme is no narrow theme, as it is handled by Pindar. The shining forms of gods and heroes illumine the Songs of Victory; every ode reaches back into the mythic past, and brings out of that treasury some tale of endurance or achievement, some romantic adventure, some story of love, some vision of the world beyond. Again, the poet dominates the whole by his strong personality, by his belief in God, by his belief in genius as the gift of God. He has a priestly authority; he is not the mouthpiece of the people, he is in a sense the voice of the Most High. Still, the Song of Victory does not belie its name. The note of triumph rings through festal joy and solemn prayer and grave counsel: "Only, the temporary victory is lifted to the high level of the eternal prevalence of the beautiful and the good over the foul and the base; the victor himself is transfigured into a glorious personification of his race, and the present is reflected, magnified, illumined, in the mirror of the mythic past." This higher point of view gives a wider sweep of vision; and in Pindar's odes the light of a common ideal played over all the habitations of the Hellenes. Proof of pure Hellenic blood was required of all contestants at the great games. In Pindar's Songs of Victory the blood is transmuted into spirit.

For the appreciation of the lofty and brilliant genius of Pindar, the closest study is necessary; and comparatively few of those who profess and call themselves Grecians are Pindaric scholars. And yet much of his "gorgeous eloquence," as Sir Philip Sidney calls it, lies open to the day,—the splendor of his diction, the vividness of his imagery. Even in a translation all is not lost. Matthew Arnold calls Pindar "the poet on whom above all other poets the power of style seems to have exercised an inspiring and intoxicating effect"; and style cannot be transferred entire. No rendering can give the form and hue of the Greek words, or the varied rhythm, now stately, now impassioned, as the "Theban eagle" now soars, now swoops. But no one can read Pindar, even in a translation, without recognizing the work of a supreme genius, who combined, as no other Greek poet combined, opulence and elevation with swiftness and strength. To take the odes selected here: The first Olympian is said to have owed its position to the story which it tells of the primal chariot race in Elis; but it holds its place by its brilliance. The second Olympian strikes a note the world is to hear ages afterwards in the 'Divina Commedia' of Dante. In the third Olympian the sustained

diction matches the deep moral significance of the life of Herakles; the seventh is as resplendent as the Island of the Rose which it celebrates, the Bride of the Sun; and the majestic harmonies of the first Pythian sway the soul to-day as they did when the Doric lyre was not a figure of speech. Pindar's noble compounds and his bold metaphors give splendor and vitality to his style; his narrative has a swift and strong movement; and his moral lessons are couched in words of oracular impressiveness. All this needs no demonstration; and so far as details go, Pindar appeals to every lover of poetry.

And yet, as he himself has said, his song needs interpreters. His transitions are bold, and it is hard to follow his flight. Hence he has been set down as lawless; and modern "Pindarists" have considered themselves free from the laws of consecutive thought and the shackles of metrical symmetry. But whatever the freedom of Pindar's thought, his odes are built on the strictest principles of metrical form; strophe is answered by antistrophe, epode responds to epode, bar to bar. The more one studies the metres, the more one marvels at the delicate and precise workmanship. But when one turns to the thought, the story, then the symmetry becomes less evident—and yet it is there. Only, the correspondence of contents to form is not mechanically close. The most common type of the Song of Victory is that which begins with the praise of the victor, passes over to the myth, and returns to the victor. But victor, myth, victor, is not the uniform order. The poet refuses to be bound by a mechanical law, and he shifts the elements at his sovereign pleasure. The first Pythian is not built like the first Olympian. This myth, this story, which is found in almost every Pindaric ode, is not a mere poetical digression, not a mere adornment of the poem. It grows out of the theme. So in the first Olympian the kingly person of Hieron and the scene of the victory suggest the achievement of the first master of the great island of Pelops. In the third, the heroic figure of Theron brings up the heroic figure of Herakles, and the reward of the victory suggests the Quest of the Olive. The seventh Olympian, recording a splendid career, gives it a fit setting in the story of the victor's home, the Island of the Rose. And in the first Pythian the crushed son of Gaia, who answers to the suppressed spirit of discord, lay under the very Ætna whose lord is celebrated in the poem. The historical interpretation has been overdone; and it is a mistake to press the lines of coincidence between the figures of the myth and the figures of the victor and his house: but it is also a mistake to revert to the older view, and deny all vital connection between the mythical past and the actual present.

This controversy as to the function of the myth is but a specimen of what is found in every sphere of Pindaric study. Few of Pindar's

interpreters have heeded the words of the poet himself, "Measure is best." Ancient schemes of lyric composition have been thrust on the fair body of the Pindaric odes, in utter disregard of the symmetry of the members; and elaborate theories have been based on the position of recurrent words. There has been much insistence on the golden texts and the central truths; but unfortunately each commentator picks out his own texts and finds his own centre. "No true art without consciousness," says one, after Plato. "No true art without unconsciousness," says another, after Hartmann. And the lover of Pindar, weary of all this dispute, recalls the solemn verse, as true in art as in religion, "No man can come to me except the Father which hath sent me draw him." In art as in religion, there is no true acceptance without a "drawing" that defies analysis.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.—The best book on Pindar and his art is by Alfred Croiset, 'Pindare et les Lois du Lyrisme Grec' (second edition, Paris, 1886). There is an admirable chapter on Pindar in Jebb's 'Classical Greek Poets' (1893), and an elaborate and most suggestive work by Fraccaroli, 'Le Odi di Pindaro' (1894).

THE translations of the odes that have been selected for this 'Library' are taken without change from the admirable version of Ernest Myers, who has kindly given his consent to the reproduction. One exception is made, and that in favor of Professor Newcomer's version of the first Pythian, which is published here for the first time, and will be welcomed by all lovers of poetry and the poet, as the earnest of a sympathetic rendering of Pindar's Odes of Victory. That an editor of Pindar should differ at a number of points from any other man's translation is most natural; but it would be both impertinent and ungrateful to insist on divergences of opinion here. A work of art such as Myers's translation is to be changed by the hand of the artist himself or not at all.

Sir John Sandys's close and scholarly rendering in the Loeb Classical Library may also be commended to those who desire to follow the poet in the original, which faces the translation.

FIRST OLYMPIAN ODE

FOR HIERON OF SYRACUSE, WINNER IN THE HORSE RACE

[Hieron won this race in B. C. 476, while at the height of his power at Syracuse.]

BEST is Water of all; and Gold, as a flaming fire in the night, shineth eminent amid lordly wealth: but if of prizes in the games thou art fain, O my soul, to tell, then, as for no bright star more quickening than the sun, must thou search in the void firmament by day, so neither shall we find any games greater than the Olympic whereof to utter our voice; for hence cometh the glorious hymn, and entereth into the minds of the skilled in song, so that they celebrate the son of Kronos, when to the rich and happy hearth of Hieron they are come; for he wieldeth the sceptre of justice in Sicily of many flocks, culling the choice fruits of all kinds of excellence; and with the flower of music is he made splendid, even such strains as we sing blithely at the table of a friend.

Take from the peg the Dorian lute, if in any wise the glory of Pherenikos at Pisa hath swayed thy soul unto glad thoughts, when by the banks of Alpheos he ran, and gave his body ungoaded in the course, and brought victory to his master, the Syracusans' king, who delighteth in horses.

Bright is his fame in Lydian Pelops's colony, inhabited of a goodly race, whose founder mighty earth-enfolding Poseidon loved, what time from the vessel of purifying, Klotho took him with the bright ivory furnishment of his shoulder.

Verily many things are wondrous, and haply tales decked out with cunning fables beyond the truth make false men's speech concerning them. For Charis, who maketh all sweet things for mortal men, by lending honor unto such, maketh oft the unbelievable thing to be believed; but the days that follow after are the wisest witnesses.

Meet is it for a man that concerning gods he speak honorably; for the reproach is less. Of thee, son of Tantalos, I will speak contrariwise to them who have gone before me, and I will tell how when thy father had bidden thee to that most seemly feast at his beloved Sipylos, repaying to the gods their banquet, then did he of the bright Trident, his heart vanquished by love, snatch thee and bear thee behind his golden steeds to the house

of august Zeus in the highest, whither again on a like errand came Ganymede in the after time.

But when thou hadst vanished, and the men who sought thee long brought thee not to thy mother, some one of the envious neighbors said secretly that over water heated to boiling, they had hewn asunder with a knife thy limbs, and at the tables had shared among them, and eaten, sodden fragments of thy flesh. But to me it is impossible to call one of the blessed gods cannibal; I keep aloof: in telling ill tales is often little gain.

Now if any man ever had honor of the guardians of Olympus, Tantalos was that man; but his high fortune he could not digest, and by excess thereof won him an overwhelming woe, in that the Father hath hung above him a mighty stone that he would fain ward from his head, and therewithal he is fallen from joy.

This hopeless life of endless misery he endureth with other three, for that he stole from the immortals, and gave to his fellows at a feast, the nectar and ambrosia whereby the gods had made him incorruptible. But if a man thinketh that in doing aught he shall be hidden from God, he erreth.

Therefore also the immortals sent back again his son to be once more counted with the short-lived race of men. And he, when toward the bloom of his sweet youth the down began to shade his darkening cheek, took counsel with himself speedily to take to him for his wife the noble Hippodameia from her Pisan father's hand.

And he came and stood upon the margin of the hoary sea, alone in the darkness of the night, and called aloud on the deep-voiced Wielder of the Trident; and he appeared unto him nigh at his foot.

Then he said unto him: "Lo now, O Poseidon, if the kind gifts of the Cyprian goddess are anywise pleasant in thine eyes, restrain Oinomaos's bronze spear, and send me unto Elis upon a chariot exceeding swift, and give the victory to my hands.

"Thirteen lovers already hath Oinomaos slain, and still delayeth to give his daughter in marriage. Now a great peril alloweth not of a coward; and forasmuch as men must die, wherefore should one sit vainly in the dark through a dull and nameless age, and withouten noble deeds? Not so, but I will dare this strife: do thou give the issue I desire."

Thus spake he, nor were his words in vain; for the god made him a glorious gift of a golden car and winged untiring steeds: so he overcame Oinomaos and won the maiden for his bride.

And he begat six sons, chieftains, whose thoughts were ever of brave deeds; and now hath he part in honor of blood-offerings in his grave beside Alpheos's stream, and hath a frequented tomb, whereto many strangers resort; and from afar off he beholdeth the glory of the Olympian games in the courses called of Pelops, where is striving of swift feet and of strong bodies brave to labor; but he that overcometh hath for the sake of those games a sweet tranquillity throughout his life for evermore.

Now the good that cometh of to-day is ever sovereign unto every man. My part it is to crown Hieron with an equestrian strain in Æolian mood; and sure am I that no host among men, that now are shall I ever glorify in sounding labyrinths of song more learned in the learning of honor, and withal with more might to work thereto. A god hath guard over thy hopes, O Hieron, and taketh care for them with a peculiar care; and if he fail thee not, I trust that I shall again proclaim in song a sweeter glory yet, and find thereto in words a ready way, when to the fair-shining hill of Kronos I am come. Her strongest-winged dart my Muse hath yet in store.

Of many kinds is the greatness of men; but the highest is to be achieved by kings. Look thou not for more than this. May it be thine to walk loftily all thy life, and mine to be the friend of winners in the games, winning honor for my art among Hellenes everywhere.

SECOND OLYMPIAN ODE

FOR THERON OF AKRAGAS, WINNER IN THE CHARIOT RACE

[Theron's ancestors the Emmenidai migrated from Rhodes to Sicily, and first colonized Gela and then Akragas (the Latin Agrigentum and Italian Girgenti). His chariot won this victory B. C. 476.]

LORDS of the lute, my songs, what god, what hero, or what man are we to celebrate? Verily of Zeus is Pisa the abode, of Herakles the Olympian feast was founded from the chief spoils of war, and Theron's name must we proclaim for his victory with the four-horse car, a righteous and god-fearing host, the stay of Akragas, of famous sires the flower, a savior of the State.

They, after long toils bravely borne, took by a river's side a sacred dwelling-place, and became the eye of Sicily, and a life

of good luck clave to them, bringing them wealth and honor to crown their inborn worth.

O son of Kronos and of Rhea, lord of Olympus's seat, and of the chief of games and of Alpheos's ford, for joy in these my songs guard ever graciously their native fields for their sons that shall come after them.

Now of deeds done, whether they be right or wrong, not even Time, the father of all, can make undone the accomplishment; yet with happy fortune forgetfulness may come. For by high delights an alien pain is quelled and dieth, when the decree of God sendeth happiness to grow aloft and widely.

And this word is true concerning Kadmos's fair-throned daughters, whose calamities were great, yet their sore grief fell before greater good. Amid the Olympians, long-haired Semele still liveth, albeit she perished in the thunder's roar; and Pallas cherisheth her ever, and Father Zeus exceedingly, and her son, the ivy-bearing god. And in the sea too they say that to Ino, among the sea-maids of Nereus, life incorruptible hath been ordained for evermore.

Ay, but to mortals the day of death is certain never, neither at what time we shall see in calm the end of one of the Sun's children, the Days, with good thitherto unfailing; now this way and now that run currents bringing joys or toils to men.

Thus destiny, which from their fathers holdeth the happy fortune of this race, together with prosperity heaven-sent, bringeth ever at some other time better reverse: from the day when Laïos was slain by his destined son, who met him on the road and made fulfillment of the oracle spoken of old at Pytho. Then swift Erinys, when she saw it, slew by each other's hands his warlike sons; yet after that Polyneikes fell, Thersander lived after him, and won honor in the Second Strife and in the fights of war, a savior scion to the Adrastid house.

From him they have beginning of their race: meet is it that Ainesidamos receive our hymn of triumph on the lyre. For at Olympia he himself received a prize, and at Pytho, and at the Isthmus to his brother of no less a lot did kindred Graces bring crowns for the twelve rounds of the four-horse chariot race.

Victory setteth free the essayer from the struggle's griefs; yea, and the wealth that a noble nature hath made glorious bringeth power for this and that,—putting into the heart of man a deep and eager mood, a star far seen, a light wherein a

man shall trust, if but the holder thereof knoweth the things that shall be: how that of all who die the guilty should pay penalty, for all the sins sinned in this realm of Zeus One judgeth under earth, pronouncing sentence by unloved constraint.

But evenly, ever in sunlight, night and day, an unlaborious life the good receive; neither with violent hand vex they the earth nor the waters of the sea, for a scant living; but with the honored of the gods, whosoever had pleasure in keeping of oaths, they possess a tearless life: but the other part suffer pain too dire to look upon.

Then whosoever have been of good courage to the abiding steadfast thrice on either side of death, and have refrained their souls from all iniquity, travel the road of Zeus unto the tower of Kronos; there round the islands of the blest the ocean-breezes blow, and golden flowers are glowing, some from the land on trees of splendor, and some the water feedeth, with wreaths whereof they entwine their hands: so ordereth Rhadamanthos's just decree, whom at his own right hand hath ever the father Kronos, husband of Rhea, throned above all worlds.

Peleus and Kadmos are counted of that company; and the mother of Achilles, when her prayer had moved the heart of Zeus, bare thither her son, even him who overthrew Hector, Troy's unbending invincible pillar, even him who gave Kyknos to death, and the Ethiop son of the Morning.

Many swift arrows have I beneath my bended arm within my quiver; arrows that have a voice for the wise, but for the multitude they need interpreters. His art is true who of his nature hath knowledge; they who have but learnt, strong in the multitude of words, are but as crows that chatter vain things in strife against the divine bird of Zeus.

Come, bend thy bow on the mark, O my soul!—at whom again are we to launch our shafts of honor from a friendly mind? At Akragas will I take aim, and will proclaim and swear it with a mind of truth, that for a hundred years no city hath brought forth a man of mind more prone to well-doing towards friends, or of more liberal mood, than Theron.

Yet praise is overtaken of distaste, wherewith is no justice; but from covetous men it cometh, and is fain to babble against and darken the good man's noble deeds.

The sea-sand none hath numbered; and the joys that Theron hath given to others—who shall declare the tale thereof?

THIRD OLYMPIAN ODE

FOR THERON OF AKRAGAS, WINNER OF THE CHARIOT RACE

[This ode celebrates the same victory as the preceding one. It was sung at the feast of the Theoxenia, given by Theron in the name of Kastor and Polydeukes to the other gods. The clan of the Emmenidai, to which Theron belonged, was especially devoted to the worship of the Twins.]

TYNDAREUS's hospitable sons and lovely-haired Helen shall I please assuredly, in doing honor to renowned Akragas by a hymn upraised for Theron's Olympian crown; for hereunto hath the Muse been present with me that I should find out a fair new device, fitting to feet that move in Dorian time the Komos-voices' splendid strain.

For crowns entwined about his hair demand from me this god-appointed debt, that for Ainesidamos's son I join in seemingly sort the lyre of various tones with the flute's cry and ordering of words.

And Pisa bids me speak aloud; for from her come to men songs of divine assignment, when the just judge of games, the Aitolian man, fulfilling Herakles's behests of old, hath laid upon one's hair above his brows pale-gleaming glory of olive.

That tree from Ister's shadowy springs did the son of Amphitryon bear, to be a memorial most glorious of Olympian triumphs, when that by his words he had won the Hyperborean folk, who serve Apollo. In loyal temper he besought for the precinct of Zeus, whereto all men go up, a plant that should be a shadow of all folk in common, and withal a crown for valorous deeds.

For already, when the altars had been sanctified to his sire, the midmonth Moon, riding her golden car, lit full the counter-flame of the eye of Even, and just judgment of great games did he ordain, and the fifth year's feast beside the holy steep of Alpheos.

But no fair trees were nursed upon that place in Kronian Pelops's glens; whereof being naked, his garden seemed to him to be given over to the keen rays of the sun.

Then was it that his soul stirred to urge him into the land of Ister; where Leto's horse-loving daughter received him erst, when he was come from the ridged hills and winding dells of Arcady, what time his father laid constraint upon him to go at Eurystheus's bidding, to fetch the golden-horned hind which

once Taygete vowed to her of Orthion, and made a sign thereon of consecration. For in that chase he saw also the land that lieth behind the blast of the cold North-wind: there he halted and marveled at the trees; and sweet desire thereof possessed him that he might plant them at the end of the course which the race-horses should run twelve times round.

So now to this feast cometh he in good-will in company with the Twins Divine, deep-girdled children. For to them he gave charge when he ascended into Olympus to order the spectacle of the games, both the struggle of man with man, and the driving of the nimble car.

Me anyway my soul stirreth to declare, that to the Emmenidai and to Theron hath glory come by gift of the Tyndaridai of goodly steeds, for that beyond all mortals they do honor to them with tables of hospitality, keeping with pious spirit the rite of blessed gods.

Now if Water be the Best, and of possessions Gold be the most precious, so now to the furthest bound doth Theron by his fair deeds attain, and from his own home touch the pillars of Herakles. Pathless the things beyond, pathless alike to the unwise and the wise. Here I will search no more; the quest were vain.

SEVENTH OLYMPIAN ODE

FOR DIAGORAS OF RHODES, WINNER IN THE BOXING-MATCH

[Diagoras of Rhodes, most famous of great boxers, won the victory here celebrated in 404 B. C.]

Rhodes is said to have been colonized at the time of the Dorian migrations, by Argive Dorians from Epidauros, who were Herakleidai of the family of Tlepolemos. They founded a confederacy of three cities,—Kameiros, Lindos, and Ialysos. Ialysos was then ruled by the dynasty of the Eratidai. Their kingly power had now been extinct two hundred years, but the family was still pre-eminent in the State. Of this family was Diagoras, and probably the ode was sung at a family festival; but it commemorates the glories of the island generally. The Rhodians caused it to be engraved in letters of gold in the temple of Athene at Lindos.]

AS WHEN from a wealthy hand one lifting a cup, made glad within with the dew of the vine, maketh gift thereof to a youth, his daughter's spouse, a largess of the feast from home to home, an all-golden choicest treasure, that the banquet

may have grace, and that he may glorify his kin; and therewith he maketh him envied in the eyes of the friends around him for a wedlock wherein hearts are wedded,—

So also I, my liquid nectar sending, the Muses' gift, the sweet fruit of my soul, to men that are winners in the games at Pytho or Olympia make holy offering. Happy is he whom good report encompasseth; now on one man, now on another doth the Grace that quickeneth look favorably, and tune for him the lyre and the pipe's stops of music manifold.

Thus to the sound of the twain am I come with Diagoras sailing home to sing the sea-girt Rhodes, child of Aphrodite and bride of Helios, that to a mighty and fair-fighting man, who by Alpheos's stream and by Kastalia's hath won him crowns, I may for his boxing make award of glory, and to his father Demegetos in whom Justice hath her delight, dwellers in the isle of three cities with an Argive host, nigh to a promontory of spacious Asia.

Fain would I truly tell from the beginning from Tlepolemos the message of my word, the common right of this puissant seed of Herakles. For on the father's side they claim from Zeus, and on the mother's from Astydameia, sons of Amyntor.

Now round the minds of men hang follies unnumbered: this is the unachievable thing, to find what shall be best hap for a man both presently and also at the last. Yea, for the very founder of this country once on a time struck with his staff of tough wild-olive-wood Alkmene's bastard brother Likymnios, in Tiryns, as he came forth from Midea's chamber, and slew him in the kindling of his wrath. So even the wise man's feet are turned astray by tumult of the soul.

Then he came to inquire of the oracle of God. And he of the golden hair, from his sweet-incensed shrine, spake unto him of a sailing of ships that should be from the shore of Lerna unto a pasture ringed with sea, where sometime the great king of gods rained on the city golden snow, what time by Hephaistos's handicraft, beneath the bronze-wrought axe, from the crown of her father's head Athene leapt to light, and cried aloud with an exceeding cry; and Heaven trembled at her coming, and Earth, the Mother.

Then also the god who giveth light to men, Hyperion, bade his beloved sons see that they guard the payment of the debt, that they should build first for the goddess an altar in the sight

of all men, and laying thereon a holy offering they should make glad the hearts of the father, and of his daughter of the sounding spear. Now Reverence, Forethought's child, putteth valor and the joy of battle into the hearts of men; yet withal there cometh upon them bafflingly the cloud of forgetfulness, and maketh the mind to swerve from the straight path of action. For they, though they had brands burning, yet kindled not the seed of flame, but with fireless rites they made a grove on the hill of the citadel. For them Zeus brought a yellow cloud into the sky, and rained much gold upon the land; and Glaukopis herself gave them to excel the dwellers upon earth in every art of handicraft. For on their roads ran the semblances of beasts and creeping things, whereof they have great glory; for to him that hath knowledge the subtlety that is without deceit is the greater altogether.

Now the ancient story of men saith that when Zeus and the other gods made division of the earth among them, not yet was island Rhodes apparent in the open sea, but in the briny depths lay hid. And for that Helios was elsewhere, none drew a lot for him; so they left him portionless of land, that holy god. And when he spake thereof Zeus would cast lots afresh; but he suffered him not, for that he said that beneath the hoary sea he saw a certain land waxing from its root in earth, that should bring forth food for many men, and rejoice in flocks. And straightway he bade her of the golden fillet, Lachesis, to stretch her hands on high, nor violate the gods' great oath, but with the son of Kronos promise him that the isle sent up to the light of heaven should be thenceforth a title of himself alone.

And in the end of the matter his speech had fulfillment: there sprang up from the watery main an island, and the father who begetteth the keen rays of day hath the dominion thereof, even the lord of fire-breathing steeds. There sometime, having lain with Rhodes, he begat seven sons, who had of him minds wiser than any among the men of old; and one begat Kameiros, and Ialysos his eldest, and Lindos: and they held each apart their shares of cities, making threefold division of their Father's land, and these men call their dwelling-places. There is a sweet amends for his piteous ill-hap ordained for Tlepolemos, leader of the Tirynthians at the beginning, as for a god, even the leading thither of sheep for a savory burnt-offering, and the award of honor in games.

Of garlands from these games hath Diagoras twice won him crowns, and four times he had good luck at famous Isthmos, and twice following at Nemea, and twice at rocky Athens. And at Argos the bronze shield knoweth him, and the deeds of Arcadia and of Thebes and the yearly games Bœotian, and Pellene and Aigina, where six times he won; and the pillar of stone at Megara hath the same tale to tell.

But do thou, O Father Zeus, who holdest sway on the mountain ridges of Atabyrios, glorify the accustomed Olympian winner's hymn, and the man who hath done valiantly with his fists: give him honor at the hands of citizens and of strangers; for he walketh in the straight way that abhorreth insolence, having learnt well the lessons his true soul hath taught him, which hath come to him from his noble sires. Darken not thou the light of one who springeth from the same stock of Kallianax. Surely with the joys of Eratidai the whole city maketh mirth. But the varying breezes even at the same point of time speed each upon their various ways.

FIRST PYTHIAN ODE

O GOLDEN lyre,
 Apollo's, dark-haired Muses' joint heirloom,
 Alert for whom
 The dancer's footstep listens, and the choir
 Of singers wait the sound,
 Beginning of the round
 Of festal joy, whene'er thy quivering strings
 Strike up a prelude to their carolings:
 Thou slakest the lancèd bolt of quenchless fire;
 Yea, drooped each wing that through the æther sweeps,
 Upon his sceptre Zeus's eagle sleeps,

The bird-king crowned!
 The while thou sheddest o'er his beaked head bowed
 A darkling cloud,
 Sweet seal of the eyelids,—and in dreamful swoond
 His rippling back and sides
 Heave with thy music's tides;
 Thou bidst impetuous Ares lay apart
 His keen-edged spear, and soothe with sleep his heart;

Thou launchest at the breasts of gods, and bound
 As by a spell, they own thy lulling power,
 Latoides's and the deep-zoned Muses' dower.

But all the unloved of Zeus, far otherwise,
 Hearing the voice of the Pierides,
 Or on the earth or on the restless seas,
 Flee panic-stricken. One in Tartaros lies,
 Typhon, the gods' great hundred-headed foe.
 The famed Kilikian cavern cradled him;
 But now the hill-crag, lo,
 O'er Kymè, towering from their ocean-rim,
 And Sicily press upon his shaggy breast;
 Adds to the rest
 The frost-crowned prop of heaven her weight of woe;
 Aitna, the yearlong nurse of biting snow,

Whose founts of fire
 Gush from her caves, most pure, untamable:
 And all day well
 The rivers, and the gleaming smoke-wreath's spire;
 And in the gloom of night—
 A lurid-purple light—
 The flame upheaves vast rocks, and with a roar
 Whirls them far out upon the ocean-floor.
 It is yon monster makes outpour these dire
 Volcanic torrents: wondrous to behold,
 A wonder e'en to hear by others told

How, pinionèd
 'Neath dark-leaved heights of Aitna and the plain,
 He writhes in pain,
 His back all grided by his craggy bed.
 Thine, thine the grace we implore,
 O Zeus, that rulest o'er
 This mountain, forehead of the fruitful land,
 Over whose namesake city near at hand
 Her illustrious founder hath a glory shed,
 Her name proclaiming in the herald's cries
 What time his car at Pytho won the prize,

The car of Hieron. By sailors bound
 On outward voyage is a favoring breeze
 Held first of blessings, bearing prophecies
 Of fair beginning with fair ending crowned.

Auspicious falls her fortune by that word,
 For conquering steeds ordained to future fame,
 And to an honored name
 In many a song of festal joyance heard.
 O Phoibos, Lykian and Delian king
 That lovest the spring
 Kastalian of Parnasos, hold this fast,
 Make her a nurse of heroes to the last.

For lo, god-sprung
 Are all the means to human high emprise:
 Men are born wise,
 And strong of hand and eloquent of tongue.
 And fain to praise, I trust
 I fling not as in joust
 One whirls and hurls the bronze-cheeked javelin
 Without the lists, yet, hurling far, to win
 Over my rivals. Ah (the wish hath clung),
 If Hieron's days but wealth and bliss bestow
 As now, and add forgetfulness of woe,—

How they would lead
 Back crowding memories of battles old
 Wherein, stern-souled,
 He stood what time the gods gave them a meed
 Of honor such as ne'er
 Hath fallen to Hellene's share,
 Wealth's lordly crown. Yea, late he went to war
 Like Philoktetes, while one fawned before—
 A proud-souled suitor for a friend in need.
 Well known is the old story how men came
 To bear from Lemnos a sore-wounded frame,

E'en godlike heroes Poias's archer-son;
 Who, sacking Priam's city, brought to close
 The Danaoi's toils, himself still in the throes
 Of body-sickness. But by fate 'twas done.
 And such to Hieron be God's decrees,
 Granting in season, as the years creep by,
 All things wherefor he sigh.
 Nor, Muse, shalt thou forget Deinomenes,
 Chanting the four-horsed chariot's reward.
 Hath he not shared
 The triumph of his father? Up then, sing
 A song out of our love to Aitna's king.

Hieron bestowed
 On him that city, built on freedom's base
 By the gods' grace
 After the canons of the Hyllid code.
 Glad are Pamphylos's seed,
 And the Herakleidan breed
 Beneath Taygetos, Dorians to remain
 And keep the laws Aigimios did ordain,
 Rich and renowned. Once Pindos their abode;
 Amyklai then, where, the Tyndárids near
 Of the white horses, flourished still their spear.

O Zeus supreme,
 Such lot may human tongues fore'er award
 In true accord,
 Swayer and swayed by Amenanos's stream.
 Beneath thy blessing hand
 A hero in command,
 Transmitting through his son his wise decrees,
 Shall lead a people on the paths of peace.
 Keep hushed at home, I pray, the battle scream
 Of the Phœnician and Tyrrhenian host
 Whose insolent ships went down off Kyme's coast:

Such fate they suffered at the conquering hands
 Of Syracuse's lord, who plunged the pride
 Of their swift galleys in the whelming tide,
 Rescuing Hellas from her grievous bands.
 For Athens's favor song of Salamis pleads,
 In Sparta let me linger o'er the fight
 Beneath Kithairon's height,—
 Disastrous both unto the crooked-bow Medes;
 And where the Himeras rolls his flood along,
 Bides theme for song
 Of triumph in Deinomenes's children's praise,
 Whose valorous deeds cut short their foemen's days.

Time well thy rede.
 Gather the many strands that loosely run,
 And twist in one:
 Less will the noise of censuring tongues succeed.
 Once surfeit slips between,
 Dulled are hope's edges keen.
 And much do words in others' praise oppress
 The souls of men in secret. Ne'ertheless,

Since envy better is than pity, speed
On thy fair course; be helmsman just among
Thy people; on truth's anvil forge thy tongue.

The slightest spark
Thy stroke sends glimmering past falls lustrous now:

High steward thou;

And many eyes thine every action mark.

But in thy spirit's flower

Biding from hour to hour,

If honeyed speech of men may gladden thee,

Count not the cost. Let thy sail belly free

Unto the wind, as master of a bark.

No juggling gains allure thee, O my friend!

The voice of fame, that outlives this life's end,

Alone reveals the lives of men that pass,

To song and story. Kroisos's kindly heart

Dies not; but Phalaris, that with cruel art

Burned men alive inside the bull of brass,

A hated bruit weighs down. Nor will the lyres,

Filling the vaulted halls with unison

Of sweet strains, make him one

Among names warbled in the young men's choirs.

Prosperity is first of fortune's meeds;

Glory succeeds.

Who hath won both and kept, wealth and renown

He hath attained unto the supreme crown.

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature,' by A. G.
Newcomer

ALEXIS PIRON

(1689-1773)

BORN a hundred years later, he would have been an ideal journalist," says Saintsbury of Piron. The brilliant ill-natured satirist, who sneered at everything and everybody, was out of sympathy with his age. He was always on the alert for flaws in existing conditions. He was a revolutionist, despising classical platitudes, yet with no new creed to advance. Voltaire and his brother philosophers, as well as dead poets, were butts for his ridicule.



ALEXIS PIRON

Alexis Piron, born at Dijon in 1689, was the son of the gentle Burgundian poet Aimé Piron, popular for his Noëls, or Christmas songs. From him Piron inherited a love of verse; and at an early age he deserted the profession of law for that of poetry. A licentious ode, written when he was twenty, started him with an unfortunate reputation; and many years later incurred the heavy retribution of exclusion from the French Academy. Although immoral, the poem was witty. "If Piron wrote the famous ode," said Fontenelle, "he should be scolded but admitted. If he did not write it, he should be excluded." Others thought the reverse;

and although he softened the disappointment with a pension, the King refused to sanction Piron's election.

In 1819 Piron left Dijon for Paris, where he spent years as a hard-working playwright, sometimes in collaboration with Le Sage. An attempt was made to suppress the theatre, by forbidding dramatists to introduce more than one character on the stage at a time. His fellows despaired; but Piron's ingenuity was equal to the emergency, and he produced 'Arlequin Deukalion,' a lively monologue in three acts, which charmed all Paris. He also wrote many pot-boiling dramas, forgotten now; and he produced one masterpiece,—a five-act comedy, 'La Métromanie.' The self-delusions of a vain would-be poet, who is struggling for fame and also for academic prizes, is not an emotional theme. Yet the skillful intrigue and graceful malice of

the verse give it permanent charm. 'La Métromanie' is still revived occasionally on the French stage, as a model of eighteenth-century wit.

But Piron's name stands above all for epigram; for sharp retort and satiric witticism at the expense of the Academy, of Voltaire,—the man he envied and disliked,—and of nearly every one who fell in his way. Samples of these lighter, more spontaneous compositions are included in every collection of French *bons mots*. Crisp and subtle, most of them are too essentially French to be caught in English without a knowledge of the occasion which prompted them.

An acquaintance who had written a poem full of plagiarisms insisted upon reading it to him. From time to time Piron took off his hat, until at last the poet demanded the reason. "It is my habit to greet acquaintances," said Piron.

The Archbishop of Paris said graciously to him: "Have you read my last mandate, Monsieur Piron?" "Have you?" retorted Piron.

One day the Abbé Desfontaines, seeing Piron richly dressed, exclaimed: "What a costume for such a man!" "What a man for the costume!" quickly answered the poet.

This irrepressible wit constantly embroiled him with others. It was swift and direct, going straight to its target with a malicious twang. So in spite of lovable qualities, which came out best in his home life, this wittiest of Frenchmen made few friends, and lived in constant dissension with his fellow-writers. There is caustic bitterness in the epitaph he himself composed:—

"Here lies Piron, who was nothing,—
Not even Academician!"

FROM 'LA MÉTROMANIE'

[Damis, a visionary young man devoted to writing verse, has escaped from his creditors in Paris, and under an assumed name is enjoying himself in the country, where Mondor, his valet, discovers and reasons with him.]

MONDOR [*handing Damis a letter*].—Ah! Thank Heaven, I've unearthed you at last! [*Damis takes the letter and reads it to himself.*] Monsieur, I've been hunting for you a whole week. I've been all over Paris a hundred times. I was afraid of the river; lest in your extravagant visions, hunting some rhyme and reading in the clouds, Pegasus with loose bridle should have boldly borne your Muse to the nets of Saint Cloud.

Damis [*aside, indicating the letter he has read*].—Oh! Oh! Shall I, shall I? Here's what keeps me back.

Mondor—Listen, monsieur: my conscience, be careful! Some fine day—

Damis [*interrupting*].—Some fine day will you hold your tongue?

Mondor—As you please. Speech is free, anyway. Well, some one told me you might be here, but no one seemed to know you. I've been all over this great place, but if you hadn't appeared I'd have missed you again.

Damis—This whole inclosure is swarming with my admirers. But didn't you ask for me by my family name?

Mondor—Of course. How should I have asked?

Damis—That is no longer my name.

Mondor—You've changed it?

Damis—Yes. For a week I've been imitating my confrères. They rarely distinguish themselves under their true names, and it is the common custom of such people to adopt or invent a new name.

Mondor—Your name then is?

Damis—De l'Empirée. And I'll vouch it shall live!

Mondor—De l'Empirée? Ah! As there is nothing under heaven to make your name longer, as you don't possess anything under the heavenly vault, you have nothing left but the name of the envelope. So your mind has become a great land-owner? Space is vast, so it has plenty of room. But when it ascends alone to its domain, will your body allow you to go too?

Damis—Do you think that a man of my talents can rule his own course and dispose of himself? The destiny of people like me is like that of drawing-room belles: all the world wants them. I allowed myself to be brought here to Monsieur Francalen's by an impudent fellow whom I scarcely know. He presents me, and, dupe of the household, I serve as passport to the puppy who protects me. They were still at table, and made room for us. I grew joyful, and so did we all. I became excited and took fire. Uttered lightnings and thunders. My flight was so rapid and prodigious that those who tried to follow me were lost in the heavens. Then the company with acclamations bestowed upon me the name which descending from Pindus shall enrich the archives.

Mondor—And impoverish us both!

Damis—Then a comfortable sumptuous carriage rolled me in a quarter of an hour to this delightful spot, where I laugh, sing, and drink; and all from complaisance!

Mondor—From complaisance—so be it. But don't you know—

Damis—Eh, what?

Mondor—While you are sporting in the fields, Fortune in the city is a little jealous: Monsieur Balirois,—

Damis [*interrupting*]—What?

Mondor—Your uncle from Toulouse,—

Damis—Well?

Mondor—Is at Paris.

Damis—Let him stay there!

Mondor—Very well. Without thinking or wishing that you should know anything about it.

Damis—Why do you tell me, then?

Mondor—Ah! what indifference! Well, is nothing of any consequence to you any more? A rich old uncle upon whom your lot depends, who is continually repenting of the good he means to do you, who is trying to regulate your genius according to his own taste, who detests your devilish verses, and who has kept us for five good years, thank God, for you to study! You may expect some horrible storms! He is coming incognito to find out what you're about. Perhaps he has already discovered that in your soaring you have not taken any license yet except those he feared,—what you call in your rubrics poetical licenses. Dread his indignation, I tell you! You will be disinherited. That word ought to move you if you're not very hardened!

Damis [*calmly offering Mondor a paper*]—Mondor, take these verses to the Mercury.

Mondor [*refusing the paper*]—Fine fruits of my sermon!

Damis—Worthy of the preacher!

Mondor—What? How much is this paper worth to us?

Damis—Honor!

Mondor [*shaking his head*]—Hum! honor!

Damis—Do you think I'm telling fictions?

Mondor—There's no honor in not paying one's debts; and with honor alone you pay them very ill.

Damis—What a silly beast is an argumentative valet! Well, do what I tell you.

Mondor—Now, not wishing to offend, you are a little too much at your ease, monsieur. You have all the pleasure, and I have all the annoyance. I have you and your creditors both on my back. I have to hear them and get rid of them. I'm tired of playing the comedy for you, of shielding you, of putting

off till another day so as brazenly to borrow again. This way of living is repugnant to my honesty. I am tired of trying to deliver you from this barking crew. I give it up. I repent. I won't lie any more. Let them all come,—the bath-keeper, the merchant, the tailor, your landlord. Let them nose you out and pursue you. Get yourself out of it if you can; and let's see—

Damis [*interrupting, and again holding out the paper*]—You may get me the last *Mercury*. Do you hear?

Mondor [*still refusing the paper*]—Will it suit you to have me come back with all the people I've just named?

Damis—Bring them.

Mondor—You jest?

Damis—No.

Mondor—You'll see.

Damis—I will wait for you.

Mondor [*taking a few steps toward the door*]—Oh, well, they'll give you diversion.

Damis—And you that of seeing them overcome with joy.

Mondor [*coming back*]—Will you pay them?

Damis—Certainly.

Mondor—With what money?

Damis—Don't trouble yourself.

Mondor [*aside*]—Heyday! Can he be in funds?

Damis—Let us settle now how much we owe each other.

Mondor [*aside*]—Zounds! he'd teach me to weigh my words!

Damis—To the tutor?

Mondor [*in a gentler voice*]—Thirty or forty pistoles.

Damis—To the draper, the hair-dresser, the landlord?

Mondor—As much.

Damis—To the tailor?

Mondor—Eighty.

Damis—To the innkeeper?

Mondor—A hundred.

Damis—To you?

Mondor [*drawing back and bowing*]—Monsieur—

Damis—How much?

Mondor—Monsieur—

Damis—Speak!

Mondor—I abuse—

Damis—My patience!

Mondor—Yes: I beg pardon. It is true that in my zeal I have failed in respect; but the past made me suspicious of the future.

Damis—A hundred crowns? Guess! More or less, it does not matter. We'll share the prizes I shall soon win.

Mondor—The prizes?

Damis—Yes: the silver or gold which France distributes in different places to whoever composes the best verses. I have competed everywhere,—at Paris, Rouen, Toulouse, Marseilles: everywhere I've done wonders!

Mondor—Ah! so well that Paris will pay the board, Toulouse the barber, Marseilles the draper, and the Devil my wages!

Damis—You doubt that I will win everywhere?

Mondor—No, doubt nothing; but haven't you a better security for the tailor and the landlord?

Damis—Yes, indeed: the noblest kind of security. The Théâtre Français is to give my play to-day. My secret is safe. Except one actor and yourself, no one in the world knows it is mine. [*Showing the letter which Mondor brought him.*] This very evening they play it—this says so. To-day my talents are revealed to Europe. I have taken the first steps toward immortality. Dear friend, how much this great day means to me! Another hope—

Mondor—Chimerical!

Damis—An adorable girl, only daughter, rare, famous, clever, incomparable!

Mondor—What do you hope from this rare girl?

Damis—If I triumph to-day, to-morrow I can be her husband. [*Mondor wants to go.*] To-morrow— Where are you going, Mondor?

Mondor—To seek a master.

Damis—Eh! Why am I so suddenly judged unworthy?

Mondor—Monsieur, air is very poor nourishment.

Damis—Who wants you to live on air? Are you mad?

Mondor—Not at all.

Damis—Faith, you're not wise! What, you revolt on the eve—at the very moment of harvest? Since you force me to details unworthy of me, let us take a clear view of the state of my fortunes, past and present. The payment of your wages is already sure: one part to-night and the rest the day after to-morrow. I will succeed; I will marry a scholarly woman. That is the beautiful future before me. Generous young eaglets, worthy their race,

will fly after us. If we have three, we will bequeath one to comedy, one to tragedy, and the third to lyricism. These three possess the whole stage. And my spouse and I, if we uttered each year, I but a half-poem, she but a single novel, would draw crowds from all sides. Behold gold and silver rolling through the house, and our united intellects levying from theatre and press!

Mondor—In self-esteem you are a rare man, and on that pillow you nap soundly. But the noise of hissing may wake you.

Damis [*forcing him to take the paper*—Go! My embarrassments merit some consideration. One play announced, another in my head; one in which I am playing, and another all ready to read! This is having the mind occupied.

Mondor—An inheritance and lots of time thrown away

[*He goes, and Damis returns to the house.*]

THE OTHERS

SO RICH in famous men was Greece,
That still she vaunts them to us;
But seven wise men was all she had;
Judge then how many fools!

EXPERIENCE

WORK without thinking of gain;
Be neither selfish nor vain;
Love; do not hate nor disdain;
Be sober and gay; drink good wine;
And thy life at its final confine
Shall outvalue a monarch's long reign.

EPITAPH

MY JOURNEY here below is through;
Life is indeed a narrow strait.
Once saw I clear, now dimmed the view;
Once wise was I, but now I'm blate.
I, step by step, have reached the pass
Which may be shunned by fool nor sage,
To go, where know I not, alas!
Adieu, Piron, and *bon voyage*!

AUGUST VON PLATEN

(1796-1835)

IT is by reason rather of his exquisite perfection of form than of his poetic inspiration, that Count Platen maintained his distinguished place among the poets of Germany. The service which he rendered to German literature was this: that amid the mad rush of Romanticism towards *banal* sentimentality and fastastic formlessness, he stood firm to the ideal of pure and lofty thoughts cast in a chastened and classic form. The softer emotions rarely find voice in his verse; but human dignity, profound sorrow, manly independence, and fierce hatred of oppression, have thrilling utterance. He strove, like Goethe, to live in a serene atmosphere of intellect, disdaining popular tastes and vulgar sentiments. Truth was his Muse, and his poetry reflects her cold and crystal beauty.

Count August von Platen-Hallermund was born of a wealthy and noble family at Ansbach, on October 24th, 1796. He was educated at the cadet academy of Munich, and at the age of eighteen became a lieutenant in the Bavarian army. His part in the campaign of 1815 was a tame one, and garrison life was irksome to him. He spent most of his time on furlough, studying philosophy and philology at the universities of Würzburg and Erlangen. Schelling exercised an austere influence upon his thought.



AUGUST VON PLATEN

In 1821 Platen came before the public as a poet, with his exquisite and inimitable 'Ghaselen' (Gazels),—poems in the Persian manner; and in another book of verse called 'Lyrische Blätter' (Lyric Leaves). In 1823 came a second volume of 'Gazels.' These poems elicited warm words of praise from Goethe, and attracted the attention of poets generally. It was the refinement of thought, and the easy precision with which a difficult verse-form was handled, that astonished and fascinated. For purposes of dogmatic classification Platen may be enrolled among the Romantic poets; but except in his choice of exotic material he has little in common with them. Limpid

clearness and severe structural beauty distinguish even his earliest work, and these qualities were at last elevated by him into a gospel of art. Few poets have taken their calling more seriously, or held their gifts more sacred.

In 1824 Platen visited Venice; and the noble 'Sonnets from Venice' show how his talents were stimulated there. Thenceforth his life was exclusively devoted to scholarly pursuits and the work of poetic creation. He was filled with glowing indignation at the bungling of the later Romanticists, the lyrics of empty words, the novels of mass without matter, and the tasteless "tragedies of fate." This indignation was concentrated in a comedy after the manner of Aristophanes, 'Die Verhängnissvolle Gabel' (The Fatal Fork). The cordial recognition which Platen received from Goethe, Uhland, and Rückert raised his already well-developed self-esteem to the fighting point. He became a poet militant, and so arose the unfortunate literary war with Immermann and Heine. A second Aristophanic comedy was directed against Immermann,—'Der Romantische Œdipus' (The Romantic Œdipus): Immermann had ridiculed the 'Gazels'; and Heine, who had joined in the ridicule, was included in the satire. Heine's reply, deliciously witty but bitterly personal, appeared in the 'Reisebilder' (Travel-Pictures).

The indifference with which literary Germany generally received Platen's enthusiasm for dignity of thought and purity of form increased his wrath, and he left his native land in disgust. In Florence, Rome, and Naples he found more congenial surroundings. Goethe blamed him for not forgetting the pettinesses of German literary strife amid such scenes. Nevertheless these years were the happiest of his life. Ballads, lyrics, odes, and dramas swelled the volume of his contributions to literature. He wrote also a perfunctory 'History of the Kingdom of Naples'; and a charming fairy epic, 'Die Abassiden,' written in 1830 but not published until 1834. His last drama was the 'League of Cambray.' The flaming 'Polenlieder' (Songs of the Poles), which gave restrained but powerful expression to his love of freedom, and his hatred of the Czar, were forbidden by the censor, and did not appear until after the poet's death. It was this act of tyranny that elicited the glowing stanzas with which the series comes to an end.

Platen returned to Germany in 1832, and in the following year brought out the first complete edition of his works. His poems won new admirers constantly, and long before his death he had ceased to be the voice of one crying in the wilderness. In 1834 he went back to Italy; and on December 5th, 1835, he died in Sicily.

Platen was an alien in his native land. It was not only that he was rejected: he was not himself in touch with his time. Indeed, it

is his chief merit that he checked the movement that threatened literary chaos. After his death, enthusiastic admiration went almost as far in the upward direction as indifference had sunk in the downward. To-day we recognize in Platen the "sculptor in words," the master of form, the stickler for truth, and the sincere thinker, who, unable to reconcile himself to vulgar views of life, died disappointed and in exile, rather

"Than the yoke of blind plebeian hatred bear."

[This, and other selections from Longfellow's 'Poets and Poetry of Europe,' are reprinted with the approval of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers.]

REMORSE

How I started up in the night, in the night,
 Drawn on without rest or reprieve!
 The streets, with their watchmen, were lost to my
 sight,
 As I wandered so light
 In the night, in the night,
 Through the gate with the arch mediæval.

The mill-brook rushed through the rocky height,
 I leaned o'er the bridge in my yearning;
 Deep under me watched I the waves in their flight,
 As they glided so light
 In the night, in the night,
 Yet backward not one was returning.

O'erhead were revolving, so countless and bright,
 The stars in melodious existence;
 And with them the moon, more serenely bedight;—
 They sparkled so light
 In the night, in the night,
 Through the magical, measureless distance.

And upward I gazed in the night, in the night,
 And again on the waves in their fleeting;
 Ah, woe! thou hast wasted thy days in delight!
 Now silence thou, light
 In the night, in the night,
 The remorse in thy heart that is beating.

Translation of Henry W. Longfellow.

BEFORE THE CONVENT OF ST. JUST, 1556

From Trench's 'The Story of Justin Martyr and Other Poems,' and in 'Poets and Poetry of Europe.'

'Tis night, and storms continually roar;
Ye monks of Spain, now open me the door.

Here in unbroken quiet let me fare,
Save when the loud bell startles you to prayer.

Make ready for me what your house has meet,
A friar's habit and a winding-sheet.

A little cell unto my use assign:
More than the half of all this world was mine.

The head that stoops unto the scissors now,
Under the weight of many crowns did bow.

The shoulders on which now the cowl is flung,—
On them the ermine of the Cæsars hung.

I living now as dead myself behold,
And fall in ruins like this kingdom old.

THE GRAVE IN THE BUSENTO

BY COSENZA songs of wail at midnight wake Busento's shore;
O'er the wave resounds the answer, and amid the vortex's roar,

Valiant Goths, like spectres, steal along the banks with hurried pace,
Weeping o'er Alaric dead, the best, the bravest of his race.

Ah, too soon, from home so far, was it their lot to dig his grave,
While still o'er his shoulders flowed his youthful ringlets' flaxen
wave.

On the shore of the Busento ranged, they with each other vied,
As they dug another bed to turn the torrent's course aside.

In the waveless hollow, turning o'er and o'er the sod, the corpse
Deep into the earth they sank, in armor clad, upon his horse;

Covered then with earth again the horse and rider in the grave:
That above the hero's tomb the torrent's lofty plants might wave.

And, a second time diverted, was the flood conducted back;
Foaming rushed Busento's billows onward in their wonted track.

And a warrior chorus sang, "Sleep with thy honors, hero brave;
Ne'er a foot of lucre-lusting Roman desecrate thy grave!"

Far and wide the songs of praise resounded in the Gothic host;
Bear them on Busento's billow! bear them on from coast to coast!

Translation of A. Baskerville.

VENICE

VENICE, calm shadow of her elder day,
Still, in the land of dreams, lives fresh and fair;
Where frowned the proud Republic's Lion, there
His empty prison-walls keep holiday.
The brazen steeds that, wet with briny spray,
On yonder church-walls shake their streaming hair,
They are the same no longer—ah! they wear
The bridle of the Corsican conqueror's sway!
Where is the people gone, the kindly race
That reared these marble piles amid the waves,
Which e'en decay invests with added grace?
Not in the brows of yon degenerate slaves
Think thou the traits of their great sires to trace;—
Go, read them, hewn in stone, on doges' graves!

Translation of Charles T. Brooks

"FAIR AS THE DAY"

FAIR as the day that bodes as fair a morrow,
With noble brow, with eyes in heaven's dew,
Of tender years, and charming as the new,
So found I thee,—so found I too my sorrow.
Oh, could I shelter in thy bosom borrow,
There most collected where the most unbent!
Oh, would this coyness were already spent,
That aye adjourns our union till to-morrow!
But canst thou hate me? Art thou yet unshaken?
Wherefore refusest thou the soft confession
To him who loves, yet feels himself forsaken?
Oh, when thy future love doth make expression,
An anxious rapture will the moment waken,
As with a youthful prince at his accession!

From Longfellow's 'Poets and Poetry of Europe.' Translator anonymous.

TO SCHELLING

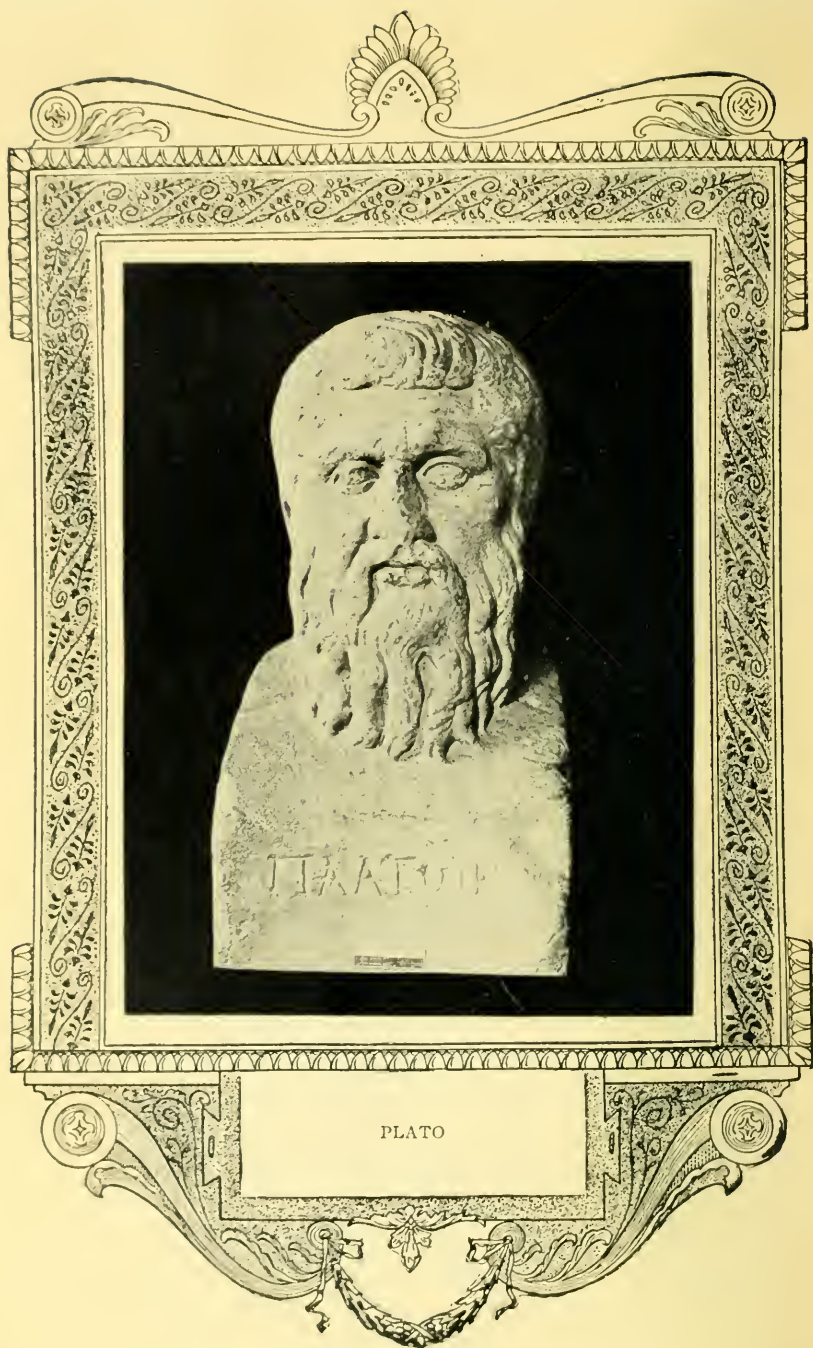
IS HE not also *Beauty's* sceptre bearing,
 Who holds in *Truth's* domain the kingly right?
 Thou seest in the Highest both unite,
 Like long-lost melodies together pairing.
 Thou wilt not scorn the dainty motley band,
 With clang of foreign music hither faring,
 A little gift for thee, from Morning Land;
 Thou wilt discern the beauty they are wearing.
 Among the flowers, forsooth, of distant valleys,
 I hover like the butterfly, that clings
 To summer sweets and with a trifle dallies;
 But thou dost dip thy holy, honeyed wings,
 Beyond the margin of the world's flower-chalice,
 Deep, deep into the mystery of things.

From Longfellow's 'Poets and Poetry of Europe.' Translator anonymous.

VOLUNTARY EXILE

MY RANGING spirit seeks the far and wide,
 And fain would soar and 'ever further soar:
 I never long could linger on one shore,
 Though Paradise should bloom on every side.
 My spirit, sore perplexed and inly tried,
 In this short life must often needs deplore
 How easy 'tis to leave the homestead door;
 But ah, how bitter elsewhere to abide!
 Yet whoso hates things base with fervid soul,
 Is driven from his country in despair,
 When men, grown sordid, seek a sordid goal.
 Far wiser then the exile's lot to share,
 Than 'midst a folk that plays a childish rôle
 The yoke of blind plebeian hatred bear.

Translation of Charles Harvey Genung.



PLATO

PLATO

(427-347 B. C.)

BY PAUL SHOREY



PLATO, the first of philosophers, and the only writer of prose who ranks in the literature of power with the bibles and supreme poets of the world, was born at Athens in the year 427 B. C., and died in the year 347. His youth was contemporaneous with that fatal Peloponnesian war in which the Athens of Pericles dissipated, in a fratricidal contest, the energies that might have prolonged the flowering season of the Greek genius for another century. His maturity and old age were passed as writer and teacher in the subdued and chastened Athens of the restoration, whose mission it was, as schoolmaster of Greece, to disengage the spirit of Hellenism from local and temporal accidents, and prepare it—not without some loss of native charm—for assimilation by the Hellenistic, the Roman, the modern world. Like his pupil the Stagirite Aristotle, he embraces in the compass of his thoughts the entire experience, and reflective criticism of life, of the Greek race. But because he was an Athenian born, and had nourished his mighty youth on the still living traditions of the great age, he transmits the final outcome of Greek culture to us in no quintessential distillation of abstract formulas, but in vivid dramatic pictures that make us actual participants in the spiritual intoxication, the Bacchic revelry of philosophy, as Alcibiades calls it, that accompanied the most intense, disinterested, and fruitful outburst of intellectual activity in the annals of mankind.

. It was an age of discussion. The influence of the French *salon* on the tone and temper of modern European literature has been often pointed out. But the drawing-room conversation of fine ladies and gentlemen has its obvious limits. In the Athens of Socrates, for the first and last time, men talked with men seriously, passionately, on other topics than those of business or practical politics; and their discussions created the logic, the rhetoric, the psychology, the metaphysic, the ethical and political philosophy of western Europe, and wrought out the distinctions, the definitions, the categories in which all subsequent thought has been cast. The Platonic dialogues are a dramatic idealization of that stimulating soul-communion which Diotima celebrates as the consummation of the right love of the

beautiful; wherein a man is copiously inspired to declare to his friend what human excellence really is, and what are the practices and the ways of life of the truly good man. And in addition to their formal and inspirational value, they remain, even after the codification of their leading thoughts in the systematic treatises of Aristotle, a still unexhausted storehouse of ideas, which, as Emerson says, "make great havoc of our originalities." This incomparable suggestiveness is due—after the genius of Plato—to the wealth of virgin material which then lay awaiting the interpretative ingenuity of these brilliant talkers, and the synoptic eye of the philosopher who should first be able to see the one in the many and the many in the one.

Before the recent transformation of all things by physical science, the experience of the modern world offered little to the generalizing philosophic mind which the Periclean Greek could not find in the mythology, the poetry, the art, the historical vicissitudes, the colonial enterprises, and the picturesquely various political life of his race. Modern science was lacking. But the guesses of the pre-Socratic poet-philosophers had started all its larger hypotheses, and had attained at a bound to conceptions of evolution which, though unverified in detail, distinctly raised all those far-reaching questions touching the origin and destiny of man and the validity of moral and religious tradition, that exercise our own maturer thought.

The concentration and conscious enjoyment of this rich culture in the intense life of imperial Athens gave rise to new ideals in education, and to the new Spirit of the Age, embodied in the Sophists—or professional teachers of rhetoric and of the art of getting on in the world. Their sophistry consisted not in any positive intention of corruption, but in the intellectual bewilderment of a broad but superficial half-culture, which set them adrift with no anchorage of unquestioned principle or fixed faith in any kind of ultimate reality. They thus came to regard the conflicting religious, ethical, and social ideals of an age of transition merely as convenient themes for the execution of dialectical and rhetorical flourishes, or as forces to be estimated in the shrewd conduct of the game of life.

Among these showy talkers moved the strange uncouth figure of Socrates, hardly distinguished from them by the writers of comedy or by the multitude, and really resembling them in the temporarily unsettling effect, upon the mind of ingenuous youth, of his persistent questioning of all untested conventions and traditions. Two things, in addition to the stoic simplicity of his life, his refusal to accept pay for his teaching, and his ironical affectation of ignorance, especially distinguish his conversation from theirs: First, a persistent effort to clear up the intellectual confusion of the age before logic, by insistence on definitions that shall distinguish essence from accident.

Second, an adamantine faith in the morality of common-sense, and in the absoluteness of the distinction between right and wrong.

Every student must decide for himself which he will accept as the probable Socrates of history: the homely portrait of Xenophon, or the speculative, super-subtle, mystic protagonist of these dialogues, fertile in invention, inexhaustible in resource, equal to every situation, seemingly all things to all men, yet guarding ever his indomitable moral and intellectual integrity behind a veil of playful irony. This Platonic Socrates stands out as the second religious figure of the European world in the fourfold gospel of his conversation, his trial, his temptation, and his death, recorded in the 'Gorgias,' the 'Apology,' the 'Crito,' and the 'Phædo.' However much of this result criticism may attribute to the genius of the reporter, we divine a strangely potent personality in the very fact that he dominated to the end the imagination of a scholar who went to school to many other influences, and who absorbed the entire culture of that wondrous age in "a synthesis without parallel before or since." Amid all the dramatic variety, the curious subtlety, the daring speculation, the poetic Pythagorean mysticism of the later dialogues, the two chief Socratic notes persist. There is always an effort to dissipate the clouds of intellectual confusion by the aid of some logic of definition and relevancy; and however often the quest for absolute verities loses itself in baffling labyrinths of dialectic, or issues in an *impasse* of conflicting probabilities, the faith is never lost that truth exists, may be won by persistent wooing, and is in the end essentially moral.

Associated with Socrates are groups of the noble youths of Athens; with worthy burghers who are their parents, guardians, or friends, an inner circle of earnest disciples or devoted enthusiasts attached to the person of the master, an outer circle of local celebrities and of all the brilliant personalities whom the policy of Pericles drew to the Prytaneion of Greek intellect,—visiting sophists, rhetoricians, philosophers. The dramatic setting is some typical scene of Athenian life. Socrates returning from the campaign of Potidæa strolls into a gymnasium, inquires of the progress of the young men, and draws the reigning favorite Charmides into a discussion of the nature and definition of that virtue of temperance which is the bloom of youthful beauty. He is aroused at earliest dawn by the knock of the youthful enthusiast Hippocrates, who comes breathless to announce that "Protagoras is in town," and that there is to be a great gathering of wise men at the house of Callias. Thither they proceed, and hear and say many things. He meets Phædrus carrying a roll under his arm, and fresh from the rhetorical school of Lysias, and joins him in a constitutional beyond the city gates while they discourse on the philosophy of style, and incidentally on love. He is a guest at the banquet held

to celebrate the success of Agathon's new tragedy at the Dionysiac festival; and after listening benignantly to the young men's euphuistic panegyrics on the great god Love, expounds to them the lore he learned from the wise woman Diotima; and then, as the night wears on, drinks all the guests under the table while he proves to Aristophanes and Agathon that the true dramatic artist will excel in both tragedy and comedy. Turning homeward from attendance on a religious ceremony at the Peiræus, he is constrained by the playful importunity of a band of young friends to remain for the torchlight race in the evening. They proceed to the house of the delightful old man Cephalus, father of the orator Lysias, where a conversation springs up on old age and the right use of wealth, which insensibly develops into the long argument on the Republic or Ideal State, in which alone justice and the happy life are perfectly typed. Condemned to drink the hemlock "for corrupting the youth," he spends the last hours in prison beguiling the grief of his distracted disciples with high disputations touching the immortality of the soul, striving

"—to unfold

What worlds or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind, that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook."

The style is as various as are the themes. It ranges from homely Socratic parable and the simple exquisite urbanity of Attic conversation to the subtlest metaphysical disquisition, the loftiest flights of poetic eloquence, the most dithyrambic imaginative mysticism. The only limitation of this universality which the critics of antiquity could discover was the failure (in the 'Menexenus,' for example) to achieve sustained formal eloquence of the Demosthenic type. The thought was too curious and subtle, the expression charged with too many minor intentions, for that; the peculiar blending, in the Platonic diction, of colloquialism, dialectic precision, vivid imagination, and the tone of mystic unction, unfitted it for the conventional effects of political oratory.

But no other prose writer manifests such complete and easy mastery of every note in the compass of his idiom as Plato possesses over the resources of Greek. He not only employs all styles separately at will, but modulates from one to the other by insensible transitions, that can be compared only to the effects of modern music. Platonic prose is an orchestral accompaniment of the thought; suggesting for every *nuance* of the idea its appropriate mood, and shot through with *leitmotifs* of reminiscence and anticipation, that bind the whole into emotional and artistic unity. He is not only the greatest but the first artist of an elaborate and curiously wrought prose diction. No

writer before him had thus combined quotation, parody, literary and historic allusion, idiom, proverb, dialect, continued metaphor, and the dramatically appropriated technical vocabularies of all arts, sciences, and professions,—to one resultant literary effect suited to his various meanings and moods. The nice finish of Demosthenes's comparatively simple oratorical prose was the outcome from a long evolution, and from the labors of three generations of orators and rhetoricians. The composite, suggestive, polychromatic, literary prose which is the ideal of the cleverest modern writers, was created, in its perfection and without precedent, by the genius of Plato.

The reconstruction of a systematic philosophy for Plato must be left, in his own words, to "some very clever and laborious but not altogether enviable man." The notorious doctrine of Ideas is a language, a metaphysic, a mythology. "Socrates used to ask concerning each *thing*,—as justice, friendship, or the State,—What is it?" And so in the minor dialogues of search, the definition pursued through many a dialectical winding in the dramatization of elementary logic came to be regarded as a real thing to be apprehended, and not as the mere "statement of the connotation of a term." "The naïve childish realism of the immature mind!" will be the confident comment of the hasty critic. But as against the deeper meaning of Plato such criticism is competent only to those, if any there be, who have completely solved the problem of the true nature of Universals. The mediæval controversy still subsists under manifold disguises; and in the last resort, as Professor James picturesquely says, "introspective psychology is forced to throw up the sponge." We may classify the doctrine of Ideas as "logical realism"; but if we remember the kind of reality which Berkeley, Kant, Schopenhauer, Shelley, and the most delicate psychological analysis concur in attributing to the "things" of common-sense, which Plato called shadows and copies of the ideas, we may well surmise that the Platonic doctrine is more nearly akin to modern psychological and poetical idealism than to the crude logical realism of the Middle Ages. The verification of this conjecture would take us too far afield. It is enough that general notions, forms, essences, purposes, ideals, are in a sense as real as brick and mortar. For Plato they are the supreme realities. The idea of a thing, its form, identifying aspect, purpose, and true function,—these, and not its material embodiment and perishable accidents, are what concern us. The very workman who makes a tool does not copy with Chinese fidelity the accidents of an individual pattern, but is guided by an idea of a service or function which in the last analysis determines both material and form. Similarly the Divine Artist may be said to have created the world by stamping, in the limits of necessity, upon rude and shapeless chaos the informing

types of harmonious order and his own beneficent designs. Lastly we may transfer the analogy to the social life of man, and say that the true educator, statesman, and ruler, is he whose soul has risen to the apprehension of fixed eternal norms of virtue, law, the ideal city, the perfectly just man,—and who has the power to mold and fashion as nearly as may be to the likeness of these ideal types, the imperfectly plastic human material—the “social tissue”—in which he works.

Thus the theory of ideas is a high poetic language, consistently employed to affirm the precedence of soul, form, ideal, reason, and design, over matter, body, and the accidents, irrelevancies, imperfections, and necessary compromises, of concrete physical existence.

“For Soul is Form, and doth the body make.”

From this it is but a step to the imaginative mythological personification of the ideas. They are beautiful shapes, almost persons, first beheld by the soul in pre-natal vision, and now in life's stormy voyage, ever fleeting before us “down the waste waters day and night,” or gleaming “like virtue firm, like knowledge fair,” through the mists that encompass the vessel's prow. So conceived, they provide a ready explanation or evasion of all the final problems which Plato was both unwilling and unable to answer in the sense of an unflinching materialistic nominalism. Our instantaneous *a priori* recognition of mathematical truth, the shaping of the vague chaos of sensation in predetermined molds of thought, the apprehension of norms of experience to which no finite experience ever conforms, our intuitions of a beauty, a goodness, a truth, transcending anything that earth can show, our persistent devotion to ideals that actual life always disappoints, our postulates of a perfection that rebukes and shames our practice,—what can these things mean save that all which we call knowledge here is a faint and troubled reminiscence of the Divine reality once seen face to face, a refraction of the white light of eternity by life's dome of many-colored glass, a sequence of shadow pictures cast on the further wall of the dim cavern in which we sit pinioned, our eyes helplessly averted from the true Light of the World?

But Plato does not, like the pseudo-Platonists, abandon himself to dreaming ecstasy. The theory of Ideas in its practical effect is a doctrine of the strenuous definition and application to life of regulative ideals. The multitude who lack such guiding aims live the “untested life” which Socrates pronounced intolerable. The so-called statesmen who fail to achieve them are blind leaders of the blind. The establishment in the mind of a clearly defined ethical and social ideal, as a touchstone of the tendencies of all particular acts and

policies, is described in the language of poetical Platonism as the acquisition of the highest knowledge, the knowledge of the Idea of Good, on which the value of all partial and relative "goods" depends. The Idea of Good, supreme in the hierarchy of ideas, and last reached in the scale and process of pure dialectic, is the sun of the intelligible world; and like its symbol, the visible sun, is not only the fountain of light and knowledge, but the source of motion, life, and existence. For—to translate the image into prose—institutions, laws, and systems of government and education have their origin and find their best explanation in the final purposes, the ultimate ethical and social ideals, of their founders and supporters. But the knowledge of the Idea of Good, though described as a vision, is not granted to visionaries. The relation of all action to a rational and consistent theory of practice presupposes a severe discipline in dialectic. And dialectic itself, so confusing and unsettling as practiced in imitation of Socrates and the Sophists by the irresponsible youth of Athens, may be safely studied only after a long preparatory training in all the culture and exact science of the age. Only to the elect few, who, triumphantly supporting these and many other tests of mind and body, attain the beatific vision, will Plato intrust the government of his perfect city and the guardianship of mankind. They represent for him the antithesis of the typical pettifoggers and brawling demagogues of the Athens that was "dying of the triumph of the liberal party." For these too he shapes, in many of the dialogues, a theory of unscrupulous cynical practice more coherent, doubtless, than anything in their minds, but serving in a way as an ideal of evil to oppose to his own idea or ideal of good. It has been affirmed that Plato was a bad citizen because he despaired of the Republic. But if we remember that, as Matthew Arnold says, Plato was right and Athens was doomed, if we recall the excesses of the post-Periclean demagogues, if we reflect on his bitter disillusionment in the brief tyrannical rule of the "good-and-fair" companions of his youth, we shall not censure him for "standing aside under a wall in a storm of dust and hurricane of driving wind," or seeking refuge in the "city of which a pattern is laid up in heaven." "He was born to other politics."

Platonism is much more than this doctrine of Ideas, or than any doctrine. The dialogues, apart from their dramatic interest and literary charm, make a manifold appeal to numerous abiding instincts and aptitudes of the human mind through dialectics, metaphysics, mysticism, and æsthetic and ethical enthusiasm. Some hard-headed readers will use them as an intellectual gymnastic. The thrust and parry of logical fence, the close pursuit of a trail of ratiocination through all the windings and apparently capricious digressions of the argument, the ingenious *détours* and surprises of the Socratic

Elenchus, the apparatus of definitions, divisions, and fine-spun distinctions,—these things are in themselves a pleasurable exercise to many minds. Others seek in the dialogues the gratification of that commonplace metaphysical instinct which Walter Pater warns us to suppress. Being and non-Being, the One and the many, the finite and the infinite, weave their endless dance through the ‘Parmenides,’ the ‘Sophist,’ and the ‘Philebus.’ We may say that it is barren logomachy, the ratiocinative faculty run to seed, if we will. The history of literature proves it what Plato called it: a persistent affection of discourse of reason in man. Certain Platonic dialogues exercise and gratify this instinct even more completely than Neo-Platonism, mediæval scholasticism, Hegelianism, or the new psychological scholasticism of to-day. And so, to the amazement and disgust of the positivists, the stream of *résumés*, new interpretations, and paraphrases of the ‘Sophist’ and ‘Parmenides,’ flows and will continue to flow.

Mysticism too “finds in Plato all its texts.” The yearning towards an Absolute One, ineffable symbol of the unity which the soul is ever striving to recover amid the dispersions of life, the impulse to seek a spiritual counterpart for every material fact, the tantalizing glimpses of infinite vistas beyond the ken of the bodily eye, the aspirations that elude definition, and refuse to be shut in a formula,—to all these

“Fallings from us, vanishings,
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,”

Plato gives full recognition, while shunning with unerring tact their concrete superstitious developments. His mystical imagery is always embroidered on a definite framework of thought. The attributes of the Absolute One are deduced as systematically as a table of logical categories. The structure of a Greek temple is not more transparently symmetrical than the allegory of the sun and the Idea of Good, the analogy of the divided line, and the symbolism of the Cave in the ‘Republic’; or than the description, in the ‘Phædrus,’ of the soul as a celestial car, of which reason is the charioteer, and noble passion and sensuous appetite are the two steeds. The visions of judgment that close the ‘Republic’ and ‘Gorgias’ are as definite in outline as a picture of Polygnotus. All nobler forms of mystic symbolism, from Plotinus to Emerson, derive from Plato; all its baser developments, from Iamblichus to the newest thaumaturgic theosophy, seek shelter under his name.

Allied to mysticism is the quality which the eighteenth century deprecated as enthusiasm. The intellect is suffused with feeling. All the nobler sentiments partake of the intensity of passionate love

and the solemnity of initiations. Hence the sage and serious doctrine of Platonic love, whose interpretation and history would demand a volume:—

“Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting
And cometh from afar.”

All noble unrest and higher aspiration in this world is a striving to recapture something of the rapture of the soul's pre-natal vision of the Divine ideas. Now the good and the true are apprehended dimly through the abstractions of dialectic. The idea of beauty alone finds a not wholly inadequate visible embodiment on earth. And so the love of beauty is the predestined guide to the knowledge of the good and the true. In the presence of the beautiful the soul is stung by recollection of the Idea, and yearns for an immortality which the mortal can put on only through generation. To this throe, this yearning, awakened by the sight of a beautiful body, men give the special name love. But love in the larger sense is all passionate thirst for happiness, all thrilling recollection of the absolute beauty, all desire to reproduce it on earth, not merely after the flesh, but in such immortal children of the spirit as the poems of Homer and Sappho, the laws of Solon and Lycurgus, the victories of Epaminondas.

“The noble heart that harbors virtuous thought,
And is with child of glorious great intent,
Can never rest, until it forth have brought
Th' eternal brood of glory excellent.”

For this higher love the lower is a preparation and an initiation. Akin to this enthusiasm of the lover is the fine frenzy of the poet, who, by visitation of the Muse, is inspired to utter many strange and beautiful sayings, of which he can render no account under a Socratic cross-examination. This power of the Muse resembles the magnet, which both attracts and imparts its attractive virtue to other substances. And when a vast audience thrills with terror and pity as the rhapsode, tears in his eyes, distraction in 's aspect, recites the sorrows of Priam or Hecuba, they are all dependent links in the magnetic chain that descends from the poet and the Muse.

The ‘Vita Nuova’ of Dante, the sonnets of Michael Angelo, the ‘Eroici Furori’ of Bruno, the spiritual quality of the higher poetry of the Italian and English Renaissance, and the more recent names of Shelley, Wordsworth, and Emerson, faintly indicate the historic influence of these beautiful conceptions.

In later years Plato's “enthusiasm” was transmuted into a prophetic puritanic world-reforming temper,—the seeming antithesis of

this gracious philosophy of love and beauty. His work was from the beginning as intensely moralized as were the discourses of Socrates. On whatever theme you talked with Socrates, it was said, you would in the end be forced to render an account of the state of your soul. And so in Plato every text is improved for edification, "the moral properties and scope of things" are kept constantly in sight, and the unfailing ethical suggestiveness of the style intensifies the moral sentiment to a pitch of spiritual exaltation that makes of Platonism one of the great religions of the world. But the age as we see it in Thucydides, Aristophanes, and Euripides, was one of "enlightenment," skepticism, and the breaking up of traditional moral restraints. And as he watched year by year the deterioration of the Athenian civic temper, and the triumph of the mocking spirit of denial, Plato's passionate concern for the moral side of life developed into something akin to the temper of the Hebrew prophet, preaching righteousness to a stubborn and perverse generation, or the modern Utopian reformer, dashing his angry heart against the corruptions of the world. The problems which increasingly absorb his attention are the disengagement from outworn forms of the saving truths of the old religion and morality, the polemic defense of this fundamental truth against the new Spirit of the Age, and the salvation of society by a reconstitution of education and a reconstruction of government.

These are the chief problems, again, of our own age of transition; and the 'Republic,' in which they find their ripest and most artistic treatment, might seem a book of yesterday—or to-morrow. The division of labor, specialization, the formation of a trained standing army, the limitation of the right of private property, the industrial and political equality of women, the improvement of the human breed by artificial selection, the omnipotence of public opinion, the reform of the letter of the creeds to save their spirit, the proscription of unwholesome art and literature, the reorganization of education, the kindergarten method, the distinction between higher and secondary education, the endowment of research, the application of the higher mathematics to astronomy and physics,—such are some of the divinations, the modernisms of that wonderful work. The framework is a confutation of ethical skepticism by demonstration that morality is of the nature of things, and the just life is intrinsically happier than the unjust. The nature of justice can be studied only in the larger life of the State. A typical Greek city is constructed,—or rather, allowed to grow,—and by the reform of education is insensibly transformed into the ideal monarchy or aristocracy, governed by philosopher-statesmen who have attained to the Idea of Good. The existing degenerate forms of government are reviewed, and estimated by their approximation to this perfect type; and by means

of an elaborate psychological parallel between the individual and the social constitution, it is inferred that the superior happiness of the "just man" is proportional to the perfection of the best city.

The puritanic temper reveals itself in the famous banishment of Homer. In the course of a criticism of Greek anthropomorphism, which was repeated almost verbatim by the Christian fathers, the tales told of the gods by Homer are deprecated as unsuitable for the ears of the young. As his conception of education broadens, Socrates unfolds the Wordsworthian idea of the molding influence upon character of noble rhythms, and a beautiful and seemly environment of nature and art; and ordains that in the perfect city all art and literature must be of a quality to produce this ennobling effect. Lastly, recurring to the topic with deeper analysis in the closing book, he rejects all forms of dramatic, flamboyant, luscious art and literature, as superficial mimeries twice removed from absolute truth, unwholesome stimulants of emotion, and nurses of harmful illusions. We may not, with Ruskin, pronounce this a quenching of the imagination and of the poetic sensibilities by the excess of the logical faculty. Plato is only too conscious of the siren's charm:—"And thou too, dear friend, dost thou not own her spell, and most especially when she comes in the guise of Homer? But great is the prize for which we strive; and what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world of poetry and art, and lose his own soul?"

"But all those pleasant bowers and palace brave
Guyon broke down with rigor pitiless,
Ne aught their goodly workmanship might save
Them from the tempest of his wrathfulness."

The 'Republic' undertakes to prove that virtue is its own reward, and needs no other wage here or hereafter. But at the close the imperious human cry makes itself heard: "Give her the wages of going on, and not to die." The beautiful tale of salvation related by Er the son of Armenius is like the myth at the close of the 'Gorgias'; and the description of the blissful region of the "upper earth" in the 'Phædo' rather an "intimation of immortality" than a cogent logical demonstration. Plato sketches many such proofs: the soul possesses concepts not derived from experience; the soul is an uncomposite unity; the soul is a spontaneous source of motion. But like the myths, these arguments are rather tentative expressions of a rational hope than dogmatic affirmations or organic members of a system. Yet the traditional conception of Plato as the champion of immortality and the truths of natural religion, is justified by the fact that in the age when traditional religion first found itself confronted

with the affirmations of dogmatic science, and with the picture of a mechanical universe that left no place for God or the soul,—he, at home in both worlds of thought, stood forward as a mediator, and demonstrated this much at least: that a purely sensationist psychology fails to yield an intelligible account of mind, and that the dogmatism of negation is as baseless as the dogmatism of unlicensed affirmation.

Space does not admit even a sketch of the history of the Platonic dialogues, and their domination of the thought of intensely vital ages, like the Renaissance and our own time. Their influence in literature, philosophy, and the higher education, has perhaps never been greater than in the past thirty years. No original book of this generation has done more to shape the thought of our time than Jowett's admirable translation, accompanied by notes and analyses. This translation, with Grote's elaborate study in four volumes, Zeller's 'History of Greek Philosophy,' Campbell's excellent article in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' and Walter Pater's exquisite 'Plato and Platonism,' will meet all the needs of the general student. The latest edition of Zeller will guide scholars to the enormous technical literature of the subject.

Paul Sherry

FROM THE 'PROTAGORAS'

[Socrates and his young friend Hippocrates visit the Sophists' school.]

I PROCEEDED: Is not a Sophist, Hippocrates, one who deals wholesale or retail in the food of the soul? To me that appears to be the sort of man.

And what, Socrates, is the food of the soul?

Surely, I said, knowledge is the food of the soul; and we must take care, my friend, that the Sophist does not deceive us when he praises what he sells, like the dealers wholesale or retail who sell the food of the body: for they praise indiscriminately all their goods, without knowing what are really beneficial or hurtful; neither do their customers know, with the exception of any trainer or physician who may happen to buy of them. In like manner those who carry about the wares of knowledge, and make the round of the cities, and sell or retail them to any customer who is in want of them, praise them all alike: and I

should not wonder, O my friend, if many of them were really ignorant of their effect upon the soul; and their customers equally ignorant, unless he who buys of them happens to be a physician of the soul. If therefore you have understanding of what is good and evil, you may safely buy knowledge of Protagoras, or of any one; but if not, then, O my friend, pause, and do not hazard your dearest interests at a game of chance. For there is far greater peril in buying knowledge than in buying meat and drink: the one you purchase of the wholesale or retail dealer, and carry them away in other vessels, and before you receive them into the body as food you may deposit them at home, and call in any experienced friend who knows what is good to be eaten or drunken, and what not, and how much and when; and hence the danger of purchasing them is not so great. But when you buy the wares of knowledge you cannot carry them away in another vessel; they have been sold to you, and you must take them into the soul and go your way, either greatly harmed or greatly benefited by the lesson: and therefore we should think about this and take counsel with our elders; for we are still young—too young to determine such a matter. And now let us go, as we were intending, and hear Protagoras: and when we have heard what he has to say, we may take counsel of others; for not only is Protagoras at the house of Callias, but there is Hippias of Elis, and if I am not mistaken, Prodicus of Ceos, and several other wise men.

To this we agreed, and proceeded on our way until we reached the vestibule of the house; and there we stopped in order to finish a dispute which had arisen as we were going along; and we stood talking in the vestibule until we had finished and come to an understanding. And I think that the doorkeeper, who was a eunuch, and who was probably annoyed at the great inroad of the Sophists, must have heard us talking. At any rate, when we knocked at the door, and he opened and saw us, he grumbled, They are Sophists—he is not at home; and instantly gave the door a hearty bang with both his hands. Again we knocked, and he answered without opening, Did you not hear me say that he is not at home, fellows? But, my friend, I said, we are not Sophists, and we are not come to see Callias: fear not, for we want to see Protagoras; and I must request you to announce us. At last, after a good deal of difficulty, the man was persuaded to open the door.

When we entered, we found Protagoras taking a walk in the portico; and next to him on one side were walking Callias the son of Hipponicus, and Paralus the son of Pericles, who by the mother's side is his half-brother, and Charmides the son of Glaucon. On the other side of him were Xanthippus the other son of Pericles, Philippides the son of Philomelus; also Antimærus of Mende, who of all the disciples of Protagoras is the most famous, and intends to make sophistry his profession. A train of listeners followed him, of whom the greater part appeared to be foreigners, who accompanied Protagoras out of the various cities through which he journeyed. Now he, like Orpheus, attracted them by his voice, and they followed the attraction. I should mention also that there were some Athenians in the company. Nothing delighted me more than the precision of their movements: they never got into his way at all; but when he and those who were with him turned back, then the band of listeners divided into two parts on either side; he was always in front, and they wheeled round and took their places behind him in perfect order.

After him, as Homer says, "I lifted up my eyes and saw" Hippias the Elcan, sitting in the opposite portico on a chair of state, and around him were seated on benches Eryximachus the son of Acumenus, and Phædrus the Myrrhinusian, and Andron the son of Androtion, and there were strangers whom he had brought with him from his native city of Elis, and some others: they appeared to be asking Hippias certain physical and astronomical questions, and he, *ex cathedrâ*, was determining their several questions to them, and discoursing of them.

Also, "my eyes beheld Tantalus"; for Prodicus the Cean was at Athens: he had been put into a room which in the days of Hipponicus was a storehouse; but as the house was full, Callias had cleared this out and made the room into a guest-chamber. Now Prodicus was still in bed, wrapped up in sheepskins and bedclothes, of which there seemed to be a great heap; and there were sitting by him on the couches near, Pausanias of the deme of Cerameis, and with Pausanias was a youth quite young, who is certainly remarkable for his good looks, and if I am not mistaken, is also of a fair and gentle nature. I think that I heard him called Agathon, and my suspicion is that he is the beloved of Pausanias. There was this youth, and also there were the two Adeimantuses,—one the son of Cepis, and the other of

Leucolophides,—and some others. I was very anxious to hear what Prodicus was saying, for he seemed to me to be an extraordinarily wise and divine man; but I was not able to get into the inner circle, and his fine deep voice made an echo in the room which rendered his words inaudible.

No sooner had we entered than there followed us Alcibiades the beautiful—as you say, and I believe you; and also Critias the son of Callæschrus.

On entering, we stopped a little in order to look about us, and then walked up to Protagoras, and I said: Protagoras, my friend Hippocrates and I have come to see you.

Do you wish, he said, to speak with me alone, or in the presence of others?

That is as you please, I said: you shall determine when you have heard the object of our visit.

And what is that? he said.

I must explain, I said, that my friend Hippocrates is a native Athenian; he is the son of Apollodorus, and of a great and prosperous house, and he is himself in natural ability quite a match for those of his own age. I believe that he aspires to political eminence; and this he thinks that conversation with you is most likely to procure for him: now it is for you to decide whether you would wish to speak to him of these matters alone or in company.

Thank you, Socrates, for your consideration of me. For certainly a stranger finding his way into great cities, and persuading the flower of the youth in them to leave the company of their other kinsmen or acquaintance, and live with him, under the idea that they will be improved by his conversation, ought to be very cautious: great jealousies are occasioned by his proceedings, and he is the subject of many enmities and conspiracies. I maintain the art of the Sophist to be of ancient date; but that in ancient times the professors of the art, fearing this odium, veiled and disguised themselves under various names; some under that of poets, as Homer, Hesiod, and Simonides; some as hierophants and prophets, as Orpheus and Musæus; and some, as I observe, even under the name of gymnastic-masters, like Iccus of Tarentum, or the more recently celebrated Herodicius, now of Selymbria and formerly of Megara, who is a first-rate Sophist. Your own Agathocles pretended to be a musician, but was really an eminent Sophist; also Pythocleides the Cean; and there were

many others: and all of them, as I was saying, adopted these arts as veils or disguises because they were afraid of the envy of the multitude. But that is not my way; for I do not believe that they effected their purpose, which was to deceive the government, who were not blinded by them; and as to the people, they have no understanding, and only repeat what their rulers are pleased to tell them. Now to run away, and to be caught in running away, is the very height of folly; and also greatly increases the exasperation of mankind, for they regard him who runs away as a rogue, in addition to any other objection which they have to him: and therefore I take an entirely opposite course, and acknowledge myself to be a Sophist and instructor of mankind; such an open acknowledgment appears to me to be a better sort of caution than concealment. Nor do I neglect other precautions; and therefore I hope, as I may say, by the favor of heaven, that no harm will come of the acknowledgment that I am a Sophist. And I have been now many years in the profession;—for all my years when added up are many, and there is no one here present of whom I might not be the father. Wherefore I should much prefer conversing with you, if you do not object, in the presence of the company.

As I suspected that he would like to have a little display and glory in the presence of Prodicus and Hippias, and would gladly show us to them in the light of his admirers, I said: But why should we not summon Prodicus and Hippias and their friends to hear us?

Very good, he said.

Suppose, said Callias, that we hold a council in which you may sit and discuss. This was determined, and great delight was felt at the prospect of hearing wise men talk; we ourselves all took the chairs and benches, and arranged them by Hippias, where the other benches had been already placed. Meanwhile Callias and Alcibiades got up Prodicus, and brought in him and his companions.

When we were all seated, Protagoras said: Now that the company are assembled, Socrates, tell me about the young man of whom you were just now speaking.

FROM THE 'PHÆDO'

[Socrates, concluding his mythical account of the soul's future state, prepares for death.]

I do not mean to affirm that the description which I have given of the soul and her mansions is exactly true: a man of sense ought hardly to say that. But I do say that inasmuch as the soul is shown to be immortal, he may venture to think, not improperly or unworthily, that something of the kind is true. The venture is a glorious one, and he ought to comfort himself with words like these, which is the reason why I lengthen out the tale. Wherefore, I say, let a man be of good cheer about his soul who has cast away the pleasures and ornaments of the body as alien to him, and rather hurtful in their effect, and has followed after the pleasures of knowledge in this life; who has adorned the soul in her own proper jewels, which are temperance, and justice, and courage, and nobility, and truth: in these arrayed she is ready to go on her journey to the world below, when her time comes. You, Simmias and Cebes, and all other men, will depart at some time or other. Me already, as the tragic poet would say, the voice of Fate calls. Soon I must drink the poison; and I think that I had better repair to the bath first, in order that the women may not have the trouble of washing my body after I am dead.

When he had done speaking, Crito said: And have you any commands for us, Socrates—anything to say about your children, or any other matter in which we can serve you?

Nothing particular, he said: only, as I have always told you, I would have you to look to yourselves; that is a service which you may always be doing to me and mine as well as to yourselves. And you need not make professions; for if you take no thought for yourselves, and walk not according to the precepts which I have given you,—not now for the first time,—the warmth of your professions will be of no avail.

We will do our best, said Crito. But in what way would you have us bury you?

In any way that you like; only you must get hold of me, and take care that I do not walk away from you. Then he turned to us, and added with a smile: I cannot make Crito believe that I am the same Socrates who have been talking and conducting the argument; he fancies that I am the other Socrates whom he

will soon see,—a dead body,—and he asks, How shall he bury me? And though I have spoken many words in the endeavor to show that when I have drunk the poison I shall leave you and go to the joys of the blessed,—these words of mine with which I comforted you and myself have had, as I perceive, no effect upon Crito. And therefore I want you to be surety for me now, as he was surety for me at the trial; but let the promise be of another sort: for he was my surety to the judges that I would remain, but you must be my surety to him that I shall not remain, but go away and depart; and then he will suffer less at my death, and not be grieved when he sees my body being burned or buried. I would not have him sorrow at my hard lot, or say at the burial, Thus we lay out Socrates, or, Thus we follow him to the grave or bury him; for false words are not only evil in themselves, but they infect the soul with evil. Be of good cheer then, my dear Crito; and say that you are burying my body only, and do with that as is usual, and as you think best.

When he had spoken these words, he arose and went into the bath-chamber with Crito, who bid us wait; and we waited, talking and thinking of the subject of discourse, and also of the greatness of our sorrow,—he was like a father of whom we were being bereaved, and we were about to pass the rest of our lives as orphans. When he had taken the bath, his children were brought to him (he had two young sons and an elder one); and the women of his family also came, and he talked to them and gave them a few directions in the presence of Crito: and he then dismissed them and returned to us.

Now the hour of sunset was near, for a good deal of time had passed while he was within. When he came out, he sat down with us again after his bath, but not much was said. Soon the jailer, who was the servant of the eleven, entered and stood by him, saying: To you, Socrates, whom I know to be the noblest and gentlest and best of all who ever came to this place, I will not impute the angry feelings of other men, who rage and swear at me when, in obedience to the authorities, I bid them drink the poison: indeed I am sure that you will not be angry with me; for others, as you are aware, and not I, are the guilty cause. And so fare you well, and try to bear lightly what must needs be; you know my errand. Then bursting into tears he turned away and went out.

Socrates looked at him and said: I return your good wishes, and will do as you bid. Then turning to us, he said, How charming the man is!—since I have been in prison he has always been coming to see me, and at times he would talk to me, and was as good as could be to me, and now see how generously he sorrows for me. But we must do as he says, Crito; let the cup be brought, if the poison is prepared: if not, let the attendant prepare some.

Yet, said Crito, the sun is still upon the hill-tops; and many a one has taken the draught late, and after the announcement has been made to him, he has eaten and drunk, and indulged in sensual delights; do not hasten then—there is still time.

Socrates said: Yes, Crito, and they of whom you speak are right in doing thus, for they think they will gain by the delay, but I am right in not doing thus, for I do not think that I should gain anything by drinking the poison a little later; I should be sparing and saving a life which is already gone: I could only laugh at myself for this. Please then to do as I say, and not to refuse me.

Crito, when he heard this, made a sign to the servant; and the servant went in, and remained for some time, and then returned with the jailer carrying the cup of poison. Socrates said: You, my good friend, who are experienced in these matters, shall give me directions how I am to proceed. The man answered: You have only to walk about until your legs are heavy, and then lie down and the poison will act. At the same time he handed the cup to Socrates, who in the easiest and gentlest manner, without the least fear or change of color or feature, looking at the man with all his eyes, Echecrates, as his manner was, took the cup and said: What do you say about making a libation out of this cup to any god? May I, or not? The man answered: We only prepare, Socrates, just so much as we deem enough. I understand, he said; yet I may and must pray to the gods to prosper my journey from this to that other world; may this then, which is my prayer, be granted to me. Then holding the cup to his lips, quite readily and cheerfully he drank off the poison. And hitherto most of us had been able to control our sorrow; but now when we saw him drinking, and saw too that he had finished the draught, we could no longer forbear, and in spite of myself my own tears were flowing fast; so that I covered my face and wept over myself,—for certainly I was not

weeping over him, but at the thought of my own calamity in having lost such a companion. Nor was I the first: Crito, when he found himself unable to restrain his tears, had got up and moved away, and I followed; and at that moment, Apollodorus, who had been weeping all the time, broke out into a loud cry, which made cowards of us all. Socrates alone retained his calmness: What is this strange outcry? he said. I sent away the women mainly in order that they might not offend in this way; for I have heard that a man should die in peace. Be quiet then, and have patience. When we heard that, we were ashamed, and refrained our tears; and he walked about until, as he said, his legs began to fail, and then he lay on his back, according to the directions: and the man who gave him the poison now and then looked at his feet and legs; and after a while he pressed his foot hard and asked him if he could feel; and he said No; and then his leg, and so upwards and upwards, and showed us that he was cold and stiff. And he felt them himself, and said: When the poison reaches the heart, that will be the end. He was beginning to grow cold about the groin, when he uncovered his face, for he had covered himself up, and said (they were his last words)—he said: Crito, I owe a cock to Asclepius: will you remember to pay the debt? The debt shall be paid, said Crito: is there anything else? There was no answer to this question: but in a minute or two a movement was heard, and the attendants uncovered him; his eyes were set, and Crito closed his eyes and mouth.

Such was the end, Echecrates, of our friend, whom I may truly call the wisest and justest and best of all the men whom I have ever known.

FROM THE 'APOLOGY'

[Remarks added by Socrates after his condemnation.]

AND now, O men who have condemned me, I would fain prophesy to you; for I am about to die, and that is the hour in which men are gifted with prophetic power. And I prophesy to you who are my murderers, that immediately after my death, punishment far heavier than you have inflicted on me will surely await you. Me you have killed because you wanted to escape the accuser, and not to give an account of your lives.

But that will not be as you suppose: far otherwise. For I say that there will be more accusers of you than there are now; accusers whom hitherto I have restrained: and as they are younger they will be more severe with you, and you will be more offended at them. For if you think that by killing men you can avoid the accuser censuring your lives, you are mistaken; that is not a way of escape which is either possible or honorable: the easiest and the noblest way is not to be crushing others, but to be improving yourselves. This is the prophecy which I utter before my departure, to the judges who have condemned me.

Friends who would have acquitted me, I would like also to talk with you about this thing which has happened, while the magistrates are busy, and before I go to the place at which I must die. Stay then for a while; for we may as well talk with one another while there is time. You are my friends, and I should like to show you the meaning of this event which has happened to me. O my judges,—for you I may truly call judges,—I should like to tell you of a wonderful circumstance. Hitherto the familiar oracle within me has constantly been in the habit of opposing me even about trifles, if I was going to make a slip or error about anything; and now, as you see, there has come upon me that which may be thought, and is generally believed to be, the last and worst evil. But the oracle made no sign of opposition, either as I was leaving my house and going out in the morning, or when I was going up into this court, or while I was speaking, at anything which I was going to say; and yet I have often been stopped in the middle of a speech, but now in nothing I either said or did touching this matter has the oracle opposed me. What do I take to be the explanation of this? I will tell you. I regard this as a proof that what has happened to me is a good, and that those of us who think that death is an evil are in error. This is a great proof to me of what I am saying; for the customary sign would surely have opposed me had I been going to evil and not to good.

Let us reflect in another way, and we shall see that there is great reason to hope that death is a good, for one of two things: either death is a state of nothingness and utter unconsciousness, or as men say, there is a change and migration of the soul from this world to another. Now if you suppose that there is no consciousness, but a sleep like the sleep of him who is undisturbed even by the sight of dreams, death will be an unspeakable gain.

For if a person were to select the night in which his sleep was undisturbed even by dreams, and were to compare with this the other days and nights of his life, and then were to tell us how many days and nights he had passed in the course of his life better and more pleasantly than this one, I think that any man—I will not say a private man, but even the great king—will not find many such days or nights, when compared with the others. Now if death is like this, I say that to die is gain; for eternity is then only a single night. But if death is the journey to another place, and there, as men say, all the dead are, what good, O my friends and judges, can be greater than this? If indeed, when the pilgrim arrives in the world below, he is delivered from the professors of justice in this world, and finds the true judges who are said to give judgment there,—Minos and Rhadamanthus and Æacus and Triptolemus, and other sons of God who were righteous in their own life,—that pilgrimage will be worth making. What would not a man give if he might converse with Orpheus and Musæus and Hesiod and Homer? Nay, if this be true, let me die again and again. I too shall have a wonderful interest in a place where I can converse with Palamedes, and Ajax the son of Telamon, and other heroes of old, who have suffered death through an unjust judgment; and there will be no small pleasure, as I think, in comparing my own suffering with theirs. Above all, I shall be able to continue my search into true and false knowledge; as in this world, so also in that, I shall find out who is wise, and who pretends to be wise and is not. What would not a man give, O judges, to be able to examine the leader of the great Trojan expedition; or Odysseus or Sisyphus, or numberless others, men and women too! What infinite delight would there be in conversing with them and asking them questions! For in that world they do not put a man to death for this; certainly not. For besides being happier in that world than in this, they will be immortal, if what is said is true.

Wherefore, O judges, be of good cheer about death, and know this of a truth,—that no evil can happen to a good man, either in life or after death. He and his are not neglected by the gods; nor has my own approaching end happened by mere chance. But I see clearly that to die and be released was better for me; and therefore the oracle gave no sign. For which reason, also, I am not angry with my accusers or my condemners;

they have done me no harm, although neither of them meant to do me any good; and for this I may gently blame them.

Still I have a favor to ask of them. When my sons are grown up, I would ask you, O my friends, to punish them; and I would have you trouble them, as I have troubled you, if they seem to care about riches, or anything, more than about virtue; or if they pretend to be something when they are really nothing,—then reprove them, as I have reproved you, for not caring about that for which they ought to care, and thinking that they are something when they are really nothing. And if you do this, I and my sons will have received justice at your hands.

The hour of departure has arrived; and we go our ways—I to die, and you to live. Which is better, God only knows.

FROM THE 'PHÆDRUS'

[Mythic description of the soul.]

ENOUGH of the Soul's immortality.

Her form is a theme of divine and large discourse; human language may however speak of this briefly, and in a figure. Let our figure be of a composite nature,—a pair of winged horses and a charioteer. Now the winged horses and the charioteer of the gods are all of them noble, and of noble breed, while ours are mixed: and we have a charioteer who drives them in a pair, and one of them is noble and of noble origin, and the other is ignoble and of ignoble origin; and as might be expected, there is a great deal of trouble in managing them. I will endeavor to explain to you in what way the mortal differs from the immortal creature. The soul or animate being has the care of the inanimate, and traverses the whole heaven in divers forms appearing; when perfect and fully winged she soars upward, and is the ruler of the universe: while the imperfect soul loses her feathers, and drooping in her flight, at last settles on the solid ground; there, finding a home, she receives an earthly frame which appears to be self-moved, but is really moved by her power: and this composition of soul and body is called a living and mortal creature. For no such union can be reasonably believed, or at all proved, to be other than mortal; although fancy may imagine a god, whom, not having seen nor surely known, we

invent,—such a one, an immortal creature having a body and having also a soul, which have been united in all time. Let that, however, be as God wills, and be spoken of acceptably to him. But the reason why the soul loses her feathers should be explained, and is as follows:—

The wing is intended to soar aloft and carry that which gravitates downward, into the upper region which is the dwelling of the gods; and this is that element of the body which is most akin to the divine. Now the divine is beauty, wisdom, goodness, and the like: and by these the wing of the soul is nourished, and grows apace; but when fed upon evil and foulness, and the like, wastes and falls away. Zeus, the mighty lord holding the reins of a winged chariot, leads the way in heaven, ordering all and caring for all; and there follows him the heavenly array of gods and demigods, divided into eleven bands: for only Hestia is left at home in the house of heaven; but the rest of the twelve greater deities march in their appointed order. And they see in the interior of heaven many blessed sights: and there are ways to and fro, along which the happy gods are passing, each one fulfilling his own work; and any one may follow who pleases, for jealousy has no place in the heavenly choir. This is within the heaven. But when they go to feast and festival, then they move right up the steep ascent, and mount the top of the dome of heaven. Now the chariots of the gods, self-balanced, upward glide in obedience to the rein; but the others have a difficulty, for the steed who has evil in him, if he has not been properly trained by the charioteer, gravitates and inclines and sinks towards the earth; and this is the hour of agony and extremest conflict of the soul. For the immortal souls, when they are at the end of their course, go out and stand upon the back of heaven, and the revolution of the spheres carries them round, and they behold the world beyond. Now of the heaven which is above the heavens, no earthly poet has sung or ever will sing in a worthy manner. But I must tell, for I am bound to speak truly when speaking of the truth. The colorless and formless and intangible essence is visible to the mind, which is the only lord of the soul. Circling around this in the region above the heavens is the place of true knowledge. And as the divine intelligence, and that of every other soul which is rightly nourished, is fed upon mind and pure knowledge, such an intelligent soul is glad at once more beholding Being; and feeding on the sight of truth, is

replenished, until the revolution of the worlds brings her round again to the same place. During the revolution she beholds justice, temperance, and knowledge absolute, not in the form of generation or of relation, which men call existence, but knowledge absolute in existence absolute; and beholding other existences in like manner, and feeding upon them, she passes down into the interior of the heavens and returns home; and there the charioteer, putting up his horses at the stall, gives them ambrosia to eat and nectar to drink.

This is the life of the gods: but of the other souls, that which follows God best and is likest to him lifts the head of the charioteer into the outer world, and is carried round in the revolution, troubled indeed by the steeds, and beholding true being, but hardly; another rises and falls, and sees, and again fails to see by reason of the unruliness of the steeds. The rest of the souls are also longing after the upper world, and they all follow, but not being strong enough, they sink into the gulf as they are carried round, plunging, treading on one another, striving to be first; and there is confusion and the extremity of effort, and many of them are lamed or have their wings broken through the ill driving of the charioteers; and all of them after a fruitless toil go away without being initiated into the mysteries of being, and are nursed with the food of opinion. The reason of their great desire to behold the plain of truth is, that the food which is suited to the highest part of the soul comes out of that meadow; and the wing on which the soul soars is nourished with this. And there is a law of the goddess Retribution, that the soul which attains any vision of truth in company with the god is preserved from harm until the next period, and he who always attains is always unharmed. But when she is unable to follow, and fails to behold the vision of truth, and through some ill-hap sinks beneath the double load of forgetfulness and vice, and her feathers fall from her, and she drops to earth,—then the law ordains that this soul shall in the first generation pass, not into that of any other animal, but only of man; and the soul which has seen most of truth shall come to the birth as a philosopher or artist, or musician or lover; that which has seen truth in the second degree shall be a righteous king or warrior or lord; the soul which is of the third class shall be a politician or economist or trader; the fourth shall be a lover of gymnastic toils or a physician; the fifth a prophet or hierophant; to the

sixth a poet or imitator will be appropriate; to the seventh the life of an artisan or husbandman; to the eighth that of a sophist or demagogue; to the ninth that of a tyrant: all these are states of probation, in which he who lives righteously improves, and he who lives unrighteously deteriorates his lot.

Ten thousand years must elapse before the soul can return to the place from whence she came, for she cannot grow her wings in less: only the soul of a philosopher, guileless and true, or the soul of a lover, who is not without philosophy, may acquire wings in the third recurring period of a thousand years; and if they choose this life three times in succession, then they have their wings given them, and go away at the end of three thousand years. But the others receive judgment when they have completed their first life: and after the judgment they go, some of them to the houses of correction which are under the earth, and are punished; others to some place in heaven whither they are lightly borne by justice, and there they live in a manner worthy of the life which they led here when in the form of men. And at the end of the first thousand years, the good souls and also the evil souls both come to cast lots and choose their second life, and they may take any that they like. And then the soul of the man may pass into the life of a beast, or from the beast again into the man. But the soul of him who has never seen the truth will not pass into the human form, for man ought to have intelligence, as they say, "*secundum speciem*," proceeding from many particulars of sense to one conception or reason; and this is the recollection of those things which our soul once saw when in company with God—when looking down from above on that which we now call Being, and upwards towards the true Being. And therefore the mind of the philosopher alone has wings: and this is just; for he is always, according to the measure of his abilities, clinging in recollection to those things in which God abides, and in beholding which he is what he is. And he who employs aright these memories is ever being initiated into perfect mysteries, and alone becomes truly perfect. But as he forgets earthly interests, and is rapt in the divine, the vulgar deem him mad, and rebuke him: they do not see that he is inspired.

FROM THE 'GORGIAS'

[Myth of the judgment of the dead.]

LISTEN then, as story-tellers say, to a very pretty tale, which I daresay that you may be disposed to regard as a fable only, but which, as I believe, is a true tale; for I mean, in what I am going to tell you, to speak the truth. Homer tells us how Zeus and Poseidon and Pluto divided the empire which they inherited from their father. Now in the days of Cronos there was this law respecting the destiny of man, which has always existed, and still continues in heaven: that he who has lived all his life in justice and holiness shall go, when he dies, to the islands of the blest, and dwell there in perfect happiness out of the reach of evil; but that he who has lived unjustly and impiously shall go to the house of vengeance and punishment, which is called Tartarus. And in the time of Cronos, and even later in the reign of Zeus, the judgment was given on the very day on which the men were to die; the judges were alive, and the men were alive: and the consequence was that the judgments were not well given. Then Pluto and the authorities from the islands of the blest came to Zeus, and said that the souls found their way to the wrong places. Zeus said:—"I shall put a stop to this: the judgments are not well given, and the reason is that the judged have their clothes on, for they are alive; and there are many having evil souls who are appareled in fair bodies, or wrapt round in wealth and rank, and when the day of judgment arrives, many witnesses come forward and witness on their behalf that they have lived righteously. The judges are awed by them, and they themselves too have their clothes on when judging: their eyes and ears and their whole bodies are interposed as a veil before their own souls. This all stands in the way: there are the clothes of the judges and the clothes of the judged. What is to be done? I will tell you: In the first place, I will deprive men of the foreknowledge of death, which they at present possess; that is a commission the execution of which I have already intrusted to Prometheus. In the second place, they shall be entirely stripped before they are judged, for they shall be judged when they are dead: and the judge too shall be naked, that is to say, dead; he with his naked soul shall pierce into the other naked soul as soon as each man dies, he knows not when, and is deprived of his kindred, and hath left his brave attire in

the world above: and then judgment will be just. I knew all about this before you did, and therefore I have made my sons judges: two from Asia,—Minos and Rhadamanthus; and one from Europe,—Æacus. And these, when they are dead, shall judge in the meadow where three ways meet, and out of which two roads lead: one to the islands of the blessed, and the other to Tartarus. Rhadamanthus shall judge those who come from Asia, and Æacus those who come from Europe. And to Minos I shall give the primacy, and he shall hold a court of appeal in case either of the two others are in doubt: in this way the judgment respecting the last journey of men will be as just as possible."

This is a tale, Callicles, which I have heard and believed, and from which I draw the following inferences: Death, if I am right, is in the first place the separation from one another of two things, soul and body; this, and nothing else. And after they are separated they retain their several characteristics, which are much the same as in life; the body has the same nature and ways and affections, all clearly discernible. For example, he who by nature or training or both was a tall man while he was alive, will remain as he was after he is dead, and the fat man will remain fat, and so on; and the dead man who in life has a fancy to have flowing hair, will have flowing hair. And if he was marked with the whip and had the prints of the scourge or of wounds in him when he was alive, you might see the same in the dead body; and if his limbs were broken or misshapen when he was alive, the same appearance would be visible in the dead. And in a word, whatever was the habit of the body during life would be distinguishable after death, either perfectly, or in a great measure and for a time. And I should infer that this is equally true of the soul, Callicles: when a man is stripped of the body, all the natural or acquired affections of the soul are laid open to view. And when they come to the judge, as those from Asia came to Rhadamanthus, he places them near him and inspects them quite impartially, not knowing whose the soul is: perhaps he may lay hands on the soul of the great king, or of some other king or potentate, who has no soundness in him; but his soul is marked with the whip, and is full of the prints and scars of perjuries, and of wrongs which have been plastered into him by each action, and he is all crooked with falsehood and imposture, and has no straightness, because he has lived without

truth. Him Rhadamanthus beholds, full of deformity and disproportion, which is caused by license and luxury and insolence and incontinence, and dispatches him ignominiously to his prison, and there he undergoes the punishment which he deserves.

Now the proper office of punishment is twofold: he who is rightly punished ought either to become better and profit by it, or he ought to be made an example to his fellows, that they may see what he suffers, and fear and become better. Those who are punished by gods and men, and improved, are those whose sins are curable: still the way of improving them, as in this world so also in another, is by pain and suffering; for there is no other way in which they can be delivered from their evil. But they who have been guilty of the worst crimes, and are incurable by reason of their crimes, are made examples; for, as they are incurable, the time has passed at which they can receive any benefit themselves. But others get good when they behold them forever enduring the most terrible and painful and fearful sufferings as the penalty of their sins; there they are, hanging up as examples, in the prison-house of the world below,—a spectacle and a warning to all unrighteous men who come thither. And most of those fearful examples, as I believe, are taken from the class of tyrants and kings and potentates and public men; for they are the authors of the greatest and most impious crimes, because they have the power. And Homer witnesses to the truth of this; for those whom he has described as suffering everlasting punishment in the world below are always kings and potentates;—there are Tantalus, and Sisyphus, and Tityus. But no one ever described Thersites, or any private person who was a villain, as suffering everlasting punishment because he was incurable. For to do as they did was, as I am inclined to think, not in his power; and he was happier than those who had the power. Yes, Callicles, the very bad men come from the class of those who have power. And yet, in that very class there may arise good men, and worthy of all admiration they are; for where there is great power to do wrong, to live and die justly is a hard thing, and greatly to be praised, and few there are who attain this. Such good and true men, however, there have been, and will be again, in this and other States, who have fulfilled their trust righteously; and there is one who is quite famous all over Hellas,—Aristides the son of Lysimachus. But in general, great men are also bad, my friend.

And as I was saying, Rhadamanthus, when he gets a soul of this kind, knows nothing about him, neither who he is nor who his parents are: he knows only that he has got hold of a villain; and seeing this, he stamps him as curable or incurable, and sends him away to Tartarus, whither he goes and receives his recompense. Or again, he looks with admiration on the soul of some just one who has lived in holiness and truth: he may have been a private man or not; and I should say, Callicles, that he is most likely to have been a philosopher who has done his own work, and not troubled himself with the doings of other men in his lifetime: him Rhadamanthus sends to the islands of the blest. Æacus does the same; and they both have sceptres, and judge; and Minos is seated, looking on, as Odysseus in Homer declares that he saw him,—

“Holding a sceptre of gold, and giving laws to the dead.”

Now I, Callicles, am persuaded of the truth of these things; and I consider how I shall present my soul whole and undefiled before the judge in that day. Renouncing the honors at which the world aims, I desire only to know the truth, and to live as well as I can; and when the time comes, to die. And to the utmost of my power, I exhort all other men to do the same. And in return for your exhortation of me, I exhort you also to take part in the great combat, which is the combat of life, and greater than every other earthly conflict. And I retort your reproach of me, and say that you will not be able to help yourself when the day of trial and judgment, of which I was speaking, comes upon you: you will go before the judge, the son of Ægina, and when you are in the hands of justice you will gape and your head will swim round, just as mine would in the courts of this world; and very likely some one will shamefully box you on the ears, and put upon you every sort of insult.

Perhaps this may appear to you to be only an old wife's tale, which you condemn. And there might be reason in your condemning such tales, if by searching we could find out anything better or truer: but now you see that you and Polus and Gorgias, who are the three wisest of the Greeks of our day, are not able to show that we ought to live any life which does not profit in another world as well as in this. And of all that has been said, nothing remains unshaken but the saying, that to do injustice is more to be avoided than to suffer injustice, and that the reality

and not the appearance of virtue is to be followed above all things, as well in public as in private life; and that when any one has been wrong in anything, he is to be chastised; and that the next best thing to a man being just is, that he should become just, and be chastised and punished; also that he should avoid all flattery of himself as well as of others, of the few as of the many; and rhetoric and any other art should be used by him, and all his actions should be done, always with a view to justice.

FROM THE 'REPUBLIC'

[The figure of the cave.]

AFTER this, I said, imagine the enlightenment or ignorance of our nature in a figure: Behold! human beings living in a sort of underground den, which has a mouth open towards the light, and reaching all across the den; they have been here from their childhood, and have their legs and necks chained so that they cannot move, and can only see before them; for the chains are arranged in such a manner as to prevent them from turning their heads around. At a distance above and behind them the light of a fire is blazing, and between the fire and the prisoners there is a raised way; and you will see, if you look, a low wall built along the way, like the screen which marionette players have before them, over which they show the puppets.

I see, he said.

And do you see, I said, men passing along the wall carrying vessels, which appear over the wall; also figures of men and animals, made of wood and stone and various materials; and some of the passengers, as you would expect, are talking, and some of them are silent?

That is a strange image, he said, and they are strange prisoners.

Like ourselves, I replied; and they see only their own shadows, or the shadows of one another, which the fire throws on the opposite wall of the cave?

True, he said: how could they see anything but the shadows if they were never allowed to move their heads?

And of the objects which are being carried in like manner they would only see the shadows?

Yes, he said.

And if they were able to talk with one another, would they not suppose that they were naming what was actually before them?

Very true.

And suppose further that the prison had an echo which came from the other side, would they not be sure to fancy that the voice which they heard was that of a passing shadow?

No question, he replied.

There can be no question, I said, that the truth would be to them just nothing but the shadows of the images.

That is certain.

And now look again, and see how they are released and cured of their folly. At first, when any one of them is liberated and compelled suddenly to go up and turn his neck round and walk and look at the light, he will suffer sharp pains; the glare will distress him, and he will be unable to see the realities of which in his former state he had seen the shadows: and then imagine some one saying to him, that what he saw before was an illusion, but that now he is approaching real Being, and has a truer sight and vision of more real things,—what will be his reply? And you may further imagine that his instructor is pointing to the objects as they pass and requiring him to name them,—will he not be in difficulty? Will he not fancy that the shadows which he formerly saw are truer than the objects which are now shown to him?

Far truer.

And if he is compelled to look at the light, will he not have a pain in his eyes, which will make him turn away to take refuge in the object of vision which he can see, and which he will conceive to be clearer than the things which are now being shown to him?

True, he said.

And suppose once more, that he is reluctantly dragged up a steep and rugged ascent, and held fast and forced into the presence of the sun himself, do you not think that he will be pained and irritated, and when he approaches the light he will have his eyes dazzled, and will not be able to see any of the realities which are now affirmed to be the truth?

Not all in a moment, he said.

He will require to get accustomed to the sight of the upper world. And first he will see the shadows best, next the reflections of men and other objects in the water, and then the objects

themselves; next he will gaze upon the light of the moon and the stars; and he will see the sky and the stars by night, better than the sun, or the light of the sun, by day?

Certainly.

And at last he will be able to see the sun, and not mere reflections of him in the water, but he will see him as he is in his own proper place, and not in another; and he will contemplate his nature?

Certainly.

And after this he will reason that the sun is he who gives the seasons and the years, and is the guardian of all that is in the visible world, and in a certain way the cause of all things which he and his fellows have been accustomed to behold?

Clearly, he said, he would come to the other first and to this afterwards.

And when he remembered his old habitation, and the wisdom of the den and his fellow-prisoners, do you not suppose that he would felicitate himself on the change, and pity them?

Certainly he would.

And if they were in the habit of conferring honors on those who were quickest to observe and remember and foretell which of the shadows went before, and which followed after, and which were together, do you think that he would care for such honors and glories, or envy the possessors of them? Would he not say with Homer,—

“Better be a poor man, and have a poor master,”

and endure anything, rather than to think and live after their manner?

Yes, he said, I think that he would rather suffer anything than live after their manner.

Imagine once more, I said, that such a one, coming suddenly out of the sun, were to be replaced in his old situation: is he not certain to have his eyes full of darkness?

Very true, he said.

And if there were a contest, and he had to compete in measuring the shadows with the prisoners who have never moved out of the den, during the time that his sight is weak, and before his eyes are steady (and the time which would be needed to acquire this new habit of sight might be very considerable), would he not be ridiculous? Men would say of him that up he

went and down he comes without his eyes; and that there was no use in even thinking of ascending: and if any one tried to loose another and lead him up to the light, let them only catch the offender in the act, and they would put him to death.

No question, he said.

This allegory, I said, you may now append to the previous argument: the prison is the world of sight, the light of the fire is the sun, the ascent and vision of the things above you may truly regard as the upward progress of the soul into the intellectual world; that is my poor belief, to which, at your desire, I have given expression. Whether I am right or not, God only knows: but whether true or false, my opinion is that in the world of knowledge the idea of good appears last of all, and is seen only with an effort; and when seen, is also inferred to be the universal author of all things beautiful and right, parent of light and the lord of light in this world, and the source of truth and reason in the other: this is the first great cause, which he who would act rationally either in public or private life must behold.

I agree, he said, as far as I am able to understand you.

I should like to have your agreement in another matter, I said. For I would not have you marvel that those who attain to this beatific vision are unwilling to descend to human affairs; but their souls are ever hastening into the upper world in which they desire to dwell: and this is very natural, if our allegory may be trusted.

Certainly, that is quite natural.

And is there anything surprising in one who passes from divine contemplations to human things, misbelieving himself in a ridiculous manner; if while his eyes are blinking and before he has become accustomed to the darkness visible, he is compelled to fight in courts of law, or in other places, about the images or shadows of images of justice, and is endeavoring to meet the conceptions of those who have never yet seen the absolute justice?

There is nothing surprising in that, he replied.

Any one who has common-sense will remember that the bewilderments of the eyes are of two kinds, and arise from two causes,—either from coming out of the light or from going into the light; which is true of the mind's eye quite as much as of the bodily eye: and he who remembers this when he sees the soul of any one whose vision is perplexed and weak, will not be

too ready to laugh; he will first ask whether that soul has come out of the brighter life, and is unable to see because unaccustomed to the dark, or having turned from darkness to the day is dazzled by excess of light. And then he will count the one happy in his condition and state of being, and he will pity the other; or if he have a mind to laugh at the soul which comes from below into the light, there will be more reason in this than in the laugh which greets the other from the den.

That, he said, is a very just remark.

But if this is true, then certain professors of education must be mistaken in saying that they can put a knowledge into the soul which was not there before, like giving eyes to the blind.

Yes, that is what they say, he replied.

Whereas, I said, our argument shows that the power is already in the soul; and that as the eye cannot turn from darkness to light without the whole body, so too, when the eye of the soul is turned round, the whole soul must be turned from the world of generation into that of Being, and become able to endure the sight of Being and of the brightest and best of Being,—that is to say, of the good.

Very true.

And this is conversion: and the art will be how to accomplish this as easily and completely as possible; not implanting eyes, for they exist already, but giving them a right direction, which they have not.

Yes, he said, that may be assumed.

And hence while the other qualities seem to be akin to the body, being infused by habit and exercise and not originally innate, the virtue of wisdom is part of a divine essence, and has a power which is everlasting; and by this conversion is rendered useful and profitable, and is also capable of becoming hurtful and useless.

FROM 'THE STATESMAN'

STRANGER—When we praise quickness and energy and acuteness, whether of mind or body or speech, we express our praise of the quality which we admire, by one word; and that one word is manliness or courage.

Young Socrates—How is that?

Stranger—We speak of an action as energetic and manly, quick and manly, or vigorous and manly; this is the common epithet which we apply to all persons of this class.

Young Socrates—True.

Stranger—And do we not often praise the quiet strain of action also?

Young Socrates—To be sure.

Stranger—And do we not then say the opposite of what we said of the other?

Young Socrates—How do you mean?

Stranger—In speaking of the mind, we say, How calm! How temperate! These are the terms in which we describe the working of the intellect; and again we speak of actions as deliberate and gentle, and of the voice as smooth and deep, and of all rhythmical movement and of music in general as having a proper solemnity. To all these we attribute not courage, but a name indicative of order.

Young Socrates—Very true.

Stranger—But when, on the other hand, either of these is out of place, the names of either are changed into terms of censure.

Young Socrates—How is that?

Stranger—Too great sharpness or quickness or hardness is termed violence or madness; too great slowness or gentleness is called cowardice or sluggishness: and we may observe that these qualities, and in general the temperance of one class of characters and the manliness of another, are arrayed as enemies on opposite sides, and do not mingle with one another in their respective actions; and if we pursue the inquiry, we shall find that the men who have these qualities are at variance with one another.

Young Socrates—How do you mean?

Stranger—In the instance which I mentioned, and very likely in many others, there are some things which they praise as being like themselves, and other things which they blame as belonging to the opposite characters; and out of this, many quarrels and occasions of quarrels arise among them.

Young Socrates—True.

Stranger—The difference between the two classes is amusing enough at times; but when affecting really important matters, becomes a most utterly hateful disorder in the State.

Young Socrates—What part of the State is thus affected?

Stranger—The whole course of life suffers from the disorder. For the orderly class are always ready to lead a peaceful life, and do their own business; this is their way of living with all men at home, and they are equally ready to keep the peace with foreign States. And on account of this fondness of theirs for peace, which is often out of season where their influence prevails, they become by degrees unwarlike, and bring up their young men to be like themselves; they are at the command of others: and hence in a few years they and their children and the whole city often pass imperceptibly from the condition of freemen into that of slaves.

Young Socrates—That is a hard, cruel fate.

Stranger—What now is the case with the more courageous natures? Are they not always inciting their country to go to war, owing to their excessive love of the military life? Their enemies are many and mighty; and if they do not ruin their cities, they enslave and subject them to their enemies.

Young Socrates—That, again, is true.

Stranger—Must we not admit, then, that these two classes are always in the greatest antipathy and antagonism to one another?

Young Socrates—We cannot deny that. . . .

Stranger—I want to know whether any constructive art will make any, even the smallest thing, out of bad and good materials indifferently, if this can be avoided? whether all art does not rather reject the bad as far as possible, and accept the good and fit materials, and out of these like and unlike elements gathering all into one, work out some form or idea?

Young Socrates—To be sure.

Stranger—Then the true natural art of statesmanship will never allow any State to be formed by a combination of good and bad men, if this can be avoided; but will begin by testing human natures in play, and after testing them, will intrust them to proper teachers who are her ministers: she will herself give orders and maintain authority,—like weaving, which continually gives orders and maintains authority over the carders and all the others who prepare the material for the work; showing to the subsidiary arts the works which she deems necessary for making the web.

Young Socrates—Quite true.

Stranger—In like manner, the royal science appears to me to be the mistress of all careful educators and instructors; and, having this queenly power, will not allow any of them to train characters unsuited to the political constitution which she desires to create, but such as are suitable only. Other natures, which have no part in manliness and temperance or any other virtuous inclination, and from the necessity of an evil nature are violently carried away to godlessness and injustice and violence, she exterminates by death, and punishes them by exile and the greatest of disgraces.

Young Socrates—That is commonly said.

Stranger—But those who are wallowing in ignorance and baseness she bows under the yoke of slavery.

Young Socrates—Quite right.

Stranger—The rest of the citizens—of whom, if they have education, something noble may be made, and who are capable of social science—the kingly art blends and weaves together; taking on the one hand those whose natures tend rather to courage, which is the stronger element and may be regarded as the warp, and on the other hand those which incline to order and gentleness, and which are represented in the figure as spun thick and soft after the manner of the woof,—these, which are naturally opposed, she seeks to bind and weave together. . . . This, then, according to our view, is the perfection of the web of political action. There is a direct intertexture of the brave and temperate natures, when the kingly science has drawn the two sorts of lives into communion by unanimity and kindness; and having completed the noblest and best of all webs of which a common life admits, and enveloping therein all other inhabitants of cities, whether slaves or freemen, binds them in one fabric and governs and presides over them, omitting no element of a city's happiness.

Young Socrates—You have completed, Stranger, a very perfect image of the King and of the Statesman.

[The preceding selections from the Dialogues are Professor Jowett's translations.]

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

(254?–184 B. C.)

BY GONZALEZ LODGE

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS, Rome's greatest comic poet, died in 184 B. C. According to the very meagre tradition recorded by Gellius, he was born at Sarsina in Umbria, but came as a young man to Rome. There he worked in a subordinate capacity with a theatrical troupe, and accumulated some money. He then engaged in foreign trade, but was unsuccessful, and therefore returned to Rome and worked in a mill. Here he produced three plays which were accepted by the ædiles; and from this time on he devoted himself, with the greatest success, to writing.

The number of his plays has been a matter of discussion since shortly after his death. His great popularity caused the work of other writers to be ascribed to him. Hence in Cicero's time, the great antiquarian Varro found it necessary to make a careful examination of the plays then circulating under the name of Plautus,—one hundred and thirty in number, according to some authorities. He found that twenty-one were acknowledged by all critics as genuine; and he himself decided that nineteen others were probably so. At the revival of learning, but eight comedies were known. Later however other manuscripts were discovered, giving twenty more or less complete plays; finally, in 1815, an important palimpsest of the fourth century A. D. was found, which showed fragments of still another. Hence it has generally been assumed that we have the twenty-one undisputed dramas referred to by Varro.

The most striking peculiarity of these plays is, that though written for Romans and in Latin, the plot and character are generally Attic, and the scene is usually Athens. This was due to the literary conditions at Rome. Until after the first Punic War, the life of Rome had been one long succession of wars for existence, during the latter period of which the Romans came into contact with Greek culture and civilization in Sicily and lower Italy. There had been no opportunity for a native literature to develop. That there were at hand the elements of one, which under normal circumstances might soon have shown a sturdy growth, we have abundant evidence; but when they found time to turn their attention to literature, it was found to be much easier to transfer the finished products of Greek

culture to Rome, than to develop the native product to suit a taste already grown critical from foreign contact.

The bloom of the New Comedy was just past in Greece, and the stage in Greek lands was still held by the masters of this school,—Menander, Philemon, and others. They portrayed with greater or less accuracy the rather ignoble social life of the period, sometimes descending to the coarseness of burlesque. Plautus had probably become familiar with such plays during his wandering youth, and he naturally turned to them for the inspiration of his maturer years.

Accordingly we cannot expect to find in Plautus's comedies a representation of the Roman life of the time. Their originals were Greek; and however much worked over, they remained Greek. Roman allusions and jokes, and some purely Roman features, were introduced, probably to lessen the jar on the Roman sensibility: but these were of minor importance; for it must be remembered that any criticism of the public life of Rome was vigorously repressed by a strict police censorship, and that only such Roman allusions would be tolerated as would cause laughter without ill-feeling. How far the plays as thus recast were still untrue to Roman life, we cannot decide; but they were probably much less realistic to the Romans than are French plays to us.

The chief interest centres about the young men. There are two principal types, which may be roughly called the good and the bad; but there are numerous variations in the individual characters. The minority are represented as brave, high-minded, and genial, cultured in manners, prudent and economical in habits; the majority are audacious or vacillating spendthrifts, moody and dissipated, living from hand to mouth. Frequently the contrast between the two types is made more striking by their juxtaposition in the same play. Almost all are in love, but are hindered from gaining possession of their loved ones by lack of money. Being still under the control of their fathers, they are without resources; and their expedients to raise money, and their success or misfortune in this pursuit of their loves, form the subject of the play. They are themselves more or less passive, the brunt of the work falling upon their slaves; but they are keenly interested in the slave's efforts, and follow his actions with the liveliest emotions. When the outlook is gloomy they threaten to leave home forever, or to destroy themselves; supplicating the slaves most abjectly, or threatening them with the direst punishments. When success seems assured they break out into violent transports, calling their slaves by the most endearing names, and often showing their gratitude by manumitting them. At other times they testify to the strength of their passion by lackadaisical soliloquies, and are in general "very hard to endure."

Opposed to these young men, who are still under their father's control, we have in several plays the braggart soldier. He is usually the rival most feared by the young men, for he has the money of which they are in such urgent need. He is usually portrayed with the bearing of a lion but the courage of a hare, always boasting of his prowess but ready to yield to the slightest display of force,—the type immortalized once for all in Falstaff. He is the victim of all the intrigues, and is invariably cheated out of both his money and his mistress.

The inamoratas of the young men are usually slave girls, who were originally free-born, but were either exposed or stolen in infancy, and have been brought up in low surroundings for immoral purposes. There is usually a genuine attachment between them and the young men; the desire of both is matrimony, which the young men hope to accomplish by purchasing the girls and manumitting them. Frequently their origin is discovered; they are acknowledged by delighted parents, who hasten to betroth them to their happy lovers. Sometimes however the women are much more debased, and the plays too coarse to be at all enjoyable.

The most important rôle is that of the slaves. These usually stand shoulder to shoulder with their young masters, and give them their loyal and constant support. Naturally they fall into two classes,—the honest and the dishonest. The former are few in numbers; and are either old slaves who have grown up in the family, and perhaps served as tutors for the children, or stupid country clowns, coarse in speech and habit, who serve mainly as foils to their unscrupulous fellows. The dishonest slaves are the life of the play, and ancient critics regarded their rôles as the most important. Their chief characteristics are an extraordinary boldness and skill in invention and trickery; with the most utter shamelessness in carrying out their plans. They help their young masters out of their difficulties, supply the necessary money, and at the same time furnish the broad humor so essential to comedy. Running the risk of the most condign punishment from the fathers, or others whom they have deceived, they preserve a careless coolness in the most trying circumstances, and almost always manage to secure a full and complete pardon, and often manumission at the end.

The lovers and their assisting slaves are often opposed by stern fathers. These are sordid and miserly elders, who have either accumulated a competence by severe toil or have married for money. In their youth they were dissipated, but they have no sympathy with their sons when they follow a similar course. They are therefore the objects of attack by the slaves, and are usually cheated out of the money needed. Their feeling towards their wives is one of

aversion and contempt, and they take delight in deceiving them. The wives in their turn are usually depicted as shrewish and unlovely, which may be for comic effect merely. The other class of fathers is more attractive. These are genial and mild, prudent and wise in council. They have frequently gained their wealth in foreign trade, and settled down to enjoy a quiet and dignified old age. They are their sons' confidants instead of enemies, and look kindly upon their youthful follies out of remembrance of their own youth.

Peculiar to Comedy are the Parasites. These are decayed gentlemen who live by their wits. They often attach themselves to some family, or young man, and assist the latter in his love intrigues. They are perpetually hungry, and during the most serious discussions their minds run continually upon the prospects of a dinner. They endure the most scornful snubs if they can get but the lowest seats at the feast. They are the perpetual objects of mockery, and their exaltation or depression when they are invited to a dinner or cheated of it furnish some of the liveliest scenes. The plots in which these and minor characters appear are somewhat stereotyped, and the motives are few and simple. But the most of the plays may be grouped roughly in four classes: those in which some particular type of character is portrayed; those which turn upon the recovery of children lost or stolen in infancy; plays of simple intrigue; and those which turn upon the impersonation of an individual or a pair of individuals by another.

The best of the first class is the 'Aulularia,' which gives us the fortunes and misfortunes of a miser who has discovered a pot of gold in his house, and imagines that every one knows it and has designs upon it. The 'Miles Gloriosus' portrays the braggart soldier, who is always boasting of his glorious deeds in war, and trying his fortune with the ladies,—with indifferent success. The most interesting example of the second class is the 'Rudens'; which, though faulty in construction, shows Plautus at his best, and is really of a high order. Of a lower order are the 'Curculio' and the 'Epidicus'; the latter of which, as Plautus tells us in another comedy, was his favorite drama. In these plays, opportunity is given for the liveliest play of feeling, and some of the scenes where the child is recognized are very pathetic. The most interesting example of the third class is the 'Trinummus.' An old man going abroad on a business venture has committed to the care of a faithful friend a sum of money, which in case of necessity shall be used to preserve his family, a son and daughter, from the excesses of the profligate son. The play records the devices of the friend to employ some of it as a dower for the daughter, without allowing the son to know that he has it in his possession. A parasite is accordingly hired for three nummi (shillings)

to act as messenger from the absent father; and he gives his name to the play. To the fourth class belong the three most important comedies: the 'Captives' and the 'Menæchmi,' abstracts of which follow; and the 'Amphitruo,' a tragicomedy, which is interesting as showing some tendency to burlesque the religious myths of the people. The play gives the story of how Jupiter and Mercury personated Amphitruo and his slave Sosia, for the purpose of beguiling Amphitruo's wife Alcmena.

Two of the best plays may be sketched in outline. We place first the 'Captives,' though the plot hardly justifies Lessing's extravagant praise of it as the best ever devised. At the outset we are informed that Philopolemus, only son of a certain Hegio, was some time previously captured in battle and made a slave in Elis; since which time Hegio has been buying war captives, with the hope that he might finally secure some Elean of quality with whom to effect an exchange for his son. The stage represents Hegio's court-yard. He, entering, informs us that he has recently made a purchase of important captives, two of whom he thinks may serve his purpose. After he retires, the two captives, Philocrates and his slave Tyndarus, are brought in, guarded, and lamenting their fate. They plan to personate each other, with the hope that Philocrates, if looked upon as the slave, may the easier escape. In the next scene Hegio learns from them that his son is actually in bondage to Philocrates's father, and the supposed Tyndarus (really the master, Philocrates) is sent away to negotiate an exchange. Subsequently Hegio introduces another of the captives, Aristophontes, who claims to have known Philocrates in Elis. He being brought face to face with the supposed Philocrates, immediately discloses the true state of affairs; and Hegio in a fury orders the now discovered Tyndarus to punishment. Later, Philocrates returns with Philopoleinus; and in the ensuing explanation Tyndarus is discovered to be a long-lost son of Hegio, who was stolen when he was but four years old.

In the 'Menæchmi,' the prologist states that an old Syracusan merchant had two sons. Once on a business trip to Tarentum he took one of the boys, who strayed away in the crowd and was stolen. On his return the father was shipwrecked and drowned. The grandfather bestowed the name of the lost boy, Menæchmus, upon the surviving son at home. Long afterwards the son set out in search of his brother; and in the course of his travels arrived at Epidamnus, where the play opens. The first scene is an interview between a parasite and Menæchmus I. (the lost one), who gleefully explains how he has stolen his wife's cloak, and is going to bestow it upon Erotium, a courtesan. On the appearance of Erotium he presents the cloak, and bespeaks a dinner for himself and the parasite. In the next scene Menæchmus II. and his servant Messenio appear. Then follow

two amusing scenes, first with the cook who is to prepare the dinner, and later with Erotium; both think they are talking with Menæchmus I.: finally Menæchmus II. goes in with Erotium to dinner. Later the parasite appears, complaining that he has been detained and is afraid he has lost his dinner. Menæchmus II. comes out of Erotium's house with the cloak, which he is to take to a cleaner's to be cleaned. The parasite, thinking that he is Menæchmus I., attacks him for not waiting for him, and finally, in high dudgeon departs to inform the wife of her husband's doings. After Menæchmus II. leaves the stage, Menæchmus I. appears and is met by his angry wife, whom he tries to pacify by promising to return the cloak. After his departure Menæchmus II. enters with the cloak. He has an amusing discussion with the wife, and later with the wife's father, whom she has summoned in desperation. He finally gets rid of them by feigning madness; and the old man goes in search of a physician, while Menæchmus II. hurries away. Then Menæchmus I. enters, and is pounced upon by the physician and his attendants. He is rescued by Messenio, who has just entered in search of his master, Menæchmus II. In the final scene the two Menæchmi are brought face to face; and the kinship of the long-separated brothers is explained by Messenio, who is given his freedom for his services.

Certain of the plays were performed occasionally down to the close of the Republic, or even later. Indeed, Plautus remained a much read and appreciated author from the time of Varro and Cicero until the dark ages. The Christian fathers, especially Jerome, were very fond of him. At the Renaissance the newly discovered plays were eagerly caught up in Italy, and later in France and Germany. Translations were made; and great authors wrote plays based upon those of Plautus, of which a few may be mentioned: Molière's 'Amphitryon' was based upon the 'Amphitruo,' and the two together inspired Dryden's 'Amphitryon.' Molière's 'L'Avare' was an imitation of the 'Aulularia,' and it in turn inspired Shadwell's 'Miser' and Fielding's 'Miser.' The 'Captivi' was the basis of Ariosto's 'Suppositi' and of Rotrou's 'Les Captifs.' Ben Jonson's 'The Case is Altered' has scenes from the 'Aulularia' and 'Captivi.' To the Menæchmi must be referred Cecchi's 'Le Moglie,' Goldoni's 'I due Gemelli,' Shakespeare's 'Comedy of Errors,' and many others. The 'Miles Gloriosus' formed a favorite type; and we find traces of it in Dolce's 'Il Capitano,' Corneille's 'L'Illusion Comique,' Udall's 'Ralph Roister Doister,' and others. A careful study of Plautus's influence on modern literature may be found in Reinhardtstöttner's 'Spätere Bearbeitungen Plautinischer Lustspiele' (Leipzig, 1886).

By reason of the great difference between the archaic Latin of Plautus and the later classical Latin, the manuscript tradition soon became faulty and the text corrupt. During the last century great

progress was made in the reconstruction of the text, through the labors of many scholars, notably Ritschl and Studemund. Ritschl began a critical edition of Plautus as early as 1849. This was completed after his death by three of his pupils, — Goetz, Schoell, and Loewe, — the last part appearing in 1894. This edition has a marvelously complete apparatus criticus, but the text is marred by many violent emendations and arbitrary changes. Two of the same editors, Goetz and Schoell, have since published a complete text in the Teubner series (Leipzig, 1893-95); but this edition is as conservative as the larger one is radical, and the text has been left incomprehensible in many places through despair of certain emendation. The best texts for practical use are those of Leo (Berlin, 1895-96) and Lindsay (Oxford, 1903). No adequate English translation of the whole of Plautus has appeared. That of Thornton, published in the eighteenth century, in blank verse, follows a poor text, and that by Riley in the Bohn collection has no merit but that of literalness. In 1893 appeared the first volume of a new translation in the original metres by Sugden, who took surprising liberties, not merely expurgating his text, but actually «correcting» the plots. A translation by Paul Nixon, in the Loeb Classical Library, is in course of publication. This is extremely good.

[The citations from Plautus are translated for the 'Library' by William C. Lawton.]

FROM 'MILES GLORIOSUS' (THE BRAGGART SOLDIER)

[The soldier himself opens the play, coming forth from his house, which, with a neighbor's, forms the back of the scene. He is attended by his Falstaffian retinue, and also by his especial flatterer and shadow Artotrogus,— «Breadeater.» The pompous veteran has the first word.]

PYRGOPOLINICES— See to it that more splendid be my shield,
 Than the sun's rays are when the day is bright;
 So when there's need, in battle's close array
 Its sheen may blind the eyes of enemies.
 And this my cutlass I would comfort too,
 That it be not downhearted, nor lament
 That it is worn so long in idleness,
 Though sadly bent on massacre of foes!—
 But where is Artotrogus?

Artotrogus [*promptly*]—

Here, beside

The man so valiant, kingly, fortunate,
Mars might not such a warrior call himself,
Nor dare to match your valor with his own!

Pyrgopolinices—

That one I saved on the Curculionian plains,
When Búmbomáchides Clýtomestóridysárchides,
Grandson of Neptune, was commander-in-chief—

Artotrogus—

I remember. He, you mean, in arms of gold,
Whose legions with your breath you puffed away,
As wind doth leaves and rushes good for thatch.

Pyrgopolinices—

Why, that is nothing!

[And the complacent warrior goes striding, with nodding helmet-plumes and waving locks, up and down the stage; so that the weary flatterer, beginning his return compliment, presently has an instant to tell *us* of the audience—behind his hand—something of his real opinions.]

Artotrogus—

So forsooth it is,

To deeds I'll tell— [*Aside*] which you did never do!
If you can find a more mendacious man,
Or one more boastful than this fellow is,
Take me and hold me for your chattel, then!
Just one thing: olive salad he *can* bolt!

Pyrgopolinices [*turning*]—

Where are you?

[The parasite pretends he has been all the time cataloguing the hero's exploits:—]

Artotrogus—

Here!—Then, there's that elephant:

How with a fisticuff you broke his arm!

Pyrgopolinices—

What's that? his arm?

Artotrogus—

His thigh I meant, of course.

Pyrgopolinices—

I didn't try to strike.

Artotrogus—

No! If you had,

With effort, through the creature's hide and heart
And through his bones your arm had made its way.

Pyrgopolinices [*modestly*]—

That doesn't matter.

Artotrogus—

No, 'tis not worth while

For me to tell, who know your valorous deeds.

[*Aside*]—

My belly makes this misery; and my ears
Must hearken, lest my teeth have naught to do.
To every lie he tells I must assent!

Pyrgopolinices—

What am I saying?

Artotrogus—

I know what you would say:

I remember, it happened.

Pyrgopolinices—

What?

Artotrogus [*rather wearily*]—

Whatever it is.

Pyrgopolinices [*more sharply*]—

You remember—?

Artotrogus [*rapidly*]—

Yes, a hundred in Cilicia,

And fifty, a hundred in Scytholatronia,

Thirty from Sardis, sixty Macedonians,—

All of them in a single day you slew.

Pyrgopolinices—

What is the grand sum total?

Artotrogus—

Seven thousand!

Pyrgopolinices [*complacently*]—

So many should it be. You reckon well.

Artotrogus—

I have no records,—I remember it so.

Pyrgopolinices—

Your memory's good.

Artotrogus—

The tidbits prompt me aright!

Pyrgopolinices—

While you shall play your part as you do now,

Table companion will I hold you still.

Artotrogus—

What! In Cappadocia, at a single blow

You had slain five hundred! But—your sword was dull.

Pyrgopolinices—

Poor wretched infantry, I let them live.

Artotrogus—

Why say what all men know, that on the earth

You only, *Pyrgopolinices*, live

In valor, beauty, deeds, unconquered?

All women love you,—and good reason too,

You are *so* handsome. Like those yesterday

That plucked my cloak.

Pyrgopolinices [*eagerly*]—

What did they say to you?

Artotrogus—

They asked me: "Is this Achilles?" so said one.

"Yes, 'tis his brother," said I. Then the other:
 "Well, he *is* handsome, surely," so she said,
 "And noble. See how well his hair becomes him!
 Happy the women are with whom he wives!"

Pyrgopolinices—

Did they say so?

Artotrogus—

Why, yes! Both made me swear

To-day I'd bring you in procession by.

Pyrgopolinices [*pensively*]—

To be *too* handsome is a piteous thing!

Artotrogus—

It bores *me*! For they pray and crowd and beg,

So that I cannot get your business done.

[A movement of the soldier at this word "business" gives the quick-witted flatterer his cue.]

Pyrgopolinices—

Have you—

Artotrogus—

You mean your tablets? Yes, and pen.

Pyrgopolinices—

You give your mind to mine right wittily.

Artotrogus—

'Tis fit that I should know your nature well,

And try to scent out that which you desire.

Pyrgopolinices—

'Tis time, methinks, to hasten to the Forum;

For there must I bestow their wage upon

The hirelings I enlisted yesterday.

For King Seleucus begged me earnestly,

To gather and enroll him mercenaries.

Artotrogus—

Why, then, let's go.

Pyrgopolinices—

Attendants, follow me!

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

[The prologue, rather singularly, is now spoken, at the opening of the second act. It may be interesting to cite a few lines, though its literary merit is small.]

Palæstrio [*a slave, appearing from the soldier's house, as Prologue*]—

This argument I'll tell you courtcously,

If you to listen will be mannerly.

Who will not listen, let him up and go.

So making room for one disposed to hear.

This comedy we are about to play,

For sake of which you sit so festive there,—
Its argument and name I'll tell to you.
'Alazon' is the drama's name in Greek,
And Braggadocio is our word for it. . . .
This's Ephesus. Yon soldier is my master,
Who went thence townward; boastful, insolent,
Filthy, and full of crapulence and lies.
He says the women chase him all unsought.
A laughing-stock he is, where he appears.
So, while with mocking lips they lead him on,
Most of the girls you'll see with mouths awry!

[The last line is perhaps a random jest aimed at the extravagant comic masks. If so, it is an indication of post-Plautine date. One of the most interesting prologues, that of the 'Casina,' was certainly composed for a late revival of a remarkably coarse and brutal play. A few examples of these prologues may be instructive.]

PROLOGUE OF 'CASINA'

THE men who drink old wine I count as wise,
And those that gladly hear an ancient play.
Since antique words and phrases please you well,
An old-time drama should delight you more.
For the new comedies that now appear
Are even more debased than these new coins.
Now we have hearkened to the people's cry,
That you desire to hear the Plautine plays,
And so bring out this ancient comedy,
Which you approved;—that is, you elder men:
The younger sort, I am sure, have known it not;
But that you may, we earnestly shall strive.
All dramas it surpassed, when acted first.
The flower of poets still were living then,
Though now departed whither all must pass,—
In absence helpful still to those that are.
And with full earnestness we beg you all
Kindly to give attention to our troop.
Cast from your minds your cares and debts away.
Let no one stand in terror of his dun.
'Tis holiday. The banks keep holiday.
'Tis peace! The forum has its halcyon days.

PROLOGUE OF 'TRINUMMUS'

Enter Two Female Figures

MOTHER — Follow, my daughter, to fulfill your task.

Daughter — I follow, ignorant what the end may be.

Mother — 'Tis here: lo, yonder house; go straightway in.

[Exit daughter.]

[To the audience] —

Now, lest you err, I'll give you guidance brief,—

At least if you will promise to attend.

Who then I am, and she who passed from here

Within, if you but hearken, I will tell.

First, Plautus made my name Extravagance,

And called my daughter yonder, Poverty.

But why impelled by me she entered there,

Hearken and lend your ears while I explain.

A certain youth, who in that house abides,

Has squandered, with my aid, his heritage.

And seeing he can no longer nourish me,
I have given my daughter to abide with him.—

Do not expect the argument of our play.

The old men coming yonder will make clear

The story. In Greek, 'Thesaurus' was it called.

Philemon wrote it. Plautus rendering it

In barbarous speech, called it 'Trinummus': now

He begs the drama may retain the name.

That's all. Farewell. In silence now attend.

[As these characters do not appear again, Plautus "made their names" here only. That is, this passage claims at least to be from the dramatist's own hand.]

PROLOGUE OF 'RUDENS'

Arcturus speaks, as Prologue

WITH him who moves all races, seas, and lands,
In the celestial city I abide.

Such am I as you see,—a glorious star

That rises ever at the fitting time,

Here and in heaven. Arcturus is my name.

Shining by night in heaven amid the gods,

By day I walk on earth among mankind.

And other stars to earth from heaven descend:

Jupiter, ruler over gods and men,
 Among the several nations sends us forth,
 To know the deeds, ways, piety, and faith
 Of men, according to the means of each.

[Such poetic passages are rare. Equally characteristic of Roman comedy are the Epilogues. We give two very brief examples, illustrating the two extremes of moral pretentiousness.]

EPILOGUE OF THE 'CAPTIVES'

THIS our comedy, spectators, is for honest morals made.
 No love-making is there in it, nor a love intrigue at all.
 No false fathering of children, nor embezzlement of money.
 Rarely do the poets fashion such a comedy as this,
 Where the good are rendered better. . . .

EPILOGUE OF THE 'ASINARIA'

IF BEHIND his goodwife's back this old man had a little fun,
 Nothing new or strange he did, nor different from the common run!
 If you wish to beg him off and save him from his cudgeling,
 This by loud applause you'll have no trouble in accomplishing.

[A few miscellaneous passages will indicate the various tones struck in these rollicking comedies. Of course we rarely know how much is translation from the Greek, how much original invention.]

BUSYBODIES

WHO, knowing nothing, claim to know it all.
 What each intends, or will intend, they know.
 What in the queen's ear the king said, they know.
 They know what Juno chatted of with Jove.
 What never was or is,—they know it, though!

UNPOPULARITY OF TRAGEDY

Mercury speaks, in the Prologue of the 'Amphitruo'

THE plot of this our tragedy next I'll tell—
 Why did you knit your brows? Because I said
 'Twould be a tragedy? I'm a god, I'll change it.
 From tragedy I'll make it, if you will,
 A comedy,—with every verse the same.
 Will you, or not?—Why! stupid that I am,
 As if, a god, I knew not your desire!
 Upon this point I understand your minds.
 I'll make a mixture, tragicomedy.

MIXTURE OF GREEK AND ROMAN MANNERS

From Prologue to 'Casina'

SOME here, methinks, will say among themselves,
 "Prithee, what's this? A wedding among slaves?
 A strange thing this to play, that's nowhere done!"
 I say, in Carthage this *is* done, and Greece,
 And of our country, in Apulia too.
 Yes, servile marriages more carefully
 Are celebrated than a freeman's there.

REWARDS OF HEROISM

[From the 'Captives.' Tyndarus, a slave, captured in war with the young master who has been his lifelong comradè, exchanges name and station with him, and the supposed slave has been sent off to secure the ransom. The trick has just been discovered and acknowledged.]

H^{EGIO}—To your own utter misery this was done.
Tyndarus—Since for no sin I fall, little I reck.
 If he who promised comes not, and I die,
 This will be counted honor still, in death,
 That I from servitude and hostile hands
 Restored my master to his home and father;
 And here I rather chose to put my life
 In peril, than that he should be destroyed.

Hegio—Enjoy that glory, then, in Acheron!

Tyndarus—

I saved my lord; I exult that he is free,
Whom my old master trusted to my charge:
This you account ill done?

Hegio—

Most wickedly.

Tyndarus—

But I, opposing you, say—righteously:
Bethink you, if a slave of yours had wrought
For *your* son this, what thanks you'd render him.
Would you release him from his servitude?
Would he be in your eyes a slave most dear?
Answer.

Hegio—

I think so.

Tyndarus—

Why then wroth at me?

[In one note of sad defiance we seem to hear an echo of Antigone's voice:
it occurs a little later in the same scene.]

Beyond my death no ill have I to fear.
And though I live to utmost age, the time
Of suffering what you threaten still is brief.

FISHERMEN'S LUCK

[This passage is of unique interest as the one notable choral ode in Plautus. Its dramatic purpose is not very evident; and indeed, the fishermen do little more than add "local color" to the scene of shipwreck.]

MOST wretched in every way is the life of men that are poverty-stricken;

And especially those who have learnt no trade, who are destitute of employment.

Whatever they happen to have in the house, they perforce therewith are contented.

But as for ourselves, how wealthy we are you may judge pretty well from our costume.

These hooks that you see, and bamboo poles, are our means for attaining a living;

And every day from the city we come to secure a subsistence hither. Instead of gymnastics and boyish games, this toil is our exercise only.

Sea-urchins and limpets we strive to secure, with oysters and scallops and cockles;

The nettles as well, in the sea that dwell, and the striped crabs and the mussels.

And among the rocks after that with our hooks and lines we go
a-fishing,
To capture our food from out of the sea. But if no luck is our por-
tion,
And we catch no fish, then, salted ourselves, well drenched in the
briny water,
To our homes we go, and slink out of sight, and to bed without any
supper.
And unless we have eaten the cockles we caught, our dinner has
been no better.

[Lastly, we may echo the epitaph, in rather awkward hexameters, which is said to have been composed by Plautus on himself. Gellius, who transmits it, evidently doubts its authenticity, but cites it on the high authority of Varro:—]

SINCE he has passed to the grave, for Plautus Comedy sorrows;
Now is the stage deserted; and Play, and Jest, and Laughter
Dirges, though written in numbers yet numberless, join in la-
menting.

PLINY THE ELDER

(23-79 A. D.)

WHILE the younger Pliny wins his place in literature chiefly by his refined taste and fastidious sense of form, these traits are so lacking in the uncle that his ponderous Cyclopædia of Natural Sciences stands almost like a massive boulder beside the cultivated field of *belles-lettres*. It is indeed a sufficient proof of life-long industry; but Pliny was not, like Humboldt, himself a master of many sciences. He had, in numberless passages, not even sufficient critical intelligence to translate or summarize correctly his learned authorities. So while there are a thousand subjects on which we appeal to him as our sole authority, our gratitude is usually querulous,—as gratitude, indeed, too often is! Yet the courage, sincerity, and energy of the man are rarely equaled.

Caius Plinius Secundus was a native of Cisalpine Gaul; probably of Como, where the family estates certainly lay. He rose to high favor at court under the Flavian emperors,—having been in fact an old fellow-soldier of Vespasian before that sturdy veteran's elevation to the throne,—and ended his days as admiral of the fleet at Misenum, as is so thrillingly related in a famous letter of his nephew cited in the next article. We are indebted to the same filial hand for an account of the elder scholar's methods of research.



PLINY THE ELDER

“He had a quick apprehension, marvelous power of application, and was of an exceedingly wakeful temperament. He always began to study at midnight at the time of the feast of Vulcan, not for the sake of good luck, but for learning's sake; in winter generally at one in the morning, but never later than two, and often at twelve. He was a most ready sleeper, insomuch that he would sometimes, whilst in the midst of his studies, fall off and then wake up again. Before daybreak he used to wait upon Vespasian (who also used his nights for transacting business), and then proceed to execute the orders he had received. As soon as he returned home, he gave what time was left to

study. After a short and light refreshment at noon (agreeably to the good old custom of our ancestors), he would frequently in the summer, if he was disengaged from business, lie down and bask in the sun: during which time some author was read to him, while he took notes and made extracts,—for every book he read he made extracts out of; indeed, it was a maxim of his that ‘no book was so bad but some good might be got out of it.’ When this was over, he generally took a cold bath, then some slight refreshment and a little nap. After this, as if it had been a new day, he studied till supper-time, when a book was again read to him, which he would take down running notes upon. I remember once, his reader having mispronounced a word, one of my uncle’s friends at the table made him go back to where the word was and repeat it again; upon which my uncle said to his friend, ‘Surely you understood it?’ Upon his acknowledging that he did, ‘Why then,’ said he, ‘did you make him go back again? We have lost more than ten lines by this interruption.’ Such an economist he was of time! In the summer he used to rise from supper at daylight, and in winter as soon as it was dark: a rule he observed as strictly as if it had been a law of the State.

“Such was his manner of life amid the bustle and turmoil of the town; but in the country his whole time was devoted to study, excepting only when he bathed. In this exception I include no more than the time during which he was actually in the bath; for all the while he was being rubbed and wiped, he was employed either in hearing some book read to him or in dictating himself. In going about anywhere, as though he were disengaged from all other business, he applied his mind wholly to that single pursuit. A short-hand writer constantly attended him, with book and tablets, who in the winter wore a particular sort of warm gloves, that the sharpness of the weather might not occasion any interruption to my uncle’s studies; and for the same reason, when in Rome, he was always carried in a chair. I recollect his once taking me to task for walking. ‘You need not,’ he said, ‘lose those hours.’ For he thought every hour gone that was not given to study. Through this extraordinary application he found time to compose the several treatises I have mentioned; besides one hundred and sixty volumes of extracts, which he left me in his will, consisting of a kind of commonplace, written on both sides in very small hand,—so that one might fairly reckon the number considerably more. He used himself to tell us that when he was comptroller of the revenue in Spain, he could have sold these manuscripts to Largius Licinus for four hundred thousand sesterces, and then there were not so many of them. When you consider the books he has read, and the volumes he has written, are you not inclined to suspect that he never was engaged in public duties or was ever in the confidence of his prince? On the other hand, when you are told how indefatigable he was in his studies, are you not inclined to wonder that he read and wrote no more than he did?”

The mass of citations just mentioned was evidently in great part utilized for the ‘*Historia Naturalis*,’ or Cyclopædia. This great work was provisionally completed, and presented to the prince-regent Titus, in 77 A. D. The dedication is fulsome, and written in a style utterly inferior to his younger kinsman’s. The body of the work

varies in manner with the subject and the source of the citations, but our chief quarrel with it is for ambiguous—or even nonsensical—statements on important questions of fact.

The arrangement is sufficiently logical. After a general description of the universe (Book ii.), there follows Geography (Books iii.–vi.), Anthropology (vii.), Zoölogy (viii.–xi.), Botany (xii.–xxvii.), and Mineralogy (xxxiii.–xxxvii.). Under Botany a digression of eight books (xx.–xxvii.) deals with the medicinal uses of plants; and thereupon follows, somewhat out of place (xxviii.–xxxii.), an account of curatives derived from the animal world. Under Mineralogy the largest and most important sections deal with the uses of metals, pigments, and stones,—*i. e.*, with the history of the Fine Arts. Besides the introductory book, on the scope of his work and his sources of information, Pliny prefixes to each subsection a list of his authorities. These foot up nearly five hundred writers, more than two thirds of them in Greek. It is evident, however, that many, if not most, were cited at second or third hand from manuals, epitomes, etc.

Pliny's labors upon his Cyclopædia were apparently continued to the last. In the form we now have it, the book has probably been edited—not very critically—by the nephew after the uncle's death.

Pliny's work influenced later antiquity powerfully, and has been transmitted in many MSS. The most accessible edition is by Detlefsen (Berlin, 1866–73) in six volumes. The Bohn translation (also in six volumes) is fairly good, and is abundantly supplied with learned and somewhat discursive foot-notes.

Our admiration for Pliny's iron energy increases to astonishment over the catalogue of his lost works. Of these the most important was perhaps the history of his own times, in thirty-one books; which was however soon eclipsed by Tacitus's masterpiece, and passed into oblivion. The wars in Germany were also treated in twenty books, doubtful points of grammar in eight, the life of his friend Pomponius Secundus in two, the art of oratory in three, and the hurling of the javelin from horseback apparently in one.

But even the catalogue grows exhausting!

INTRODUCTION TO LITHOLOGY

From the 'Natural History'

IT now remains for us to speak of stones, or in other words, the leading folly of the day; to say nothing at all of our taste for gems and amber, crystal and murrhine vases. For everything of which we have previously treated, down to the

present book, may, by some possibility or other, have the appearance of having been created for the sake of man: but as to the mountains, Nature has made those for herself, as a kind of bulwark for keeping together the bowels of the earth; as also for the purpose of curbing the violence of the rivers, of breaking the waves of the sea, and so, by opposing to them the very hardest of her materials, putting a check upon those elements which are never at rest. And yet we must hew down these mountains, forsooth, and carry them off; and this for no other reason than to gratify our luxurious inclinations: heights which in former days it was reckoned a miracle even to have crossed!

Our forefathers regarded as a prodigy the passage of the Alps, first by Hannibal, and more recently by the Cimbri; but at the present day, these very mountains are cut asunder to yield us a thousand different marbles, promontories are thrown open to the sea, and the face of nature is being everywhere reduced to a level. We now carry away the barriers that were destined for the separation of one nation from another; we construct ships for the transport of our marbles; and amid the waves, the most boisterous element of nature, we convey the summits of the mountains to and fro: a thing, however, that is even less pardonable than to go on the search amid the regions of the clouds for vessels with which to cool our draughts, and to excavate rocks towering to the very heavens in order that we may have the satisfaction of drinking from ice! Let each reflect, when he hears of the high prices set upon these things, when he sees these ponderous masses carted and carried away, how many there are whose life is passed far more happily without them. For what utility or for what so-called pleasure do mortals make themselves the agents, or more truly speaking the victims, of such undertakings, except in order that others may take their repose in the midst of variegated stones? Just as though, too, the shades of night, which occupy one half of each man's existence, would forbear to curtail these imaginary delights.

Indeed, while making these reflections, one cannot but feel ashamed of the men of ancient times even. There are still in existence censorial laws, which forbid the kernels in the neck of swine to be served at table; dormice too, and other things too trifling to mention: and yet there has been no law passed forbidding marble to be imported, or the seas to be traversed in search of it!

It may possibly be observed that this was because marble was not then introduced. Such however is not the fact: for in the ædileship of M. Scaurus, three hundred and sixty columns were to be seen imported; for the decorations of a temporary theatre, too,—one that was destined to be in use for barely a single month. And yet the laws were silent thereon; in a spirit of indulgence for the amusements of the public, no doubt. But then, why such indulgence? or how do vices more insidiously steal upon us than under the plea of serving the public? By what other way, in fact, did ivory, gold, and precious stones, first come into use with private individuals?

Can we say that there is now anything that we have reserved for the exclusive use of the gods? However, be it so, let us admit of this indulgence for the amusements of the public; but still, why did the laws maintain their silence when the largest of these columns, pillars of Lucullan marble, as much as eight-and-thirty feet in height, were erected in the atrium of Scaurus? a thing, too, that was not done privately or in secret; for the contractor for the public sewers compelled him to give security for the possible damage that might be done in the carriage of them to the Palatium. When so bad an example as this was set, would it not have been advisable to take some precautions for the preservation of the public morals? And yet the laws still preserved their silence, when such enormous masses as these were being carried past the earthenware pediments of the temples of the gods, to the house of a private individual!

ANECDOTES OF ARTISTS

From the 'Natural History'

APELLES

A CIRCUMSTANCE that happened to him in connection with Protogenes is worthy of notice. The latter was living at Rhodes, when Apelles disembarked there, desirous of seeing the works of a man whom he had hitherto only known by reputation. Accordingly, he repaired at once to the studio; Protogenes was not at home, but there happened to be a large panel upon the easel ready for painting, with an old woman who was left in

charge. To his inquiries she made answer that Protogenes was not at home; and then asked whom she should name as the visitor. "Here he is," was the reply of Apelles; and seizing a brush, he traced with color upon the panel an outline of a singularly minute fineness. Upon his return the old woman mentioned to Protogenes what had happened. The artist, it is said, upon remarking the delicacy of the touch, instantly exclaimed that Apelles must have been the visitor, for that no other person was capable of executing anything so exquisitely perfect. So saying, he traced within the same outline a still finer outline, but with another color; and then took his departure, with instructions to the woman to show it to the stranger if he returned, and to let him know that this was the person whom he had come to see. It happened as he anticipated,—Apelles returned; and vexed at finding himself thus surpassed, he took up another color and split both of the outlines, leaving no possibility of anything finer being executed. Upon seeing this, Protogenes admitted that he was defeated, and at once flew to the harbor to look for his guest. He thought proper, too, to transmit the panel to posterity, just as it was; and it always continued to be held in the highest admiration by all,—artists in particular. I am told that it was burnt in the first fire which took place at Cæsar's palace on the Palatine Hill; but in former times I have often stopped to admire it. Upon its vast surface it contained nothing whatever except the three outlines, so remarkably fine as to escape the sight: among the most elaborate works of numerous other artists it had all the appearance of a blank space; and yet by that very fact it attracted the notice of every one, and was held in higher estimation than any other painting there.

It was a custom with Apelles, to which he most tenaciously adhered, never to let any day pass, however busy he might be, without exercising himself by tracing some outline or other; a practice which has now passed into a proverb. It was also a practice with him, when he had completed a work, to exhibit it to the view of the passers-by in some exposed place; while he himself, concealed behind the picture, would listen to the criticisms that were passed upon it: it being his opinion that the judgment of the public was preferable to his own, as being the more discerning of the two. It was under these circumstances, they say, that he was censured by a shoemaker for having represented the

shoes with one shoe-string too little. The next day, the shoemaker, quite proud at seeing the former error corrected, thanks to his advice, began to criticize the leg; upon which Apelles, full of indignation, popped his head out, and reminded him that a shoemaker should give no opinion beyond the shoes,—a piece of advice which has equally passed into a proverbial saying. In fact, Apelles was a person of great amenity of manners,—a circumstance which rendered him particularly agreeable to Alexander the Great, who would often come to his studio. He had forbidden himself by public edict, as already stated, to be represented by any other artist. On one occasion, however, when the prince was in his studio, talking a great deal about painting without knowing anything about it, Apelles quietly begged that he would quit the subject, telling him that he would get laughed at by the boys who were there grinding the colors: so great was the influence which he rightfully possessed over a monarch who was otherwise of an irascible temperament. And yet, irascible as he was, Alexander conferred upon him a very signal mark of the high estimation in which he held him: for having, in his admiration of her extraordinary beauty, engaged Apelles to paint Pancaste undraped,—the most beloved of all his concubines,—the artist while so engaged fell in love with her; upon which, Alexander, perceiving this to be the case, made him a present of her: thus showing himself, though a great king in courage, a still greater one in self-command,—this action redounding no less to his honor than any of his victories.

PRAXITELES

SUPERIOR to all the statues not only of Praxiteles, but of any other artist that ever existed, is his Cnidian Venus; for the inspection of which, many persons before now have purposely undertaken a voyage to Cnidos. The artist made two statues of the goddess, and offered them both for sale: one of them was represented with drapery, and for this reason was preferred by the people of Cos, who had the choice; the second was offered them at the same price, but on the grounds of propriety and modesty they thought fit to choose the other. Upon this, the Cnidians purchased the rejected statue, and immensely superior has it always been held in general estimation. At a later period, King Nicomedes wished to purchase this statue of the

Cnidians, and made them an offer to pay off the whole of their public debt, which was very large. They preferred, however, to submit to any extremity rather than part with it; and with good reason, for by this statue Praxiteles has perpetuated the glory of Cnidos. The little temple in which it is placed is open on all sides, so that the beauties of the statue admit of being seen from every point of view,—an arrangement which was favored by the goddess herself, it is generally believed.

PHIDIAS

AMONG all nations which the fame of the Olympian Jupiter has reached, Phidias is looked upon, beyond all doubt, as the most famous of artists; but to let those who have never seen his works know how deservedly he is esteemed, we will take this opportunity of adducing a few slight proofs of the genius which he displayed. In doing this we shall not appeal to the beauty of his Olympian Jupiter, nor yet to the vast proportions of his Athenian Minerva, six-and-twenty cubits in height, and composed of ivory and gold: but it is to the shield of this last statue that we shall draw attention; upon the convex face of which he has chased a combat of the Amazons, while upon the concave side of it he has represented the battle between the gods and the giants. Upon the sandals, again, we see the wars of the Lapithæ and Centaurs; so careful has he been to fill every smallest portion of his work with some proof or other of his artistic skill. To the story chased upon the pedestal of the statue, the name of the 'Birth of Pandora' has been given; and the figures of new-born gods to be seen upon it are no less than twenty in number. The figure of Victory, in particular, is most admirable; and connoisseurs are greatly struck with the serpent and the sphinx in bronze lying beneath the point of the spear. Let thus much be said incidentally in reference to an artist who can never be sufficiently praised.

THE MOST PERFECT WORKS OF NATURE

Peroration to the 'Natural History'

HAVING now treated of all the works of Nature, it will be as well to take a sort of comparative view of her several productions, as well as of the countries which supply them. Throughout the whole earth, then, and wherever the vault of heaven extends, there is no country so beautiful, or which for the productions of nature merits so high a rank, as Italy, that ruler and second parent of the world; recommended as she is by her men, her women, her generals, her soldiers, her slaves, her superiority in the arts, and the illustrious examples of genius which she has produced. Her situation, too, is equally in her favor: the salubrity and mildness of her climate; the easy access which she offers to all nations; her coasts indented with so many harbors; the propitious breezes, too, that always prevail on her shores;—advantages, all of them due to her situation, lying as she does midway between the East and the West, and extended in the most favorable of all positions. Add to this the abundant supply of her waters, the salubrity of her groves, the repeated intersections of her mountain ranges, the comparative innocuousness of her wild animals, the fertility of her soil, and the singular richness of her pastures.

Whatever there is that the life of man ought not to feel in want of, is nowhere to be found in greater perfection than here; the cereals, for example, wine, oil, wool, flax, tissues, and oxen. As to horses, there are none I find preferred to those of Italy for the course; while for mines of gold, silver, copper, and iron, so long as it was deemed lawful to work them, Italy was held inferior to no country whatsoever. At the present day, teeming as she is with these treasures, she contents herself with lavishing upon us, as the whole of her bounties, her various liquids, and the numerous flavors yielded by her cereals and her fruits.

Next to Italy, if we except the fabulous regions of India, I would rank Spain, for my own part; those districts at least that lie in the vicinity of the sea. She is parched and sterile in one part, it is true; but where she is at all productive, she yields the cereals in abundance, oil, wine, horses, and metals of every kind. In all these respects, Gaul is her equal, no doubt; but Spain, on the other hand, outdoes the Gallic provinces in her spartium and

her specular stone, in the products of her desert tracts, in her pigments that minister to our luxuries, in the ardor displayed by her people in laborious employments, in the perfect training of her slaves, in the robustness of body of her men, and in their general resoluteness of character.

As to the productions themselves, the greatest value of all, among the products of the sea, is attached to pearls; of objects that lie upon the surface of the earth, it is crystals that are most highly esteemed; and of those derived from the interior, adamas, smaragdus, precious stones, and murrhine, are the things upon which the highest value is placed. The most costly things that are matured by the earth are the kermes-berry and laser; that are gathered from trees,—nard and Seric tissues; that are derived from the trunks of trees,—logs of citrus-wood; that are produced by shrubs,—cinnamon, cassia, and amomum; that are yielded by the juices of trees or of shrubs,—amber, opobalsamum, myrrh, and frankincense; that are found in the roots of trees,—the perfumes derived from costus. The most valuable products furnished by living animals on land are the teeth of elephants; by animals in the sea, tortoise-shell; by the coverings of animals, the skins which the Seres dye, and the substance gathered from the hair of the she-goats of Arabia, which we have spoken of under the name of “ladanum”; by creatures that are common to both land and sea, the purple of the murex. With reference to the birds, beyond plumes for warriors’ helmets, and the grease that is derived from the geese of Commagene, I find no remarkable product mentioned. We must not omit, too, to observe that gold, for which there is such a mania with all mankind, hardly holds the tenth rank as an object of value, and silver, with which we purchase gold, hardly the twentieth!

Hail to thee, Nature, thou parent of all things! and do thou deign to show thy favor unto me, who, alone of all the citizens of Rome, have in thy every department thus made known thy praise.

PLINY THE YOUNGER

(CAIUS PLINIUS CÆCILIUS SECUNDUS)

(61-113? A. D.)



PLINIUS CÆCILIUS SECUNDUS, as he was at first named, was in his eighteenth year when his uncle and guardian, the elder Pliny, perished in the eruption of Vesuvius, 79 A. D., leaving his fortune and his name to his ward. The boy had been carefully educated by his mother, and his other guardian, the noble Verginius Rufus, whose virtues he afterwards commemorated in one of his epistles. Rich, well born, well educated, Pliny rapidly rose to eminence in his profession as advocate, pleading not only in the courts, but also having a part in important cases before the Senate. Not content with professional success, however, he revised and published his speeches, and aspired to be equally eminent as a man of letters; in this and other matters (as he was not ashamed to admit) following the example of Cicero. More than once his letters record the anxious care which he and his friends bestowed upon the elaboration of his orations; but nothing of them has survived save one show-piece, the so-called 'Panegyricus,' in praise of his friend and patron the Emperor Trajan.



PLINY THE YOUNGER

This is an ornate and labored production, which scarcely excites regret that the rest have perished. There were not wanting friends to tell him that his style was too daring, and Macrobius is probably quite correct in assigning him to the luxuriant and florid type of oratory.

Pliny's advancement in office was equally rapid,—too rapid, perhaps, since he owed much of his early success to the hated Domitian. He was quæstor in 89, tribune 91, prætor 93, and subsequently filled important posts connected with the Treasury. It seems, indeed, to have been his unusual ability as a financier which commended him; but he is careful to inform us that after Domitian's death, papers were

found showing how narrowly Pliny had escaped the fate that overtook all virtue under that odious tyranny. In the year 100 his official career was crowned by an appointment as *consul suffectus* for the months of September and October; a consulship which he can hardly have enjoyed comparing with Cicero's. Some eleven years later he was sent as proconsul to the province of Pontus and Bithynia; and there, or shortly after his return to Rome, he seems to have died.

The nine books of 'Letters' on which his fame now rests were composed after the death of Domitian, and published at intervals from 97 to 109. A tenth book was subsequently added, containing his correspondence with Trajan while in his province, together with the Emperor's very business-like answers. In this last book occurs the famous letter concerning the Christians, probably the best-known passage in the entire collection. There can be little doubt that Pliny composed the vast majority of his epistles expressly for publication. It has been pointed out, for example, that only twice is any one of whom an unfavorable opinion is expressed, mentioned by name. Pliny, according to his own account, is the most gallant of husbands, the most amiable of friends; affectionate to all his relatives, generous to all his dependents, on the best of terms with all the world save Regulus;—and Regulus dies betimes. It is not hard for some readers of Pliny to vote him a prig, and to believe that his likeness to Cicero resides chiefly in his vanity and his weakness. And it is not easy for any one familiar with that period as depicted in the pages of Tacitus, Juvenal, and Suetonius, to recognize it when viewed from Pliny's standpoint. So much amiability in the writer, so much virtue in his friends, seem a trifle suspicious. But it would be unjust to consider Pliny a mere *poseur*,—a deliberate flatterer of himself or of his age. Amiable, clever, cultured, successful, he was disposed to look upon the bright side of men and things. He too had lived through the Reign of Terror, and can tell gloomy tales of men's baseness. But it is much to his credit that he prefers to record the good that survived to a happier epoch. Virtuous men and women, loyal friends, domestic happiness, were still to be found in Rome; and the many charming pictures drawn by Pliny are doubtless as free from exaggeration as the gloomy scenes painted by the more skillful brushes of his greater contemporaries. .

While there is some attempt to observe chronological order in the arrangement of the letters, it is evident that the author has tried to heighten their attractiveness by varying his topics. With few exceptions each letter discusses but one subject, and the diction bears every mark of labored simplicity. The correspondence thus lacks that spontaneity and unconscious ease which are universally felt to

be the highest charm of letter-writing,—those qualities which make so much of Cicero's correspondence a delight, and the lack of which makes Pope's letters a perpetual challenge to the reader's criticism. But though Pliny has not "snatched a grace beyond the reach of art," he is nevertheless very good reading. The style may smack of artifice; but with the utmost good taste, good sense, and good humor, he tells us (apparently) all about himself, and very much about the age in which he lived. Literary gossip, anecdotes of famous or infamous characters, ghost stories; descriptions of his villas, his poems, his suppers, his uncle's library; the death of Martial, the eruption of Vesuvius, an invitation to dinner; the deterioration of the law courts, and the abuse of the ballot in the Senate; a plan to purchase an estate, to write an epic, to build a temple,—on these and a hundred other topics he affords us invaluable glimpses into the life of his day. He is sufficiently piquant, without being spiteful; sympathetic, without being sentimental; and while he can no longer be esteemed a genius, he is better loved and more widely known as a singularly pure man and a most entertaining companion.

It was as a genius, however, that he had hoped to live in the memory of posterity. The world of literature filled a large part of his thoughts; and there is no reason to suppose him insincere when he laments that his engagements, social and professional, prevent him from devoting all his strength to the "pursuit of immortality." His uncle had been an indefatigable reader, writer, and collector of books. Among Pliny's teachers was Quintilian, the great rhetorician of the age. Tacitus was his intimate friend. He patronized Martial, and knew well Suetonius, Silius Italicus, and many other writers less important in our eyes, because their works have perished. We may agree with Juvenal that authors' readings must have been a deadly bore, but we need not conclude that Pliny was a hypocrite because he was untiring in his attendance upon them. His poems (as good, no doubt, as his model Cicero's), his orations, his narrative pieces, are repeatedly mentioned, and were evidently the subject of his most anxious thought. So generous a patron, so appreciative a friend, could hardly have lacked favorable critics: and he very cordially welcomes from his contemporaries any forestallment of the verdict which he hoped from posterity. Yet it must be admitted that his critical insight was quite good enough to rate his friends much as later ages have ranked them. The vast merits of Tacitus he fully recognized, and was unfeignedly glad to have his name coupled with the great historian's as an eminent literary character. Of Silius Italicus, on the other hand, he remarks that "he used to write verses with more diligence than force,"—a criticism which very few have been found to dispute. On other topics than literature, moreover,

Pliny was often in striking agreement with modern sentiment. His humanity, even affection, for his slaves, his politeness to his dependents, his appreciation of the beauties of nature, his generous promotion of public education,—in these and other matters he is surprisingly unlike the average of his countrymen. No doubt he has idealized his own portrait, but we may well be grateful to the artist for such an ideal.

The facts of Pliny's life have been fully discussed by Mommsen, (*'Hermes,'* iii. 108). There is a good biography by Church and Brodribb (*'Ancient Classics for English Readers'*), which was made the occasion of an especially good article on Pliny in the *Westminster Review*, Vol. 47, 1875. There is no complete (modern) edition with English notes; but there are good selections by J. E. B. Mayor, (Book iii.), Pritchard and Bernard, and Merrill. There are German editions, by Döring, Keil, and Müller. There is a very faithful translation in English by Lewis (Trübner, 1879), and a more readable version in Johnesese by Melmoth, revised by Bosanquet for the Bohn series, and by W. M. L. Hutchinson for the Loeb Classical Library.

PORTRAIT OF A RIVAL

I OFTEN tell you that there is a certain force of character about Regulus: it is wonderful how he carries through what he has set his mind to. He chose lately to be extremely concerned for the loss of his son; accordingly he mourned for him as never man mourned before. He took it into his head to have an immense number of statues and pictures of him; immediately all the artisans in Rome are set to work. Canvas, wax, brass, silver, gold, ivory, marble, all exhibit the figure of the young Regulus. Not long ago he read before a numerous audience a memoir of his son;—a memoir of a mere boy! however, he read it. He wrote likewise a sort of circular letter to the several *decurii*, desiring them to choose out one of their order who had a strong clear voice, to read this eulogy to the people; it has been actually done. Now had this force of character, or whatever else you may call a fixed determination in obtaining whatever one has a mind for, been rightly applied, what infinite good it might have effected! The misfortune is, there is less of this quality about good people than about bad people; and as ignorance begets rashness, and thoughtfulness produces deliberation, so modesty is apt to cripple the action of virtue, whilst confidence strengthens vice. Regulus

is a case in point: he has a weak voice, an awkward delivery, an indistinct utterance, a slow imagination, and no memory; in a word, he possesses nothing but a sort of frantic energy; and yet, by the assistance of a flighty turn and much impudence, he passes as an orator. Herennius Senecio admirably reversed Cato's definition of an orator, and applied it to Regulus: "An orator," he said, "is a bad man, unskilled in the art of speaking." And really Cato's definition is not a more exact description of a true orator than Senecio's is of the character of this man. Would you make me a suitable return for this letter? Let me know if you, or any of my friends in your town, have, like a stroller in the market-place, read this doleful production of Regulus's, "raising," as Demosthenes says, "your voice most merrily, and straining every muscle in your throat." For so absurd a performance must excite laughter rather than compassion; and indeed the composition is as puerile as the subject. Farewell.

TO MINUTIUS FUNDANUS: HOW TIME PASSES AT ROME

From the 'Letters'

WHEN one considers how the time passes at Rome, one cannot be surprised that, take any single day, and it either is, or at least seems to be, spent reasonably enough; and yet, upon casting up the whole sum, the amount will appear quite otherwise. Ask any one, "What have you been doing to-day?" He will tell you perhaps, "I have been at the ceremony of putting on the *toga virilis*; I attended a wedding; one man begged me to be witness to his will; another to attend the hearing of his case; a third called me in to a consultation." These things seem important enough whilst one is about them; yet, when you reflect at your leisure that every day has been thus employed, they seem mere trifles. At such a time one is apt to think to oneself, "How much of my life I have frittered away in dull, useless, routine sort of work." At least it is a reflection which frequently comes across me at Laurentum, after I have been doing a little reading and writing, and taking care of the animal machine (for the body must be supported if we would keep the mind alert and vigorous). There I neither hear nor speak anything I have occasion to be sorry for. No one talks scandal to me, and I find fault with nobody,—unless myself, when I am

dissatisfied with my compositions. There I live undisturbed by rumor, and free from the anxious solitudes of hope and fear, conversing only with myself and my books. True and genuine life! Sweet and honorable repose! More, perhaps, to be desired than employments of any kind! Thou solemn sea and solitary shore, true and most retired school of art and poetry, with how many noble thoughts do you inspire me! Snatch then, my friend, as I have, the first opportunity of leaving the town with its din, its empty bustle and laborious trifles, and devote your days to study or to repose; for as Attilius happily observed, "It is better to have nothing to do than to be doing nothing." Farewell.

TO SOCIUS SENEIO: THE LAST CROP OF POETS

From the 'Letters'

THIS year has produced a plentiful crop of poets: during the whole month of April, scarcely a day has passed on which we have not been entertained with the recital of some poem. It is a pleasure to me to find that a taste for polite literature still exists, and that men of genius *do* come forward and make themselves known, notwithstanding the lazy attendance they get for their pains. The greater part of the audience sit in the lounging-places, gossip away their time there, and are perpetually sending to inquire whether the author has made his entrance yet, whether he has got through the preface, or whether he has almost finished the piece. Then at length they saunter in with an air of the greatest indifference; nor do they condescend to stay through the recital, but go out before it is over, some slyly and stealthily, others again with perfect freedom and unconcern. And yet our fathers can remember how Claudius Cæsar walking one day in the palace, and hearing a great shouting, inquired the cause; and being informed that Nonianus was reciting a composition of his, went immediately to the place, and agreeably surprised the author with his presence. But now, were one to bespeak the attendance of the idlest man living, and remind him of the appointment ever so often, or ever so long beforehand, either he would not come at all, or if he did, would grumble about having "lost a day!" for no other reason but because he had *not* lost it. So much the more do *those* authors deserve our encouragement and applause who have resolution to persevere in

their studies, and to read out their compositions in spite of this apathy or arrogance on the part of their audience. Myself indeed, I scarcely ever miss being present upon any occasion; though, to tell the truth, the authors have generally been friends of mine, as indeed there are few men of literary tastes who are not. It is this which has kept me in town longer than I had intended. I am now, however, at liberty to go back into the country and write something myself: which I do not intend reciting, lest I should seem rather to have *lent* than given my attendance to these recitations of my friends; for in these, as in all other good offices, the obligation ceases the moment you seem to expect a return. Farewell.

TO NEPOS: OF ARRIA

From the 'Letters'

I HAVE constantly observed that amongst the deeds and sayings of illustrious persons of either sex, some have made more noise in the world, whilst others have been really greater, although less talked about; and I am confirmed in this opinion by a conversation I had yesterday with Fannia. This lady is granddaughter to that celebrated Arria, who animated her husband to meet death by her own glorious example. She informed me of several particulars relating to Arria, no less heroic than this applauded action of hers, though taken less notice of; and I think you will be as surprised to read the account of them as I was to hear it. Her husband Cæcinna Pætus, and her son, were both attacked at the same time with a fatal illness, as was supposed; of which the son died,—a youth of remarkable beauty, and as modest as he was comely, endeared indeed to his parents no less by his many graces than from the fact of his being their son. His mother prepared his funeral and conducted the usual ceremonies so privately that Pætus did not know of his death. Whenever she came into his room, she pretended her son was alive and actually better; and as often as he inquired after his health, would answer, "He has had a good rest, and eaten his food with quite an appetite." Then when she found the tears she had so long kept back gushing forth in spite of herself, she would leave the room, and having given vent to her grief, return with dry eyes and a serene countenance, as though she had

dismissed every feeling of bereavement at the door of her husband's chamber. I must confess it was a brave action in her to draw the steel, plunge it into her breast, pluck out the dagger and present it to her husband with that ever memorable, I had almost said that divine, expression, "Pætus, it is not painful." But when she spoke and acted thus, she had the prospect of glory and immortality before her; how far greater, without the support of any such animating motives, to hide her tears, to conceal her grief, and cheerfully to act the mother when a mother no more!

Scribonianus had taken up arms against Claudius in Illyria, where he lost his life; and Pætus, who was of his party, was brought prisoner to Rome. When they were going to put him on board ship, Arria besought the soldiers that she might be permitted to attend him: "For surely," she urged, "you will allow a man of consular rank some servants to dress him, attend on him at meals, and put his shoes on for him; but if you will take me, I alone will perform all these offices." Her request was refused; upon which she hired a fishing-boat, and in that small vessel followed the ship. On her return to Rome, meeting the wife of Scribonianus in the emperor's palace, at the time when this woman voluntarily gave evidence against the conspirators,— "What," she exclaimed, "shall I hear you even speak to me? you, on whose bosom your husband Scribonianus was murdered, and yet you survive him!"—an expression which plainly shows that the noble manner in which she put an end to her life was no unpremeditated effect of sudden passion. Moreover, when Thræsea, her son-in-law, was endeavoring to dissuade her from her purpose of destroying herself, and amongst other arguments which he used, said to her, "Would you then advise your daughter to die with me if my life were to be taken from me?" "Most certainly I would," she replied, "if she had lived as long and in as much harmony with you, as I have with my Pætus." This answer greatly increased the alarm of her family, and made them watch her for the future more narrowly; which when she perceived, "It is of no use," she said: "you may oblige me to effect my death in a more painful way, but it is impossible you should prevent it." Saying this, she sprang from her chair, and running her head with the utmost violence against the wall, fell down, to all appearance dead; but being brought to herself again, "I told you," she said, "if you would not suffer me to take an easy path to death, I should find a way to it, however hard." Now, is there

not, my friend, something much greater in all this than in the so-much-talked-of "Pætus, it is not painful," to which these led the way? And yet this last is the favorite topic of fame, while all the former are passed over in silence. Whence I cannot but infer, what I observed at the beginning of my letter, that some actions are more celebrated, whilst others are really greater.

TO MARCELLINUS: DEATH OF FUNDANUS'S DAUGHTER

From the 'Letters'

I WRITE this to you in the deepest sorrow: the youngest daughter of my friend Fundanus is dead! I have never seen a more cheerful and more lovable girl, or one who better deserved to have enjoyed a long—I had almost said an immortal—life! She was scarcely fourteen, and yet there was in her a wisdom far beyond her years, a matronly gravity united with girlish sweetness and virgin bashfulness. With what an endearing fondness did she hang on her father's neck! How affectionately and modestly she used to greet us his friends! With what a tender and deferential regard she used to treat her nurses, tutors, teachers, each in their respective offices! What an eager, industrious, intelligent reader she was! She took few amusements, and those with caution. How self-controlled, how patient, how brave she was, under her last illness! She complied with all the directions of her physicians; she spoke cheerful, comforting words to her sister and her father; and when all her bodily strength was exhausted, the vigor of her mind sustained her. That indeed continued even to her last moments, unbroken by the pain of a long illness, or the terrors of approaching death; and it is a reflection which makes us miss her, and grieve that she has gone from us, the more. Oh, melancholy, untimely loss, too truly! She was engaged to an excellent young man; the wedding day was fixed, and we were all invited. How our joy has been turned into sorrow! I cannot express in words the inward pain I felt when I heard Fundanus himself (as grief is ever finding out fresh circumstances to aggravate its affliction) ordering the money he had intended laying out upon clothes, pearls, and jewels for her marriage, to be employed in frankincense, ointments, and perfumes for her funeral. He is a man of great learning and good sense, who has applied himself from his earliest youth to the

deeper studies and the fine arts; but all the maxims of fortitude which he has received from books, or advanced himself, he now absolutely rejects, and every other virtue of his heart gives place to all a parent's tenderness. You will excuse, you will even approve, his grief, when you consider what he has lost. He has lost a daughter who resembled him in his manners, as well as his person, and exactly copied out all her father. So, if you should think proper to write to him upon the subject of so reasonable a grief, let me remind you not to use the rougher arguments of consolation, and such as seem to carry a sort of reproof with them, but those of kind and sympathizing humanity. Time will render him more open to the dictates of reason; for as a fresh wound shrinks back from the hand of the surgeon, but by degrees submits to, and even seeks of its own accord, the means of its cure, so a mind under the first impression of a misfortune shuns and rejects all consolations, but at length desires and is lulled by their gentle application. Farewell.

TO CALPURNIA

From the 'Letters'

NEVER was business more disagreeable to me than when it prevented me not only from accompanying you when you went into Campania for your health, but from following you there soon after; for I want particularly to be with you now, that I may learn from my own eyes whether you are growing stronger and stouter, and whether the tranquillity, the amusements, and the plenty of that charming country really agree with you. Were you in perfect health, yet I could ill support your absence; for even a moment's uncertainty of the welfare of those we tenderly love causes a feeling of suspense and anxiety: but now your sickness conspires with your absence to trouble me grievously with vague and various anxieties. I dread everything, fancy everything, and as is natural to those who fear, conjure up the very things that I most dread. Let me the more earnestly entreat you then to think of my anxiety, and write to me every day, and even twice a day: I shall be more easy, at least while I am reading your letters, though when I have read them, I shall immediately feel my fears again. Farewell.

TO TACITUS: THE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS

From the 'Letters'

YOUR request that I would send you an account of my uncle's death, in order to transmit a more exact relation of it to posterity, deserves my acknowledgments; for if this accident shall be celebrated by your pen, the glory of it, I am well assured, will be rendered for ever illustrious. And notwithstanding he perished by a misfortune which, as it involved at the same time a most beautiful country in ruins, and destroyed so many populous cities, seems to promise him an everlasting remembrance; notwithstanding he has himself composed many and lasting works: yet I am persuaded the mentioning of him in your immortal writings will greatly contribute to render his name immortal. Happy I esteem those to be to whom by provision of the gods has been granted the ability either to do such actions as are worthy of being related or to relate them in a manner worthy of being read: but peculiarly happy are they who are blessed with both these uncommon talents; in the number of which my uncle, as his own writings and your history will evidently prove, may justly be ranked. It is with extreme willingness, therefore, that I execute your commands; and should indeed have claimed the task if you had not enjoined it. He was at that time with the fleet under his command at Misenum. On the 24th of August, about one in the afternoon, my mother desired him to observe a cloud which appeared of a very unusual size and shape. He had just taken a turn in the sun, and after bathing himself in cold water, and making a light luncheon, gone back to his books: he immediately arose and went out upon a rising ground, from whence he might get a better sight of this very uncommon appearance. A cloud, from which mountain was uncertain at this distance (but it was found afterwards to come from Mount Vesuvius), was ascending, the appearance of which I cannot give you a more exact description of than by likening it to that of a pine-tree; for it shot up to a great height in the form of a very tall trunk, which spread itself out at the top into a sort of branches,—occasioned, I imagine, either by a sudden gust of air that impelled it, the force of which decreased as it advanced upwards, or the cloud itself being pressed back again by its own weight, expanded in the manner I have mentioned; it appeared sometimes bright and sometimes dark and spotted,

according as it was either more or less impregnated with earth and cinders. This phenomenon seemed, to a man of such learning and research as my uncle, extraordinary and worth further looking into. He ordered a light vessel to be got ready, and gave me leave, if I liked, to accompany him. I said I had rather go on with my work; and it so happened he had himself given me something to write out. As he was coming out of the house he received a note from Rectina, the wife of Bassus, who was in the utmost alarm at the imminent danger which threatened her; for, her villa lying at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, there was no way of escape but by sea; she earnestly entreated him therefore to come to her assistance. He accordingly changed his first intention, and what he had begun from a philosophical, he now carried out in a noble and generous spirit. He ordered the galleys to put to sea, and went himself on board with an intention of assisting not only Rectina, but the several other towns which lay thickly strewn along that beautiful coast. Hastening then to the place from whence others fled with the utmost terror, he steered his course direct to the point of danger, and with so much calmness and presence of mind as to be able to make and dictate his observations upon the motion and all the phenomena of that dreadful scene. He was now so close to the mountain that the cinders, which grew thicker and hotter the nearer he approached, fell into the ships, together with pumice-stones and black pieces of burning rock; they were in danger too not only of being aground by the sudden retreat of the sea, but also from the vast fragments which rolled down from the mountain and obstructed all the shore. Here he stopped to consider whether he should turn back again; to which the pilot advising him, "Fortune," said he, "favors the brave: steer to where Pomponianus is." Pomponianus was then at Stabiæ, separated by a bay which the sea, after several insensible windings, forms with the shore. He had already sent his baggage on board; for though he was not at that time in actual danger, yet being within sight of it, and indeed extremely near if it should in the least increase, he was determined to put to sea as soon as the wind, which was blowing dead in-shore, should go down. It was favorable, however, for carrying my uncle to Pomponianus, whom he found in the greatest consternation: he embraced him tenderly, encouraging and urging him to keep up his spirits; and the more effectually to soothe his fears by seeming unconcerned himself, ordered a bath to be got

ready, and then, after having bathed, sat down to supper with great cheerfulness, or at least (what is just as heroic) with every appearance of it. Meanwhile broad flames shone out in several places from Mount Vesuvius, which the darkness of the night contributed to render still brighter and clearer. But my uncle, in order to soothe the apprehensions of his friend, assured him it was only the burning of the villages, which the country people had abandoned to the flames: after this he retired to rest, and it is most certain he was so little disquieted as to fall into a sound sleep; for his breathing, which on account of his corpulence was rather heavy and sonorous, was heard by the attendants outside. The court which led to his apartment being now almost filled with stones and ashes, if he had continued there any time longer it would have been impossible for him to make his way out. So he was awoke and got up, and went to Pomponianus and the rest of his company, who were feeling too anxious to think of going to bed. They consulted together whether it would be most prudent to trust to the houses—which now rocked from side to side with frequent and violent concussions, as though shaken from their very foundations—or fly to the open fields, where the calcined stones and cinders, though light indeed, yet fell in large showers and threatened destruction. In this choice of dangers they resolved for the fields; a resolution which, while the rest of the company were hurried into it by their fears, my uncle embraced upon cool and deliberate consideration. They went out then, having pillows tied upon their heads with napkins; and this was their whole defense against the storm of stones that fell round them. It was now day everywhere else, but *there* a deeper darkness prevailed than in the thickest night; which however was in some degree alleviated by torches and other lights of various kinds. They thought proper to go farther down upon the shore to see if they might safely put out to sea, but found the waves still running extremely high and boisterous. There my uncle, laying himself down upon a sail-cloth, which was spread for him, called twice for some cold water, which he drank; when immediately the flames, preceded by a strong whiff of sulphur, dispersed the rest of the party and obliged him to rise. He raised himself up with the assistance of two of his servants, and instantly fell down dead; suffocated, as I conjecture, by some gross and noxious vapor; having always had a weak throat, which was often inflamed. As soon as it was light again, which was not till the

third day after this melancholy accident, his body was found entire, and without any marks of violence upon it, in the dress in which he fell, and looking more like a man asleep than dead.
 . . . Farewell.

TO CALPURNIA

From the 'Letters'

YOU will not believe what a longing for you possesses me. The chief cause of this is my love; and then we have not grown used to be apart. So it comes to pass that I lie awake a great part of the night, thinking of you; and that by day, when the hours return at which I was wont to visit you, my feet take me, as it is so truly said, to your chamber; but not finding you there, I return, sick and sad at heart, like an excluded lover. The only time that is free from these torments is when I am being worn out at the bar, and in the suits of my friends. Judge you what must be my life when I find my repose in toil, my solace in wretchedness and anxiety. Farewell.

TO MAXIMUS: PLINY'S SUCCESS AS AN AUTHOR

From the 'Letters'

IT HAS frequently happened, as I have been pleading before the Court of the Hundred, that those venerable judges, after having preserved for a long period the gravity and solemnity suitable to their character, have suddenly, as though urged by irresistible impulse, risen up to a man and applauded me. I have often likewise gained as much glory in the Senate as my utmost wishes could desire; but I never felt a more sensible pleasure than by an account which I lately received from Cornelius Tacitus. He informed me that at the last Circensian games he sat next to a Roman knight, who, after conversation had passed between them upon various points of learning, asked him, "Are you an Italian or a provincial?" Tacitus replied, "Your acquaintance with literature must surely have informed you who I am." "Pray, then, is it Tacitus or Pliny I am talking with?" I cannot express how highly I am pleased to find that our names are not so much the proper appellatives of men as a kind of distinction

for learning herself; and that eloquence renders us known to those who would otherwise be ignorant of us. An accident of the same kind happened to me a few days ago. Fabius Rufinus, a person of distinguished merit, was placed next to me at table; and below him a countryman of his, who had just then come to Rome for the first time. Rufinus, calling his friend's attention to me, said to him, "You see this man?" and entered into a conversation upon the subject of my pursuits; to whom the other immediately replied, "This must undoubtedly be Pliny." To confess the truth, I look upon these instances as a very considerable recompense of my labors. If Demosthenes had reason to be pleased with the old woman of Athens crying out, "This is Demosthenes!" may not I, then, be allowed to congratulate myself upon the celebrity my name has acquired? Yes, my friend, I will rejoice in it, and without scruple admit that I do. As I only mention the judgment of others, not my own, I am not afraid of incurring the censure of vanity; especially from you, who, whilst envying no man's reputation, are particularly zealous for mine. Farewell.

TO FUSCUS: A DAY IN THE COUNTRY

From the 'Letters'

You want to know how I portion out my day in my summer villa at Tuscum? I get up just when I please; generally about sunrise, often earlier, but seldom later than this. I keep the shutters closed, as darkness and silence wonderfully promote meditation. Thus free and abstracted from those outward objects which dissipate attention, I am left to my own thoughts; nor suffer my mind to wander with my eyes, but keep my eyes in subjection to my mind, which, when they are not distracted by a multiplicity of external objects, see nothing but what the imagination represents to them. If I have any work in hand, this is the time I choose for thinking it out, word for word, even to the minutest accuracy of expression. In this way I compose more or less, according as the subject is more or less difficult and I find myself able to retain it. I then call my secretary, and opening the shutters, dictate to him what I have put into shape; after which I dismiss him, then call him in again and again dismiss him. About ten or eleven o'clock (for I do not observe one fixed

hour), according to the weather, I either walk upon my terrace or in the covered portico, and there I continue to meditate or dictate what remains upon the subject in which I am engaged. This completed, I get into my chariot, where I employ myself as before, when I was walking or in my study; and find this change of scene refreshes and keeps up my attention. On my return home I take a little nap, then a walk, and after that repeat out loud and distinctly some Greek or Latin speech, not so much for the sake of strengthening my voice as my digestion; though indeed the voice at the same time is strengthened by this practice. I then take another walk, am anointed, do my exercises, and go into the bath. At supper, if I have only my wife or a few friends with me, some author is read to us; and after supper we are entertained either with music or an interlude. When that is finished I take my walk with my family, among whom I am not without some scholars. Thus we pass our evenings in varied conversation; and the day, even when at the longest, steals imperceptibly away. Upon some occasions I change the order in certain of the articles above mentioned. For instance, if I have studied longer or walked more than usual, after my second sleep and reading a speech or two aloud, instead of using my chariot I get on horseback; by which means I insure as much exercise and lose less time. The visits of my friends from the neighboring villages claim some part of the day; and sometimes, by an agreeable interruption, they come in very seasonably to relieve me when I am feeling tired. I now and then amuse myself with hunting; but always take my tablets into the field, that if I should meet with no game, I may at least bring home something. Part of my time, too (though not so much as they desire), is allotted to my tenants; whose rustic complaints, along with these city occupations, make my literary studies still more delightful to me. Farewell.

TO THE EMPEROR TRAJAN: OF THE CHRISTIANS

From the 'Letters'

IT is my invariable rule, sir, to refer to you in all matters where I feel doubtful; for who is more capable of removing my scruples, or informing my ignorance? Having never been present at any trials concerning those who profess Christianity, I am unacquainted not only with the nature of their crimes, or the

measure of their punishment, but how far it is proper to enter into an examination concerning them. Whether, therefore, any difference is usually made with respect to ages, or no distinction is to be observed between the young and the adult; whether repentance entitles them to a pardon, or if a man has been once a Christian it avails nothing to desist from his error; whether the very profession of Christianity, unattended with any criminal act, or only the crimes themselves inherent in the profession, are punishable,—on all these points I am in great doubt. In the mean while, the method I have observed towards those who have been brought before me as Christians is this: I asked them whether they were Christians: if they admitted it, I repeated the question twice and threatened them with punishment; if they persisted, I ordered them to be at once punished,—for I was persuaded, whatever the nature of their opinions might be, a contumacious and inflexible obstinacy certainly deserved correction. There were others also brought before me possessed with the same infatuation; but being Roman citizens, I directed them to be sent to Rome. But this crime spreading (as is usually the case), while it was actually under prosecution several instances of the same nature occurred. An anonymous information was laid before me, containing a charge against several persons, who upon examination denied they were Christians, or had ever been so. They repeated after me an invocation to the gods, and offered religious rites with wine and incense before your statue (which for that purpose I had ordered to be brought, together with those of the gods), and even reviled the name of Christ; whereas there is no forcing, it is said, those who are really Christians into any of these compliances: I thought it proper, therefore, to discharge them. Some among those who were accused by a witness in person at first confessed themselves Christians, but immediately after denied it; the rest owned indeed that they had been of that number formerly, but had now (some above three, others more, and a few above twenty years ago) renounced that error. They all worshiped your statue and the images of the gods, uttering imprecations at the same time against the name of Christ. They affirmed that the whole of their guilt, or their error, was, that they met on a stated day before it was light, and addressed a form of prayer to Christ as to a divinity, binding themselves by a solemn oath, not for the purpose of any wicked design, but never to commit any fraud, theft, or adultery, never to falsify their

word, nor deny a trust when they should be called on to deliver it up; after which it was their custom to separate, and then reassemble, to eat in common a harmless meal. From this custom, however, they desisted after the publication of my edict, by which, according to your commands, I forbade the meeting of any assemblies. After receiving this account I judged it so much the more necessary to endeavor to extort the real truth, by putting two female slaves to the torture, who were said to officiate in their religious rites; but all I could discover was evidence of an absurd and extravagant superstition. I deemed it expedient therefore to adjourn all further proceedings, in order to consult you. For it appears to be a matter highly deserving your consideration, more especially as great numbers must be involved in the danger of these prosecutions, which have already extended, and are still likely to extend, to persons of all ranks and ages, and even of both sexes. In fact, this contagious superstition is not confined to the cities only, but has spread its infection among the neighboring villages and country. Nevertheless, it still seems possible to restrain its progress. The temples, at least, which were once almost deserted, begin now to be frequented; and the sacred rites, after a long intermission, are again revived; while there is a general demand for the victims, which till lately found very few purchasers. From all this it is easy to conjecture what numbers might be reclaimed if a general pardon were granted to those who shall repent of their error.


[The answer of the Emperor to Pliny was as follows:—]

You have adopted the right course, my dearest Secundus, in investigating the charges against the Christians who were brought before you. It is not possible to lay down any general rule for all such cases. Do not go out of your way to look for them. If indeed they should be brought before you, and the crime is proved, they must be punished; with the restriction, however, that where the party denies he is a Christian, and shall make it evident that he is not, by invoking our gods, let him (notwithstanding any former suspicion) be pardoned upon his repentance. Anonymous informations ought not to be received in any sort of prosecution. It is introducing a very dangerous precedent, and is quite foreign to the spirit of our age.

PLUTARCH

(ABOUT 50-120 A. D.)

BY EDWARD BULL CLAPP

TUDY your Plutarch, and paint," said the great French classicist to his pupil. The advice was sound; for though the unequalled literature of Greece boasts of many names more illustrious than Plutarch's for original genius and power, yet the world in general has drawn from him, more than from any other source, its conception of the heroic men of Greece and Rome. "He was one of Plutarch's men," is the eulogy often spoken over the grave of some statesman or general whose rugged grandeur of character seems to harmonize with the splendid portraits drawn for us by the old Greek biographer. And so, although this author does not occupy the very highest place either as philosopher or historian, yet there are few ancient writers who are more interesting or important than he.

We know but little of his life. He was born about half a century after the beginning of our era, at Chæronea in Bœotia; a portion of Hellas popularly credited with intellectual dullness, though the names of Pindar and Epaminondas go far to vindicate its fame. He seems to have spent some time at Rome, and in other parts of Italy; but he returned to Greece in his later years, closing his life about the year 120. He thus lived under the Roman emperors from Nero to Trajan, and was contemporary with Tacitus and the Plinys. It is remarkable, however, that he does not quote from any of the great Romans of his time; nor do they, in turn, make any mention of him.

Greece had at this time long since lost her political independence. Even in literature her creative genius had spent itself, and in its place had come the period of elegant finish and laborious scholarship. Alexandria, which had supplanted Athens as the intellectual centre of the world, was now herself beginning to yield precedence to all-conquering Rome. Theocritus, the last Greek poet of the highest rank, had died nearly three centuries before, while Lucian, the gifted reviver of Attic prose, was yet to come. The only other Greek writer of this period whose works have been widely popular was the Hebrew Josephus, who was a few years older than Plutarch.

Born of a wealthy and respected family, and living the peaceful and happy life of the scholar and writer, Plutarch was the faithful

exponent of the literary tendencies in his time. His knowledge of Greek literature was apparently boundless; and his writings are enriched by numerous quotations, many of which are from works which are lost to us, so that these remnants are of the greatest value. In all that he wrote we see the evidence of a mind well stocked with the varied learning of his day, interested and curious about a great variety of problems, fond of moral and philosophical reflections, but not the originator of new views, nor even the advocate of any distinct system in philosophy. We admire his sweetness and purity of character, his culture of mind and heart, and his wide knowledge of men and life, rather than the depth of his thought or the soaring height of his genius.

The writings of Plutarch fall naturally into two classes: the historical and the ethical. The chief work in the first class is the '~~Parallel Lives~~,' consisting of forty-six biographies arranged in pairs, the life of a Greek being followed in each case by the life of a Roman. Nineteen of these double biographies are accompanied in our text by comparisons of the two characters depicted, though these are probably spurious, and not the work of Plutarch. In this juxtaposition of the great men of the conquered and the conquering race we recognize the patriotic pride of the Greek biographer. Living at a time when his country was in servitude to Rome, he delighted in showing that Greece too, in her palmy days, had produced warriors and statesmen who were worthy to stand in company with the men who had made Rome the mistress of the world. In the selection of his pairs Plutarch was guided, to some extent at least, by a real or fancied resemblance in the public careers of his heroes. Thus he groups together Theseus and Romulus as legendary founders of States, Lycurgus and Numa Pompilius as mythical legislators, Demosthenes and Cicero as orators and statesmen. But in many cases, it must be confessed, the resemblance is slight or entirely wanting.

As a writer of biography the world has scarcely seen the superior of Plutarch. To be sure, his methods of historical research were not severely critical, and modern scholars are forced to use his statements with some degree of caution. But it is biography that he means to write, and not history; and his clear conception of the difference in spirit between the two forms of composition has done much to give his '*Lives*' their boundless popularity. His purpose was to portray character rather than narrate events. For this purpose the many personal touches which he introduces, the anecdotes which he repeats without too close a scrutiny, are of more value than many pages of meaningless events, however accurately told. He distinctly states in his life of Nicias that he will pass over much that is told by Thucydides, while he endeavors to "gather and propound things not commonly marked and known, which will serve, I doubt not, to

decipher the man and his nature." None of Plutarch's anecdotes are empty or pointless. They always help to light up the character which he is describing, and many of them are treasures which we could ill afford to spare.

But besides these bits of personal character, Plutarch abounds in grand historical pictures of a sober eloquence, which touches us all the more because of the severe self-restraint which the writer never lays aside. He never strives for pathos or dramatic effect; and when he thrills his reader it is the result of a passionate earnestness, like that of Thucydides, which cannot be concealed.

In the light of what has been said, it is easy to understand why the 'Lives' has been perhaps the most widely beloved among all the literary treasures of Greece. Statesmen and generals, poets and philosophers, alike have expressed their admiration for this book, and the traces of its influence are to be found everywhere in modern literature.

The English translation by Sir Thomas North, published in 1579, though it was not made from the original Greek, but from the great French version of Amyot, and though it abounds in errors, is yet a work of the utmost importance, both as a specimen of vigorous and racy English, and because it is the channel through which Plutarch became known to the writers of the Elizabethan age, and especially to Shakespeare. Shakespeare knew no Greek, and his acquaintance with Plutarch, and through him with the spirit of ancient life, must be due chiefly to Sir Thomas North. Three of his greatest plays, 'Coriolanus,' 'Julius Cæsar,' and 'Antony and Cleopatra,' are based on the 'Lives' to such an extent that it is not too much to say that they would not have been written had not Shakespeare made the acquaintance of the old Greek biographer. This is especially true of 'Julius Cæsar,' in which not merely are the incidents due to Plutarch, but even much of the language is suggested by Sir Thomas North. Many other English writers have given us pictures of ancient life, whose inspiration is plainly drawn from the same abundant source.

As hinted above, Plutarch is not a critical historian according to modern standards. He does not reach even the plane of historical accuracy attained by Thucydides or Polybius. But he evidently consulted the best authorities accessible to him, and used them with conscientious diligence. We must admit that numerous errors and contradictions in details have been found in his biographies; and in particular, his comprehension of Roman politics seems not always to be clear. But in the portrayal of character he is always effective and usually correct. Only in his attack upon Herodotus (in the 'Moralia') for partiality in favor of Athens, he is influenced by his Bœotian patriotism to do injustice to his great predecessor. (The authenticity of this tract is much disputed.)

Of Plutarch's 'Moralia,' or moral essays, we must speak more briefly. This vast collection, of more than sixty treatises upon a great variety of subjects, has not received of late the attention which it deserves. The subjects treated are ethical, literary, and historical; and they are illustrated with a wealth of anecdote and quotation unequalled even in the 'Lives.' In these charming essays the Greek author appears as the serene scholar, the experienced and philosophic observer, throwing light on each subject he touches, and delighting the reader with wise reflection and with quaint and unusual learning. Among the most interesting portions of the 'Morals,' are the essays on the Late Vengeance of the Deity, the Education of Children, the Right Way of Hearing Poetry, on Superstition, and the so-called Consolation to Apollonius (on the death of his son). But Plutarch treats also of more obscure and recondite subjects, such as the Dæmon of Socrates, the Cessation of Oracles, Isis and Osiris, and others. Indeed, it would be necessary to quote the whole list of titles of the essays in order to give an adequate conception of their diversity of subject, and the wide scope of knowledge which they display. No ancient writer shows so complete a command of Greek literature and history, combined with so rich a fund of information bearing upon religion, philosophy, and social life. The style of these essays is scarcely less admirable than their matter; for while sometimes rugged and involved, it is never marred by affectation or straining for effect.

It is inevitable to compare Plutarch, in the 'Morals,' with Seneca, who was only fifty years his senior; but the Greek appears to the better advantage in the comparison. While Seneca is often prosy and tiresome, Plutarch is always genial and sympathetic; and his genuine nobility of sentiment and moral feeling is far more attractive than the somewhat formal sermonizing of the Roman Stoic. Nor can we forget that Seneca was the supple minister of one of the worst of the Roman emperors, while Plutarch's life is free from the smallest taint of insincerity.

In many aspects Plutarch suggests Montaigne, who was one of his most sympathetic readers. The witty Frenchman was perhaps his superior in originality and point; but Plutarch far excels his modern admirer in elevation of thought and purity of tone. Yet no one has praised Plutarch more worthily, or more sincerely, than Montaigne. "We dunces had been lost," he says, "had not this book raised us out of the dust. By this favor of his we dare now speak and write. 'Tis our breviary."

Edward Bull Clapp

PERICLES

From the 'Lives of Illustrious Men.' Reprinted with the approval of Little, Brown & Co., publishers

PERICLES was of the tribe Acamantis and the township of Cholargus, of the noblest birth both on his father's and mother's side. Xanthippus, his father, who defeated the King of Persia's generals in the battle at Mycale, took to wife Agariste, the grandchild of Clisthenes,—who drove out the sons of Pisistratus and nobly put an end to their tyrannical usurpation, and moreover, made a body of laws and settled a model of government admirably tempered and suited for the harmony and safety of the people.

His mother, being near her time, fancied in a dream that she was brought to bed of a lion; and a few days after was delivered of Pericles, in other respects perfectly formed, only his head was somewhat longish and out of proportion. For which reason almost all the images and statues that were made of him have the head covered with a helmet, the workmen apparently being willing not to expose him. The poets of Athens called him *Schinocephalos*, or squill-head, from *schinos*, a squill or sea-onion.

The master that taught him music, most authors are agreed, was Damon (whose name, they say, ought to be pronounced with the first syllable short). Though Aristotle tells us that he was thoroughly practiced in all accomplishments of this kind by Pythoclistides, Damon, it is not unlikely, being a sophist, out of policy sheltered himself under the profession of music to conceal from people in general his skill in other things; and under this pretense attended Pericles, the young athlete of politics, so to say, as his training-master in these exercises. Damon's lyre, however, did not prove altogether a successful blind; he was banished the country by ostracism for ten years, as a dangerous intermeddler and a favorer of arbitrary power; and by this means gave the stage occasion to play upon him. As, for instance, Plato the comic poet introduces a character, who questions him:

"Tell me, if you please,

Since you're the Chiron who taught Pericles."

Pericles also was a hearer of Zeno the Eleatic, who treated of natural philosophy in the same manner Parmenides did, but

had also perfected himself in an art of his own for refuting and silencing opponents in argument; as Timon of Phlius describes it,—

“Also the two-edged tongue of mighty Zeno, who,
Say what one would, could argue it untrue.”

But he that saw most of Pericles, and furnished him most especially with a weight and grandeur of intellect superior to all arts of popularity, and in general gave him his elevation and sublimity of purpose and of character, was Anaxagoras of Clazomenæ, whom the men of those times called by the name of Nous,—that is, mind or intelligence;—whether in admiration of the great and extraordinary gift he displayed for the science of nature, or because he was the first of the philosophers who did not refer the first ordering of the world to fortune or chance, nor to necessity or compulsion, but to a pure, unadulterated intelligence, which in all other existing mixed and compound things acts as a principle of discrimination, and of combination of like with like.

For this man, Pericles entertained an extraordinary esteem and admiration; and filling himself with this lofty and—as they call it—up-in-the-air sort of thought, derived hence not merely, as was natural, elevation of purpose and dignity of language, raised far above the base and dishonest buffooneries of mob eloquence, but besides this, a composure of countenance, and a serenity and calmness in all his movements, which no occurrence whilst he was speaking could disturb; with a sustained and even tone of voice, and various other advantages of a similar kind, which produced the greatest effect on his hearers. Once, after being reviled and ill-spoken of all day long in his own hearing by some vile and abandoned fellow in the open market-place, where he was engaged in the dispatch of some urgent affair, he continued his business in perfect silence, and in the evening returned home composedly, the man still dogging him at the heels, and pelting him all the way with abuse and foul language; and stepping into his house, it being by this time dark, he ordered one of his servants to take a light and go along with the man and see him safe home. Ion, it is true, the dramatic poet, says that Pericles’s manner in company was somewhat over-assuming and pompous; and that into his high bearing there entered a good deal of slightingness and scorn of others; he reserves his commendation

for Cimon's ease and pliancy and natural grace in society. Ion, however, who must needs make virtue, like a show of tragedies, include some comic scenes, we shall not altogether rely upon: Zeno used to bid those who called Pericles's gravity the affectation of a charlatan, to go and affect the like themselves; inasmuch as this mere counterfeiting might in time insensibly instill into them a real love and knowledge of those noble qualities.

Nor were these the only advantages which Pericles derived from Anaxagoras's acquaintance; he seems also to have become, by his instructions, superior to that superstition with which an ignorant wonder at appearances in the heavens, for example, possesses the minds of people unacquainted with their causes, eager for the supernatural, and excitable through an inexperience which the knowledge of natural causes removes, replacing wild and timid superstition by the good hope and assurance of an intelligent piety. . . .

Pericles, while yet but a young man, stood in considerable apprehension of the people, as he was thought in face and figure to be very like the tyrant Pisistratus; and those of great age remarked upon the sweetness of his voice, and his volubility and great rapidity in speaking, and were struck with amazement at the resemblance. Reflecting, too, that he had a considerable estate, and was descended of a noble family, and had friends of great influence, he was fearful all this might bring him to be banished as a dangerous person; and for this reason meddled not at all with State affairs, but in military service showed himself of a brave and intrepid nature. But when Aristides was now dead, and Themistocles driven out, and Cimon was for the most part kept abroad by the expeditions he made in parts out of Greece, Pericles seeing things in this posture, now advanced and took sides not with the rich and few, but with the many and poor; contrary to his natural bent, which was far from democratical,—but most likely fearing he might fall under suspicion of aiming at arbitrary power, and seeing Cimon on the side of the aristocracy, and much beloved by the better and more distinguished people, he joined the part of the people, with a view at once both to secure himself and procure means against Cimon.

He immediately entered also on quite a new course of life and management of his time. For he was never seen to walk in any street but that which led to the market-place and the council hall: and he avoided invitations of friends to supper, and

all friendly visiting and intercourse whatever; in all the time he had to do with the 'public, which was not a little, he was never known to have gone to any of his friends to a supper, except that once when his near kinsman Euryptolemus married, he remained present till the ceremony of the drink-offering, and then immediately rose from the table and went his way. For these friendly meetings are very quick to defeat any assumed superiority, and in intimate familiarity an exterior of gravity is hard to maintain. . . .

A saying also of Thucydides the son of Melesias stands on record, spoken by him by way of pleasantry upon Pericles's dexterity. Thucydides was one of the noble and distinguished citizens, and had been his greatest opponent; and when Archidamus, the King of the Lacedæmonians, asked him whether he or Pericles were the better wrestler, he made this answer: "When I," said he, "have thrown him and given him a fair fall, by persisting that he had no fall he gets the better of me, and makes the bystanders, in spite of their own eyes, believe him." The truth however is, that Pericles himself was very careful what and how he was to speak; insomuch that whenever he went up to the hustings, he prayed the gods that no one word might unawares slip from him unsuitable to the matter and the occasion. . . .

That which gave most pleasure and ornament to the city of Athens, and the greatest admiration and even astonishment to all strangers, and that which now is Greece's only evidence that the power she boasts of and her ancient wealth are no romance or idle story, was his construction of the public and sacred buildings. Yet this was that of all his actions in the government which his enemies most looked askance upon, and caviled at in the popular assemblies: crying out how that the commonwealth of Athens had lost its reputation, and was ill spoken of abroad for removing the common treasure of the Greeks from the isle of Delos into their own custody; and how that their fairest excuse for so doing,—namely, that they took it away for fear the barbarians should seize it, and on purpose to secure it in a safe place,—this Pericles had made unavailable; and how that "Greece cannot but resent it as an insufferable affront, and consider herself to be tyrannized over openly, when she sees the treasure which was contributed by her upon a necessity for the war, wantonly lavished out by us upon our city, to gild her all over, and to adorn and set her forth, as it were some vain woman, hung round with

precious stones and figures and temples which cost a world of money."

Pericles, on the other hand, informed the people that they were in no way obliged to give any account of those moneys to their allies, so long as they maintained their defense, and kept off the barbarians from attacking them: while in the mean time they did not so much as supply one horse or man or ship, but only found money for the service; "which money," said he, "is not theirs that give it, but theirs that receive it, if so be they perform the conditions upon which they receive it." And that it was good reason that now the city was sufficiently provided and stored with all things necessary for the war, they should convert the overplus of its wealth to such undertakings as would hereafter, when completed, give them eternal honor, and for the present, while in process, freely supply all the inhabitants with plenty. With their variety of workmanship, and of occasions for service, which summon all arts and trades and require all hands to be employed about them, they do actually put the whole city, in a manner, into State pay; while at the same time she is both beautified and maintained by herself. For as those who are of age and strength for war are provided for and maintained in the armaments abroad by their pay out of the public stock, so, it being his desire and design that the undisciplined mechanic multitude that stayed at home should not go without their share of public salaries, and yet should not have them given them for sitting still and doing nothing, to the end he thought fit to bring in among them, with the approbation of the people, these vast projects of buildings and designs of works, that would be of some continuance before they were finished, and would give employment to numerous arts, so that the part of the people that stayed at home might, no less than those that were at sea or in garrisons or on expeditions, have a fair and just occasion of receiving the benefit and having their share of the public moneys.

The materials were stone, brass, ivory, gold, ebony, cypress-wood; and the arts or trades that wrought and fashioned them were smiths and carpenters, molders, founders and braziers stone-cutters, dyers, goldsmiths, ivory-workers, painters, embroiderers, turners; those again that conveyed them to the town for use were merchants and mariners and shipmasters by sea, and by land, cartwrights, cattle-breeders, wagoners, rope-makers, flax-

workers, shoemakers and leather-dressers, road-makers, miners. And every trade in the same nature, as a captain in an army has his particular company of soldiers under him, had its own hired company of journeymen and laborers belonging to it, banded together as in array, to be as it were the instrument and body for the performance of the service. Thus, to say all in a word, the occasions and services of these public works distributed plenty through every age and condition.

As then grew the works up, no less stately in size than exquisite in form, the workmen striving to outvie the material and the design with the beauty of their workmanship, yet the most wonderful thing of all was the rapidity of their execution. Undertakings, any one of which singly might have required, they thought, for their completion, several successions and ages of men, were every one of them accomplished in the height and prime of one man's political service. Although they say too that Zeuxis once, having heard Agatharchus the painter boast of having dispatched his work with speed and ease, replied, "I take a long time." For ease and speed in doing a thing do not give the work lasting solidity or exactness of beauty; the expenditure of time allowed to a man's pains beforehand for the production of a thing is repaid, by way of interest, with a vital force for its preservation when once produced. For which reason Pericles's works are especially admired, as having been made quickly yet to last long. For every particular piece of his work was immediately, even at that time, for its beauty and elegance, antique; and yet in its vigor and freshness looks to this day as if it were just executed. There is a sort of bloom of newness upon those works of his, preserving them from the touch of time, as if they had some perennial spirit and undying vitality mingled in the composition of them. . . .

The Lacedæmonians beginning to show themselves troubled at the growth of the Athenian power, Pericles, on the other hand, to elevate the people's spirit yet more, and to raise them to the thought of great actions, proposed a decree, to summon all the Greeks in what part soever, whether of Europe or Asia, every city, little as well as great, to send their deputies to Athens to a general assembly or convention, there to consult and advise concerning the Greek temples which the barbarians had burnt down, and the sacrifices which were due from them upon vows they had made to their gods for the safety of Greece

when they fought against the barbarians; and also concerning the navigation of the sea, that they might henceforward all of them pass to and fro and trade securely, and be at peace among themselves. . . .

Nothing was effected, nor did the cities meet by their deputies, as was desired; the Lacedæmonians, as it is said, crossing the design underhand, and the attempt being disappointed and baffled first in Peloponnesus. I thought fit, however, to introduce the mention of it, to show the spirit of the man and the greatness of his thoughts. . . .

After this, having made a truce between the Athenians and Lacedæmonians for thirty years, he ordered by public decree the expedition against the isle of Samos, on the ground that when the Samians were bid to leave off their war with the Milesians, they had not complied. And as these measures against them are thought to have been taken to please Aspasia, this may be a fit point for inquiry about the woman: what art or faculty of charming she had that enabled her to captivate, as she did, the greatest of statesmen, and to give the philosophers occasion to speak so much about her, and that too not to her disparagement. That she was a Milesian by birth, the daughter of Axiochus, is a thing acknowledged. And they say it was in emulation of Thargelia, a courtesan of the old Ionian times, that she made her addresses to men of great power. Thargelia was a great beauty, extremely charming, and at the same time sagacious: she had numerous suitors among the Greeks, and brought all who had to do with her over to the Persian interest; and by their means, being men of the greatest power and station, sowed the seeds of the Median faction up and down in several cities. Some say that Aspasia was courted and caressed by Pericles on account of her knowledge and skill in politics. Socrates himself would sometimes go to visit her, and some of his acquaintance with him; and those who frequented her company would carry their wives with them to listen to her. Her occupation was anything but creditable, her house being a home for young courtesans. Æschines tells us also that Lysicles, a sheep-dealer, a man of low birth and character, by keeping Aspasia company after Pericles's death came to be chief man in Athens. And in Plato's 'Menexenus,' though we do not take the introduction as quite serious, still thus much seems to be historical: that she had the repute of being resorted to by many of the Athenians for

instruction in the art of speaking. Pericles's inclination for her seems, however, to have rather proceeded from the passion of love. He had a wife that was near of kin to him, who had been married first to Hipponicus, by whom she had Callias, surnamed the Rich; and also she bore to Pericles, while she lived with him, two sons, Xanthippus and Paralus. Afterwards, when they did not well agree nor like to live together, he parted with her, with her own consent, to another man, and himself took Aspasia and loved her with wonderful affection: every day, both as he went out and as he came in from the market-place, he saluted and kissed her.

Phidias the sculptor had, as has before been said, undertaken to make the statute of Minerva. Now he, being admitted to friendship with Pericles, and a great favorite of his, had many enemies upon this account, who envied and maligned him; who also, to make trial in a case of his what kind of judges the commons would prove, should there be occasion to bring Pericles himself before them,—having tampered with Menon, one who had been a workman with Phidias, stationed him in the market-place, with a petition desiring public security upon his discovery and impeachment of Phidias. The people admitting the man to tell his story, and the prosecution proceeding in the assembly, there was nothing of theft or cheat proved against him; for Phidias from the very first beginning, by the advice of Pericles, had so wrought and wrapt the gold that was used in the work about the statue, that they might take it all off and make out the just weight of it, which Pericles at that time bade the accusers do. But the reputation of his works was what brought envy upon Phidias; especially, that where he represents the flight of the Amazons upon the goddess's shield, he had introduced a likeness of himself as a bald old man holding up a great stone with both hands, and had put in a very fine representation of Pericles fighting with an Amazon. And the position of the hand, which holds out the spear in front of the face, was ingeniously contrived to conceal in some degree the likeness, which meantime showed itself on either side.

Phidias then was carried away to prison, and there died of a disease; but as some say, of poison administered by the enemies of Pericles, to raise a slander, or a suspicion at least, as though he had procured it. The informer Menon, upon Glycon's proposal, the people made free from payment of taxes and customs,

and ordered the generals to take care that nobody should do him any hurt. About the same time, Aspasia was indicted of impiety, upon the complaint of Hermippus the comedian; who also laid further to her charge that she received into her house freeborn women for the uses of Pericles. And Diophites proposed a decree, that public accusations should be laid against persons who neglected religion, or taught new doctrines about things above; directing suspicion, by means of Anaxagoras, against Pericles himself. The people receiving and admitting these accusations and complaints, at length by this means they came to enact a decree, at the motion of Dracontides, that Pericles should bring in the accounts of the moneys he had expended, and lodge them with the Prytanes; and that the judges, carrying their suffrage from the altar in the Acropolis, should examine and determine the business in the city. This last clause Hagnon took out of the decree, and moved that the causes should be tried before fifteen hundred jurors, whether they should be styled prosecutions for robbery, or bribery, or any kind of malversation. Pericles begged off Aspasia; shedding, as Æschines says, many tears at the trial, and personally entreating the jurors. But fearing how it might go with Anaxagoras, he sent him out of the city. And finding that in Phidias's case he had miscarried with the people, being afraid of impeachment, he kindled the war, which hitherto had lingered and smothered, and blew it up into a flame; hoping by that means to disperse and scatter these complaints and charges, and to allay their jealousy; the city usually throwing herself upon him alone, and trusting to his sole conduct, upon the urgency of great affairs and public dangers, by reason of his authority and the sway he bore.

Pericles, however, was not at all moved by any attacks, but took all patiently, and submitted in silence to the disgrace they threw upon him and the ill-will they bore him; and sending out a fleet of a hundred galleys to Peloponnesus, he did not go along with it in person, but stayed behind, that he might watch at home and keep the city under his own control, till the Peloponnesians broke up their camp and were gone. Yet to soothe the common people, jaded and distressed with the war, he relieved them with distributions of public moneys, and ordained new divisions of subject land. For having turned out all the people of Ægina, he parted the island among the Athenians according to lot. Some comfort, also, and ease in their miseries, they might

receive from what their enemies endured. For the fleet, sailing round the Peloponnesus, ravaged a great deal of the country, and pillaged and plundered the towns and smaller cities; and by land he himself entered with an army the Megarian country, and made havoc of it all. Whence it is clear that, the Peloponnesians, though they did the Athenians much mischief by land, yet suffering as much themselves from them by sea, would not have protracted the war to such a length, but would quickly have given it over, as Pericles at first foretold they would, had not some divine power crossed human purposes.

In the first place, the pestilential disease or plague seized upon the city, and ate up all the flower and prime of their youth and strength. Upon occasion of which, the people, distempered and afflicted in their souls as well as in their bodies, were utterly enraged like madmen against Pericles; and like patients grown delirious, sought to lay violent hands on their physician, or as it were, their father. They had been possessed, by his enemies, with the belief that the occasion of the plague was the crowding of the country people together into the town, forced as they were now, in the heat of the summer weather, to dwell many of them together even as they could, in small tenements and stifling hovels, and to be tied to a lazy course of life within doors, whereas before they lived in a pure, open, and free air. The cause and author of all this, said they, is he who on account of the war has poured a multitude of people from the country in upon us within the walls, and uses all these many men that he has here upon no employ or service, but keeps them pent up like cattle, to be overrun with infection from one another, affording them neither shift of quarters nor any refreshment.

With the design to remedy these evils, and to do the enemy some inconvenience, Pericles got a hundred and fifty galleys ready, and having embarked many tried soldiers, both foot and horse, was about to sail out; giving great hope to his citizens, and no less alarm to his enemies, upon the sight of so great a force. And now the vessels having their complement of men, and Pericles being gone aboard his own galley, it happened that the sun was eclipsed, and it grew dark on a sudden, to the affright of all,—for this was looked upon as extremely ominous. Pericles, therefore, perceiving the steersman seized with fear and at a loss what to do, took his cloak and held it up before the man's face, and screening him with it so that he could not see,

asked him whether he imagined there was any great hurt or the sign of any great hurt in this; and he answering No, "Why," said he, "and what does that differ from this, only that what has caused that darkness there is something greater than a cloak?" This is a story which philosophers tell their scholars.

His domestic concerns were in an unhappy condition, many of his friends and acquaintance having died in the plague-time, and those of his family having long since been in disorder and in a kind of mutiny against him.

Xanthippus died in the plague-time, of that sickness. At which time Pericles also lost his sister, and the greatest part of his relations and friends, and those who had been most useful and serviceable to him in managing the affairs of State. Yet he did not shrink or give in upon these occasions, nor betray or lower his high spirit and the greatness of his mind under all his misfortunes; he was not even so much as seen to weep or to mourn, or even attend the burial of any of his friends or relations, till at last he lost his only remaining legitimate son. Subdued by this blow, and yet striving still as far as he could to maintain his principle, and to preserve and keep up the greatness of his soul,—when he came, however, to perform the ceremony of putting a garland of flowers upon the head of the corpse, he was vanquished by his passion at the sight, so that he burst into exclamations, and shed copious tears, having never done any such thing in all his life before.

The city having made trial of other generals for the conduct of war, and orators for business of State, when they found there was no one who was of weight enough for such a charge, or of authority sufficient to be trusted with so great a command, regretted the loss of him, and invited him again to address and advise them and to reassume the office of general. He, however, lay at home in dejection and mourning: but was persuaded by Alcibiades and others of his friends to come abroad and show himself to the people; who having, upon his appearance, made their acknowledgments, and apologized for their untowardly treatment of him, he undertook the public affairs once more; and being chosen general, requested that the statute concerning base-born children, which he himself had formerly caused to be made, might be suspended,—that so the name and race of his family might not, for absolute want of a lawful heir to succeed,

be wholly lost and extinguished. The case of the statute was thus: Pericles, when long ago at the height of his power in the State, having then, as has been said, children lawfully begotten, proposed a law that those only should be reputed true citizens of Athens who were born of parents both Athenian. After this, the King of Egypt having sent to the people, as a present, forty thousand bushels of wheat, which were to be shared out among the citizens, a great many actions and suits about legitimacy occurred by virtue of that edict,—cases which till that time had either not been known or not been taken notice of; and several persons suffered by false accusations. There were little less than five thousand who were convicted and sold for slaves; those who, enduring the test, remained in the government and passed muster for true Athenians, were found upon the poll to be fourteen thousand and forty persons in number.

It looked strange that a law which had been carried so far against so many people, should be canceled again by the same man that made it; yet the present calamity and distress which Pericles labored under in his family broke through all objections, and prevailed with the Athenians to pity him, as one whose losses and misfortunes had sufficiently punished his former arrogance and haughtiness. His sufferings deserved, they thought, their pity and even indignation, and his request was such as became a man to ask and men to grant: they gave him permission to enroll his son in the register of his fraternity, giving him his own name. This son afterward, after having defeated the Peloponnesians at Arginusæ, was with his fellow-generals put to death by the people.

About the time when his son was enrolled, it should seem, the plague seized Pericles; not with sharp and violent fits, as it did others that had it, but with a dull and lingering distemper, attended with various changes and alterations, leisurely by little and little wasting the strength of his body and undermining the noble faculties of his soul. So that Theophrastus, in his 'Morals,'—when discussing whether men's characters change with their circumstances, and their moral habits, disturbed by the ailments of their bodies, start aside from the rules of virtue,—has left it on record that Pericles, when he was sick, showed one of his friends that came to visit him an amulet or charm that the women had hung about his neck, as much as to say that he was very sick indeed when he would admit of such a foolery as that was.

When he was now near his end, the best of the citizens and those of his friends who were left alive, sitting about him, were speaking of the greatness of his merit, and his power, and reckoning up his famous actions and the number of his victories; for there were no less than nine trophies, which as their chief commander and the conqueror of their enemies he had set up for the honor of the city. They talked thus together among themselves, as though he were unable to understand or mind what they said, but had now lost his consciousness. He had listened however all the while, and attended to all; and speaking out among them said that he wondered they should commend and take notice of things which were as much owing to fortune as to anything else, and had happened to many other commanders, and at the same time should not speak or make mention of that which was the most excellent and greatest thing of all: "For," said he, "no Athenian, through my means, ever wore mourning."

He was indeed a character deserving our high admiration: not only for his equable and mild temper,—which all along in the many affairs of his life, and the great animosities which he incurred, he constantly maintained,—but also for the high spirit and feeling which made him regard it the noblest of all his honors, that in the exercise of such immense power he never had gratified his envy or his passion, nor ever had treated any enemy as irreconcilably opposed to him. And to me it appears that this one thing gives that otherwise childish and arrogant title a fitting and becoming significance: so dispassionate a temper, a life so pure and unblemished in the height of power and place, might well be called Olympian, in accordance with our conception of the divine beings to whom, as the natural authors of all good and nothing evil, we ascribe the rule and government of the world. Not as the poets represent, who, while confounding us with their ignorant fancies, are themselves confuted by their own poems and fictions, and call the place indeed where they say the gods make their abode, a secure and quiet seat, free from all hazards and commotions, untroubled with winds or with clouds, and equally through all time illumined with a soft serenity and a pure light, as though such were a home most agreeable for a blessed and immortal nature; and yet in the mean while affirm that the gods themselves are full of trouble and enmity and anger and other passions, which noway become or belong to even men that have any understanding. But this will perhaps seem

a subject fitter for some other consideration, and that ought to be treated of in some other place.

The course of public affairs after his death produced a quick and speedy sense of the loss of Pericles. Those who while he lived resented his great authority, as that which eclipsed themselves, presently after his quitting the stage, making trial of other orators and demagogues, readily acknowledged that there never had been in nature such a disposition as his was, more moderate and reasonable in the height of that state he took upon him, or more grave and impressive in the mildness which he used. And that invidious arbitrary power, to which formerly they gave the name of monarchy and tyranny, did then appear to have been the chief bulwark of public safety: so great a corruption and such a flood of mischief and vice followed, which he, by keeping weak and low, had withheld from notice, and had prevented from attaining incurable height through a licentious impunity.

CORIOLANUS

From the 'Lives of Illustrious Men.' Reprinted with the approval of Little, Brown & Co., publishers

IT MAY be observed in general, that when young men arrive early at fame and repute, if they are of a nature but slightly touched with emulation, this early attainment is apt to extinguish their thirst and satiate their small appetite: whereas the first distinctions of more solid and weighty characters do but stimulate and quicken them and take them away, like a wind, in the pursuit of honor; they look upon these marks and testimonies to their virtue not as a recompense received for what they have already done, but as a pledge given by themselves of what they will perform hereafter; ashamed now to forsake or underlive the credit they have won, or rather, not to exceed and obscure all that is gone before by the lustre of their following actions.

Marcus, having a spirit of this noble make, was ambitious always to surpass himself, and did nothing, how extraordinary soever, but he thought he was bound to outdo it at the next occasion; and ever desiring to give continual fresh instances of his prowess, he added one exploit to another, and heaped up trophies upon trophies, so as to make it a matter of contest also

among his commanders,—the later still vying with the earlier, which should pay him the greatest honor and speak highest in his commendation. Of all the numerous wars and conflicts in those days, there was not one from which he returned without laurels and rewards. And whereas others made glory the end of their daring, the end of his glory was his mother's gladness; the delight she took to hear him praised and to see him crowned, and her weeping for joy in his embraces, rendered him, in his own thoughts, the most honored and most happy person in the world. . . .

The Romans were now at war with the Volscian nation, whose principal city was Corioli; when therefore Cominius the consul had invested this important place, the rest of the Volscians, fearing it would be taken, mustered up whatever force they could from all parts to relieve it, designing to give the Romans battle before the city, and so attack them on both sides. Cominius, to avoid this inconvenience, divided his army, marching himself with one body to encounter the Volscians on their approach from without, and leaving Titus Lartius, one of the bravest Romans of his time, to command the other and continue the siege. Those within Corioli, despising now the smallness of their number, made a sally upon them; and prevailed at first, and pursued the Romans into their trenches. Here it was that Marcius, flying out with a slender company, and cutting those in pieces that first engaged him, obliged the other assailants to slacken their speed; and then with loud cries called on the Romans to renew the battle. For he had—what Cato thought a great point in a soldier—not only strength of hand and stroke, but also a voice and look that of themselves were a terror to an enemy. Divers of his own party now rallying and making up to him, the enemy soon retreated: but Marcius, not content to see them draw off and retire, pressed hard upon the rear, and drove them, as they fled away in haste, to the very gates of their city; where, perceiving the Romans to fall back from their pursuit, beaten off by the multitude of darts poured in upon them from the walls, and that none of his followers had the hardiness to think of falling in pell-mell among the fugitives, and so entering a city full of enemies in arms, he nevertheless stood and urged them to the attempt, crying out that fortune had now set open Corioli, not so much to shelter the vanquished as to receive the conquerors. Seconded by a few that were willing to venture with him,

he bore along through the crowd, made good his passage, and thrust himself into the gate through the midst of them, nobody at first daring to resist him. But when the citizens, on looking about, saw that a very small number had entered, they now took courage, and came up and attacked them. A combat ensued of the most extraordinary description, in which Marcius, by strength of hand and swiftness of foot and daring of soul overpowering every one that he assailed, succeeded in driving the enemy to seek refuge for the most part in the interior of the town, while the remainder submitted, and threw down their arms; thus affording Lartius abundant opportunity to bring in the rest of the Romans with ease and safety.

The day after, when Marcius with the rest of the army presented themselves at the consul's tent, Cominius rose, and having rendered all due acknowledgment to the gods for the success of that enterprise, turned next to Marcius, and first of all delivered the strongest encomium upon his rare exploits, which he had partly been an eye-witness of himself, in the late battle, and had partly learned from the testimony of Lartius. And then he required him to choose a tenth part of all the treasure and horses and captives that had fallen into their hands, before any division should be made to others; besides which, he made him the special present of a horse with trappings and ornaments, in honor of his actions. The whole army applauded; Marcius however stepped forth, and declaring his thankful acceptance of the horse, and his gratification of the praises of his general, said that all other things, which he could only regard rather as mercenary advantages than any significations of honor, he must waive, and should be content with the ordinary portion of such rewards. "I have only," said he, "one special grace to beg; and this I hope you will not deny me. There was a certain hospitable friend of mine among the Volscians, a man of probity and virtue, who is become a prisoner, and from former wealth and freedom is now reduced to servitude. Among his many misfortunes let my intercession redeem him from the one of being sold as a common slave." Such a refusal and such a request on the part of Marcius were followed with yet louder acclamations; and he had many more admirers of this generous superiority to avarice, than of the bravery he had shown in battle. The very persons who conceived some envy and despite to see him so specially honored, could not but acknowledge that one who could so nobly refuse reward was

beyond others worthy to receive it; and were more charmed with that virtue which made him despise advantage, than with any of those former actions that had gained him his title to it. It is the higher accomplishment to use money well than to use arms; but not to desire it is more noble than to use it.

When the noise of approbation and applause ceased, Cominius resuming, said: "It is idle, fellow-soldiers, to force and obtrude those other gifts of ours on one who is unwilling to accept them: let us therefore give him one of such a kind that he cannot well reject it; let us pass a vote, I mean, that he shall hereafter be called Coriolanus, unless you think that his performance at Corioli has itself anticipated any such resolution." Hence therefore he had his third name of Coriolanus, making it all the plainer that Caius was a personal proper name, and the second or surname Marcius was one common to his house and family; the third being a subsequent addition, which used to be imposed either from some particular act or fortune, bodily characteristic, or good quality of the bearer. . . .

Not long afterward he stood for the consulship; and now the people began to relent and incline to favor him, being sensible what a shame it would be to repulse and affront a man of his birth and merit after he had done them so many signal services. It was usual for those who stood for offices among them to solicit and address themselves personally to the citizens, presenting themselves in the forum with the toga on alone, and no tunic under it; either to promote their supplications by the humility of their dress, or that such as had received wounds might more readily display those marks of their fortitude. Certainly it was not out of suspicion of bribery and corruption that they required all such petitioners for their favor to appear ungirt and open, without any close garment: as it was much later, and many ages after this, that buying and selling crept in at their elections, and money became an ingredient in the public suffrages; proceeding thence to attempt their tribunals, and even attack their camps, till, by hiring the valiant and enslaving iron to silver, it grew master of the State, and turned their commonwealth into a monarchy. For it was well and truly said that the first destroyer of the liberties of a people is he who first gives them bounties and largesses. At Rome the mischief seems to have stolen secretly in, and by little and little, not being at once discerned and taken notice of. It is not certainly known

who the man was that there first either bribed the citizens or corrupted the courts; whereas in Athens, Anytus the son of Anthemion is said to have been the first that gave money to the judges, when on his trial, toward the latter end of the Peloponnesian war, for letting the fort of Pylos fall into the hands of the enemy,—in a period while the pure and golden race of men were still in possession of the Roman forum.

Marcus, therefore, as the fashion of candidates was, showing the scars and gashes that were still visible on his body, from the many conflicts in which he had signalized himself during a service of seventeen years together,—they were, so to say, put out of countenance at this display of merit, and told one another that they ought in common modesty to create him consul. But when the day of election was now come, and Marcus appeared in the forum with a pompous train of senators attending him, and the patricians all manifested greater concern and seemed to be exerting greater efforts than they had ever done before on the like occasion, the commons then fell off again from the kindness they had conceived for him, and in the place of their late benevolence, began to feel something of indignation and envy, passions assisted by the fear they entertained, that if a man of such aristocratic temper, and so influential among the patricians, should be invested with the power which that office would give him, he might employ it to deprive the people of all that liberty which was yet left them. In conclusion they rejected Marcus. Two other names were announced, to the great mortification of the senators, who felt as if the indignity reflected rather upon themselves than on Marcus. He for his part could not bear the affront with any patience. He had always indulged his temper, and had regarded the proud and contentious element of human nature as a sort of nobleness and magnanimity; reason and discipline had not imbued him with that solidity and equanimity which enters so largely into the virtues of the statesman. He had never learned how essential it is for any one who undertakes public business, and desires to deal with mankind, to avoid above all things that self-will, which, as Plato says, belongs to the family of solitude; and to pursue above all things that capacity so generally ridiculed, of submission to ill-treatment. Marcus, straightforward and direct, and possessed with the idea that to vanquish and overbear all opposition is the true part of bravery, and never imagining that it was the weakness and womanishness

of his nature that broke out, so to say, in these ulcerations of anger, retired, full of fury and bitterness against the people. The young patricians too—all that were proudest and most conscious of their noble birth—had always been devoted to his interest; and adhering to him now, with a fidelity that did him no good, aggravated his resentment with the expression of their indignation and condolence. He had been their captain, and their willing instructor in the arts of war when out upon expeditions, and their model in that true emulation and love of excellence which makes men extol, without envy or jealousy, each other's brave achievements. . . .

There was a man of Antium called Tullus Aufidius, who for his wealth and bravery and the splendor of his family had the respect and privilege of a king among the Volscians; but whom Marcius knew to have a particular hostility to himself, above all other Romans. Frequent menaces and challenges had passed in battle between them; and those exchanges of defiance to which their hot and eager emulation is apt to prompt young soldiers had added private animosity to their national feelings of opposition. Yet for all this, considering Tullus to have a certain generosity of temper, and knowing that no Volscian so much as he desired an occasion to requite upon the Romans the evils they had done, he did what much confirms the saying that—

“Hard and unequal is with wrath the strife,
Which makes us buy its pleasures with our life.”

Putting on such a dress as would make him appear to any whom he might meet most unlike what he really was, thus, like Ulysses,—

“The town he entered of his mortal foes.”

His arrival at Antium was about evening, and though several met him in the streets, yet he passed along without being known to any, and went directly to the house of Tullus; and entering undiscovered, went up to the fire-hearth, and seated himself there without speaking a word, covering up his head. Those of the family could not but wonder, and yet they were afraid either to raise or question him, for there was a certain air of majesty both in his posture and silence; but they recounted to Tullus, being then at supper, the strangeness of this accident. He immediately rose from table and came in, and asked who he was, and for

what business he came thither; and then Marcius, unmuffling himself and pausing awhile, "If," said he, "you cannot call me to mind, Tullus, or do not believe your eyes concerning me, I must of necessity be my own accuser. I am Caius Marcius, the author of so much mischief to the Volscians; of which, were I seeking to deny it, the surname of Coriolanus I now bear would be a sufficient evidence against me. The one recompense I received for all the hardships and perils I have gone through was the title that proclaims my enmity to your nation, and this is the only thing which is still left me. Of all other advantages I have been stripped and deprived by the envy and outrage of the Roman people, and the cowardice and treachery of the magistrates and those of my own order. I am driven out as an exile, and become a humble suppliant at your hearth, not so much for safety and protection (should I have come hither, had I been afraid to die?) as to seek vengeance against those that expelled me; which methinks I have already obtained by putting myself into your hands. If therefore you have really a mind to attack your enemies, come then, make use of that affliction which you see me in to assist the enterprise, and convert my personal infelicity into a common blessing to the Volscians; as indeed I am likely to be more serviceable in fighting for than against you, with the advantage which I now possess of knowing all the secrets of the enemy that I am attacking. But if you decline to make any further attempts, I am neither desirous to live myself, nor will it be well in you to preserve a person who has been your rival and adversary of old, and now, when he offers you his service, appears unprofitable and useless to you."

Tullus on hearing this was extremely rejoiced, and giving him his right hand, exclaimed, "Rise, Marcius, and be of good courage: it is a great happiness you bring to Antium, in the present you make us of yourself; expect everything that is good from the Volscians." He then proceeded to feast and entertain him with every display of kindness; and for several days after, they were in close deliberation together on the prospects of a war. . . .

Tullus called a general assembly of the Volscians; and the vote passing for a war, he then proposed that they should call in Marcius, laying aside the remembrance of former grudges, and assuring themselves that the services they should now receive from him as a friend and associate would abundantly outweigh any harm or damage he had done them when he was their

enemy. Marcius was accordingly summoned; and having made his entrance, and spoken to the people, won their good opinion of his capacity, his skill, counsel, and boldness, not less by his present words than by his past actions. They joined him in commission with Tullus, to have full power as general of their forces in all that related to the war. And he, fearing lest the time that would be requisite to bring all the Volscians together in full preparation might be so long as to lose him the opportunity of action, left order with the chief persons and magistrates of the city to provide other things; while he himself, prevailing upon the most forward to assemble and march out with him as volunteers without staying to be enrolled, made a sudden inroad into the Roman confines, when nobody expected him, and possessed himself of so much booty that the Volscians found they had more than they could either carry away or use in the camp. The abundance of provision which he gained, and the waste and havoc of the country which he made, however, were of themselves and in his account the smallest results of that invasion: the great mischief he intended, and his special object in all, was to increase at Rome the suspicions entertained of the patricians, and to make them upon worse terms with the people. With this view, while spoiling all the fields and destroying the property of other men, he took special care to preserve their farms and land untouched, and would not allow his soldiers to ravage there, or seize upon anything which belonged to them.

But when the whole strength of the Volscians was brought together in the field, with great expedition and alacrity, it appeared so considerable a body that they agreed to leave part in garrison, for the security of their towns, and with the other part to march against the Romans.

All at Rome was in great disorder; they were utterly averse from fighting, and spent their whole time in cabals and disputes and reproaches against each other: until news was brought that the enemy had laid close siege to Lavinium, where were the images and sacred things of their tutelar gods, and from whence they derived the origin of their nation; that being the first city which Æneas built in Italy. These tidings produced a change as universal as it was extraordinary in the thoughts and inclinations of the people. . . .

It was therefore unanimously agreed by all parties that ambassadors should be dispatched, offering Coriolanus return to his

country, and desiring he would free them from the terrors and distresses of the war. The persons sent by the Senate with this message were chosen out of his kindred and acquaintance, who naturally expected a very kind reception at their first interview, upon the score of that relation and their old familiarity and friendship with him; in which, however, they were much mistaken. Being led through the enemy's camp, they found him sitting in state amidst the chief men of the Volscians, looking insupportably proud and arrogant. He bade them declare the cause of their coming, which they did in the most gentle and tender terms, and with a behavior suitable to their language. When they had made an end of speaking, he returned them a sharp answer, full of bitterness and angry resentment, as to what concerned himself and the ill usage he had received from them: but as general of the Volscians, he demanded restitution of the cities and the lands which had been seized upon during the late war, and that the same rights and franchises should be granted them at Rome which had been before accorded to the Latins; since there could be no assurance that a peace would be firm and lasting without fair and just conditions on both sides. He allowed them thirty days to consider and resolve. . . .

But when the thirty days were expired, and Marcius appeared again with his whole army, they sent another embassy to beseech him that he would moderate his displeasure, and would withdraw the Volscian army, and then make any proposals he thought best for both parties: the Romans would make no concessions to menaces, but if it were his opinion that the Volscians ought to have any favor shown them, upon laying down their arms they might obtain all they could in reason desire.

The reply of Marcius was, that he should make no answer to this as general of the Volscians: but in the quality still of a Roman citizen, he would advise and exhort them as the case stood, not to carry it so high, but think rather of just compliance, and return to him before three days were at an end, with a ratification of his previous demands; otherwise they must understand that they could not have any further freedom of passing through his camp upon idle errands.

When the ambassadors were come back, and had acquainted the Senate with the answer, seeing the whole State now threatened as it were by a tempest, and the waves ready to overwhelm them, they were forced, as we say in extreme perils, to let down the

sacred anchor. A decree was made that the whole order of their priests—those who initiated in the mysteries or had the custody of them, and those who, according to the ancient practice of the country, divined from birds—should all and every one of them go in full procession to Marcius with their pontifical array, and the dress and habit which they respectively used in their several functions, and should urge him as before to withdraw his forces, and then treat with his countrymen in favor of the Volscians. He consented so far, indeed, as to give the deputation an admittance into his camp, but granted nothing at all, nor so much as expressed himself more mildly; but without capitulating or receding, bade them once for all choose whether they would yield or fight, since the old terms were the only terms of peace. When this solemn application proved ineffectual, the priests too returning unsuccessful, they determined to sit still within the city and keep watch about their walls, intending only to repulse the enemy should he offer to attack them, and placing their hopes chiefly in time and in extraordinary accidents of fortune; as to themselves, they felt incapable of doing anything for their own deliverance; mere confusion and terror and ill-boding reports possessed the whole city, till at last a thing happened not unlike what we so often find represented—without, however, being generally accepted as true—in Homer. . . . In the perplexity I have described, the Roman women went, some to other temples, but the greater part, and the ladies of highest rank, to the altar of Jupiter Capitolinus. Among these suppliants was Valeria, sister to the great Poplicola, who did the Romans eminent service both in peace and war. Poplicola himself was now deceased, as is told in the history of his life; but Valeria lived still, and enjoyed great respect and honor at Rome, her life and conduct noway disparaging her birth. She, suddenly seized with the sort of instinct or emotion of mind which I have described, and happily lighting, not without divine guidance, on the right expedient, both rose herself and bade the others rise, and went directly with them to the house of Volumnia, the mother of Marcius. And coming in and finding her sitting with her daughter-in-law, and with her little grandchildren on her lap,—Valeria, surrounded by her female companions, spoke in the name of them all:—

“We that now make our appearance, O Volumnia, and you, Vergilia, are come as mere women to women, not by direction of the Senate, or an order from the consuls, or the appointment

of any other magistrate; but the divine being himself, as I conceive, moved to compassion by our prayers, prompted us to visit you in a body, and request a thing on which our own and the common safety depends, and which, if you consent to it, will raise your glory above that of the daughters of the Sabines, who won over their fathers and their husbands from mortal enmity to peace and friendship. Arise and come with us to Marcius; join in our supplication, and bear for your country this true and just testimony on her behalf: that notwithstanding the many mischiefs that have been done her, yet she has never outraged you, nor so much as thought of treating you ill, in all her resentment, but does now restore you safe into his hands, though there be small likelihood she should obtain from him any equitable terms."

The words of Valeria were seconded by the acclamations of the other women, to which Volumnia made answer:—

"I and Vergilia, my countrywomen, have an equal share with you all in the common miseries; and we have the additional sorrow, which is wholly ours, that we have lost the merit and good fame of Marcius, and see his person confined, rather than protected, by the arms of the enemy. Yet I account this the greatest of all misfortunes, if indeed the affairs of Rome be sunk to so feeble a state as to have their last dependence upon us. For it is hardly imaginable he should have any consideration left for us, when he has no regard for the country which he was wont to prefer before his mother and wife and children. Make use, however, of our service; and lead us, if you please, to him: we are able, if nothing more, at least to spend our last breath in making suit to him for our country."

Having spoken thus, she took Vergilia by the hand, and the young children, and so accompanied them to the Volscian camp. So lamentable a sight much affected the enemies themselves, who viewed them in respectful silence. Marcius was then sitting in his place, with his chief officers about him, and seeing the party of women advance toward them, wondered what might be the matter; but perceiving at length that his mother was at the head of them, he would fain have hardened himself in his former inexorable temper: but overcome by his feelings, and confounded at what he saw, he did not endure they should approach him sitting in state, but came down hastily to meet them; saluting his mother first, and embracing her a long time, and then his wife and children; sparing neither tears nor caresses, but

suffering himself to be borne away and carried headlong, as it were, by the impetuous violence of his passion.

When he had satisfied himself, and observed that his mother Volumnia was desirous to say something, the Volscian council being first called in, he heard her to the following effect:—"Our dress and our very persons, my son, might tell you, though we should say nothing ourselves, in how forlorn a condition we have lived at home since your banishment and absence from us; and now consider with yourself, whether we may not pass for the most unfortunate of all women, to have that sight, which should be the sweetest that we could see, converted through I know not what fatality, to one of all others the most formidable and dreadful,—Volumnia to behold her son, and Vergilia her husband, in arms against the walls of Rome. Even prayer itself, whence others gain comfort and relief in all manner of misfortunes, is that which most adds to our confusion and distress: since our best wishes are inconsistent with themselves, nor can we at the same time petition the gods for Rome's victory and your preservation; but what the worst of our enemies would imprecate as a curse is the very object of our vows. Your wife and children are under the sad necessity, that they must either be deprived of you or of their native soil. As for myself, I am resolved not to wait till war shall determine this alternative for me; but if I cannot prevail with you to prefer amity and concord to quarrel and hostility, and to be the benefactor to both parties rather than the destroyer of one of them, be assured of this from me, and reckon steadfastly upon it,—that you shall not be able to reach your country unless you trample first upon the corpse of her that brought you into life. For it will be ill in me to wait and loiter in the world till the day come when I shall see a child of mine either led in triumph by his own countrymen, or triumphing over them. Did I require you to save your country by ruining the Volscians, then, I confess, my son, the case would be hard for you to solve. It is base to bring destitution on our fellow-citizens; it is unjust to betray those who have placed their confidence in us. But as it is, we do but desire a deliverance equally expedient for them and us; only more glorious and honorable on the Volscian side, who as superior in arms, will be thought freely to bestow the two greatest of blessings, peace and friendship, even when they themselves receive the same. If we obtain these, the common thanks will be chiefly due to you as

the principal cause; but if they be not granted, you alone must expect to bear the blame from both nations. The chance of all war is uncertain; yet thus much is certain in the present,—that you, by conquering Rome, will only get the reputation of having undone your country; but if the Volscians happen to be defeated under your conduct, then the world will say that to satisfy a revengeful humor, you brought misery on your friends and patrons.”

Marcus listened to his mother while she spoke, without answering her a word; and Volumnia, seeing him stand mute also for a long time after she had ceased, resumed:—“O my son,” said she, “what is the meaning of this silence? Is it a duty to postpone everything to a sense of injuries, and wrong to gratify a mother in a request like this? Is it the characteristic of a great man to remember wrongs that have been done him, and not the part of a great and good man to remember benefits such as those that children receive from parents, and to requite them with honor and respect? You, methinks, who are so relentless in the punishment of the ungrateful, should not be more careless than others to be grateful yourself. You have punished your country already; you have not yet paid your debt to me. Nature and religion, surely, unattended by any constraint, should have won your consent to petitions so worthy and so just as these; but if it must be so, I will even use my last resource.” Having said this, she threw herself down at his feet, as did also his wife and children; upon which Marcus, crying out, “O mother! what is it you have done to me!” raised her up from the ground, and pressing her right hand with more than ordinary vehemence, “You have gained a victory,” said he, “fortunate enough for the Romans, but destructive to your son; whom you, though none else, have defeated.” After which, and a little private conference with his mother and his wife, he sent them back again to Rome, as they desired of him.

The next morning he broke up his camp, and led the Volscians homeward, variously affected with what he had done: some of them complaining of him and condemning his act; others, who were inclined to a peaceful conclusion, unfavorable to neither. A third party, while much disliking his proceedings, yet could not look upon Marcus as a treacherous person, but thought it pardonable in him to be thus shaken and driven to surrender at last under such compulsion. . . .

When Marcius came back to Antium, Tullus, who thoroughly hated and greatly feared him, proceeded at once to contrive how he might immediately dispatch him; as, if he escaped now, he was never likely to give him such another advantage. Having therefore got together and suborned several partisans against him, he required Marcius to resign his charge, and give the Volscians an account of his administration. . . .

Tullus began to dread the issue of the defense he was going to make for himself; for he was an admirable speaker, and the former services he had done the Volscians had procured and still preserved for him greater kindness than could be outweighed by any blame for his late conduct. Indeed, the very accusation itself was a proof and testimony of the greatness of his merits; since people could never have complained or thought themselves wronged because Rome was not brought into their power, but that by his means they had come so near to taking it. For these reasons the conspirators judged it prudent not to make any further delays, nor to test the general feeling; but the boldest of their faction, crying out that they ought not to listen to a traitor, nor allow him still to retain office and play the tyrant among them, fell upon Marcius in a body, and slew him there, none of those that were present offering to defend him. But it quickly appeared that the action was in no wise approved by the majority of the Volscians, who hurried out of their several cities to show respect to his corpse; to which they gave honorable interment, adorning his sepulchre with arms and trophies, as the monument of a noble hero and a famous general. When the Romans heard tidings of his death, they gave no other signification of either honor or of anger towards him, but simply granted the request of the women, that they might put themselves into mourning and bewail him for ten months, as the usage was upon the loss of a father or a son or a brother; that being the period fixed for the longest lamentation by the laws of Numa Pompilius, as is more amply told in the account of him.

Marcius was no sooner deceased but the Volscians felt the need of his assistance. They . . . were defeated by the Romans in a pitched battle, where not only Tullus lost his life, but the principal flower of their whole army was cut in pieces: so that they were forced to submit and accept of peace upon very dishonorable terms,—becoming subjects of Rome, and pledging themselves to submission.

PLUTARCH ON HIMSELF

From biography of Demosthenes, in the 'Lives of Illustrious Men.' Reprinted by permission of Little, Brown & Co., publishers.

WHETHER it was, Sosius, that wrote the poem in honor of Alcibiades, upon his winning the chariot race at the Olympian Games,—whether it were Euripides, as is most commonly thought, or some other person,—he tells us that to a man's being happy, it is in the first place requisite he should be born in "some famous city." But for him that would attain to true happiness, which for the most part is placed in the qualities and disposition of the mind, it is in my opinion of no other disadvantage to be of a mean, obscure country, than to be born of a small or plain-looking woman. For it were ridiculous to think that Iulis, a little part of Ceos, which itself is no great island, and Ægina, which an Athenian once said ought to be removed, like a small eye-sore, from the port of Piræus, should breed good actors and poets,* and yet should never be able to produce a just, temperate, wise, and high-minded man. Other arts, whose end it is to acquire riches or honor, are likely enough to wither and decay in poor and undistinguished towns; but virtue, like a strong and durable plant, may take root and thrive in any place where it can lay hold of an ingenuous nature, and a mind that is industrious. I for my part shall desire that for any deficiency of mine in right judgment or action, I myself may be as in fairness held accountable, and shall not attribute it to the obscurity of my birthplace.

But if any man undertake to write a history that has to be collected from materials gathered by observation and the reading of works not easy to be got in all places, nor written always in his own language, but many of them foreign and dispersed in other hands,—for him, undoubtedly, it is in the first place and above all things most necessary to reside in some city of good note, addicted to liberal arts, and populous; where he may have plenty of all sorts of books, and upon inquiry may hear and inform himself of such particulars as, having escaped the pens of writers, are more faithfully preserved in the memories of men, lest his work be deficient in many things, even those which it can least dispense with.

* Simonides, the lyric poet, was born at Iulis in Ceos; and Polus, the celebrated actor, was a native of Ægina.

But for me, I live in a little town, where I am willing to continue, lest it should grow less; and having had no leisure, while I was in Rome and other parts of Italy, to exercise myself in the Roman language, on account of public business and of those who came to be instructed by me in philosophy, it was very late, and in the decline of my age, before I applied myself to the reading of Latin authors. Upon which that which happened to me may seem strange, though it be true; for it was not so much by the knowledge of words that I came to the understanding of things, as by my experience of things I was enabled to follow the meaning of words. But to appreciate the graceful and ready pronunciation of the Roman tongue, to understand the various figures and connection of words, and such other ornaments in which the beauty of speaking consists, is, I doubt not, an admirable and delightful accomplishment; but it requires a degree of practice and study which is not easy, and will better suit those who have more leisure, and time enough yet before them for the occupation.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

From the 'Lives of Illustrious Men.' Reprinted with the approval of Little, Brown & Co., publishers.

WITH the better class and with all well-conducted people his [Antony's] general course of life made him, as Cicero says, absolutely odious; utter disgust being excited by his drinking bouts at all hours, his wild expenses, his gross amours, the day spent in sleeping or walking off his debauches, and the night in banquets and at theatres, and in celebrating the nuptials of some comedian or buffoon. . . .

But it was his character in calamities to be better than at any other time. Antony in misfortune was most nearly a virtuous man. It is common enough for people when they fall into great disasters to discern what is right, and what they ought to do: but there are few who in such extremities have the strength to obey their judgment, either in doing what it approves or avoiding what it condemns; and a good many are so weak as to give way to their habits all the more, and are incapable of using their minds. Antony on this occasion was a most wonderful example to his soldiers. He who had just quitted so

much luxury and sumptuous living, made no difficulty now of drinking foul water and feeding on wild fruits and roots. Nay, it is related they ate the very bark of trees; and in passing over the Alps, lived upon creatures that no one before had ever been willing to touch. . . .

Whilst Cæsar in Rome was wearing out his strength amidst seditions and wars, Antony, with nothing to do amidst the enjoyments of peace, let his passions carry him easily back to the old course of life that was familiar to him. A set of harpers and pipers, Anaxenor and Xuthus, the dancing-man Metrodorus, and a whole Bacchic rout of the like Asiatic exhibitors, far outdoing in license and buffoonery the pests that had followed out of Italy, came in and possessed the court; the thing was past patience, wealth of all kinds being wasted on objects like these. The whole of Asia was like the city in Sophocles, loaded at one time

“—with incense in the air,
Jubilant songs, and outcries of despair.”

When he made his entry into Ephesus, the women met him dressed up like Bacchantes, and the men and boys like Satyrs and Fauns; and throughout the town nothing was to be seen but spears wreathed about with ivy, harps, flutes, and psalteries, while Antony in their songs was Bacchus the Giver of Joy and the Gentle. And so indeed he was to some, but to far more the Devourer and the Savage; for he would deprive persons of worth and quality of their fortunes to gratify villains and flatterers, who would sometimes beg the estates of men yet living, pretending they were dead, and, obtaining a grant, take possession. He gave his cook the house of a Magnesian citizen, as a reward for a single highly successful supper; and at last, when he was proceeding to lay a second whole tribute on Asia, Hybreas, speaking on behalf of the cities, took courage, and told him broadly, but aptly enough for Antony's taste, “If you can take two yearly tributes, you can doubtless give us a couple of summers, and a double harvest-time:” and put it to him in the plainest and boldest way, that Asia had raised two hundred thousand talents for his service; “If this has not been paid to you, ask your collectors for it; if it has, and is all gone, we are ruined men.” These words touched Antony to the quick, he being simply ignorant of most things that were done in his name: not that he was so indolent as he was prone to trust frankly in all about him. For

there was much simplicity in his character: he was slow to see his faults, but when he did see them, was extremely repentant, and ready to ask pardon of those he had injured; prodigal in his acts of reparation, and severe in his punishments, but his generosity was much more extravagant than his severity; his raillery was sharp and insulting, but the edge of it was taken off by his readiness to submit to any kind of repartee; for he was as well contented to be rallied, as he was pleased to rally others. And this freedom of speech was indeed the cause of many of his disasters. He never imagined that those who used so much liberty in their mirth would flatter or deceive him in business of consequence; not knowing how common it is with parasites to mix their flattery with boldness, as confectioners do their sweetmeats with something biting, to prevent the sense of satiety. Their freedoms and impertinences at table were designed expressly to give to their obsequiousness in council the air of being not complaisance, but conviction.

Such being his temper, the last and crowning mischief that could befall him came in the love of Cleopatra, to awaken and kindle to fury passions that as yet lay still and dormant in his nature, and to stifle and finally corrupt any elements that yet made resistance in him, of goodness and a sound judgment. . . .

She was to meet Antony in the time of life when women's beauty is most splendid, and their intellects are in full maturity. She made great preparations for her journey, of money, gifts, and ornaments of value, such as so wealthy a kingdom might afford; but she brought with her her surest hopes in her own magic arts and charms.

She received several letters, both from Antony and from his friends, to summon her, but she took no account of these orders; and at last, as if in mockery of them, she came sailing up the river Cydnus, in a barge with gilded stern and outspread sails of purple, while oars of silver beat time to the music of flutes and fifes and harps. She herself lay all along, under a canopy of cloth of gold, dressed as Venus in a picture; and beautiful young boys, like painted Cupids, stood on each side to fan her. Her maids were dressed like Sea Nymphs and Graces, some steering at the rudder, some working at the ropes. The perfumes diffused themselves from the vessel to the shore, which was covered with multitudes, part following the galley up the river on either bank, part running out of the city to see the sight. The market-place

was quite emptied, and Antony at last was left alone sitting upon the tribunal; while the word went through all the multitude that Venus was come to feast with Bacchus, for the common good of Asia. On her arrival, Antony sent to invite her to supper. She thought it fitter he should come to her; so, willing to show his good-humor and courtesy, he complied, and went. He found the preparations to receive him magnificent beyond expression, but nothing so admirable as the great number of lights; for on a sudden there was let down altogether so great a number of branches with lights in them so ingeniously disposed, some in squares and some in circles, that the whole thing was a spectacle that has seldom been equaled for beauty.

The next day Antony invited her to supper, and was very desirous to outdo her as well in magnificence as contrivance; but he found he was altogether beaten in both, and was so well convinced of it, that he was himself the first to jest and mock at his poverty of wit and his rustic awkwardness. She, perceiving that his raillery was broad and gross, and savored more of the soldier than the courtier, rejoined in the same taste, and fell into it at once, without any sort of reluctance or reserve. For her actual beauty, it is said, was not in itself so remarkable that none could be compared with her, or that no one could see her without being struck by it: but the contact of her presence, if you lived with her, was irresistible; the attraction of her person, joining with the charm of her conversation and the character that attended all she said or did, was something bewitching. It was a pleasure merely to hear the sound of her voice, with which, like an instrument of many strings, she could pass from one language to another: so that there were few of the barbarian nations that she answered by an interpreter; to most of them she spoke herself, as to the Æthiopians, Troglodytes, Hebrews, Arabians, Syrians, Medes, Parthians, and many others, whose language she had learnt: which was all the more surprising, because most of the kings her predecessors scarcely gave themselves the trouble to acquire the Egyptian tongue, and several of them quite abandoned the Macedonian.

Antony was so captivated by her, that while Fulvia his wife maintained his quarrels in Rome against Cæsar by actual force of arms, and the Parthian troops commanded by Labienus (the king's generals having made him commander-in-chief) were assembled in Mesopotamia and ready to enter Syria, he could yet

suffer himself to be carried away by her to Alexandria, there to keep holiday like a boy in play and diversion, squandering and fooling away in enjoyments what Antiphon calls that most costly of all valuables, time. They had a sort of company, to which they gave a particular name, calling it that of the Inimitable Livers. The members entertained one another daily in turn, with an extravagance of expenditure beyond measure or belief. Philotas, a physician of Amphissa, who was at that time a student of medicine in Alexandria, used to tell my grandfather Lamprias that having some acquaintance with one of the royal cooks, he was invited by him, being a young man, to come and see the sumptuous preparations for supper. So he was taken into the kitchen, where he admired the prodigious variety of all things; but particularly, seeing eight wild boars roasting whole, says he, "Surely you have a great number of guests." The cook laughed at his simplicity, and told him there were not above twelve to sup, but that every dish was to be served up just roasted to a turn; and if anything was but one minute ill-timed, it was spoiled. "And," said he, "maybe Antony will sup just now, maybe not this hour; maybe he will call for wine, or begin to talk, and will put it off. So that," he continued, "it is not one, but many suppers must be had in readiness, as it is impossible to guess at his hour." . . .

[After the desertion of Antony's fleet and cavalry to Octavianus, and the defeat of his infantry, in the contest before Alexandria,] he retired into the city, crying out that Cleopatra had betrayed him to the enemies he had made for her sake. She, being afraid lest in his fury and despair he might do her a mischief, fled to her monument, and letting down the falling doors, which were strong with bars and bolts, she sent messengers who should tell Antony she was dead. He believing it cried out, "Now, Antony, why delay longer? Fate has snatched away the only pretext for which you could say you desired yet to live." Going into his chamber, and there loosening and opening his coat of armor, "I am not troubled, Cleopatra," said he, "to be at present bereaved of you, for I shall soon be with you; but it distresses me that so great a general should be found of a tardier courage than a woman." He had a faithful servant, whose name was Eros; he had engaged him formerly to kill him when he should think it necessary, and now he put him to his promise. Eros drew his sword, as designing to kill him, but suddenly

turning round, he slew himself. And as he fell dead at his feet, "It is well done, Eros," said Antony, "you show your master how to do what you had not the heart to do yourself:" and so he ran himself in the belly, and laid himself upon the couch. The wound, however, was not immediately mortal; and the flow of blood ceasing when he lay down, presently he came to himself, and entreated those that were about him to put him out of his pain; but they all fled out of the chamber, and left him crying out and struggling, until Diomede, Cleopatra's secretary, came to him, having orders from her to bring him into the monument

When he understood she was alive, he eagerly gave order to the servants to take him up, and in their arms was carried to the door of the building. Cleopatra would not open the door, but looking from a sort of window, she let down ropes and cords, to which Antony was fastened; and she and her two women, the only persons she had allowed to enter the monument, drew him up. Those who were present say that nothing was ever more sad than this spectacle,—to see Antony, covered all over with blood and just expiring, thus drawn up, still holding up his hands to her, and lifting up his body with the little force he had left. As indeed it was no easy task for the women; and Cleopatra, with all her force, clinging to the rope and straining with her head to the ground, with difficulty pulled him up, while those below encouraged her with their cries, and joined in all her effort and anxiety. When she had got him up, she laid him on the bed, tearing all her clothes, which she spread upon him; and beating her breasts with her hands, lacerating herself, and disfiguring her own face with the blood from his wounds, she called him her lord, her husband, her emperor, and seemed to have pretty nearly forgotten all her own evils, she was so intent upon his misfortunes. Antony, stopping her lamentations as well as he could, called for wine to drink; either that he was thirsty, or that he imagined that it might put him the sooner out of pain. When he had drunk, he advised her to bring her own affairs, so far as might be honorably done, to a safe conclusion, and that among all the friends of Cæsar, she should rely on Proculeius; that she should not pity him in this last turn of fate, but rather rejoice for him in remembrance of his past happiness, who had been of all men the most illustrious and powerful, and in the end had fallen not ignobly, a Roman by a Roman overcome. . . .

There was a young man of distinction among Cæsar's companions, named Cornelius Dolabella. He was not without a certain tenderness for Cleopatra; and sent her word privately, as she had besought him to do, that Cæsar was about to return through Syria, and that she and her children were to be sent on within three days. When she understood this, she made her request to Cæsar that he would be pleased to permit her to make oblations to the departed Antony; which being granted, she ordered herself to be carried to the place where he was buried, and there, accompanied by her women, she embraced his tomb with tears in her eyes, and spoke in this manner:—"Dearest Antony," said she, "it is not long since that with these hands I buried you: then they were free; now I am a captive, and pay these last duties to you with a guard upon me, for fear that my just griefs and sorrows should impair my servile body, and make it less fit to appear in their triumph over you. No further offerings or libations expect from me; these are the last honors that Cleopatra can pay your memory, for she is to be hurried away far from you. Nothing could part us whilst we lived, but death seems to threaten to divide us. You, a Roman born, have found a grave in Egypt; I, an Egyptian, am to seek that favor, and none but that, in your country. But if the gods below, with whom you now are, either can or will do anything (since those above have betrayed us), suffer not your living wife to be abandoned; let me not be led in triumph to your shame, but hide me and bury me here with you: since amongst all my bitter misfortunes, nothing has afflicted me like this brief time I have lived away from you."

Having made these lamentations, crowning the tomb with garlands and kissing it, she gave orders to prepare her a bath, and coming out of the bath, she lay down and made a sumptuous meal. And a country fellow brought her a little basket, which the guards intercepting and asking what it was, the fellow put the leaves which lay uppermost aside, and showed them it was full of figs; and on their admiring the largeness and beauty of the figs, he laughed, and invited them to take some, which they refused, and suspecting nothing, bade him carry them in. After her repast, Cleopatra sent to Cæsar a letter which she had written and sealed; and putting everybody out of the monument but her two women, she shut the doors. Cæsar, opening her letter, and finding pathetic prayers and entreaties that she might be buried in the same tomb with Antony, soon guessed what was

doing. At first he was going himself in all haste, but changing his mind, he sent others to see. The thing had been quickly done. The messengers came at full speed, and found the guards apprehensive of nothing; but on opening the doors, they saw her stone-dead, lying upon a bed of gold, set out in all her royal ornaments. Iras, one of her women, lay dying at her feet; and Charmion, just ready to fall, scarce able to hold up her head, was adjusting her mistress's diadem. And when one that came in said angrily, "Was this well done of your lady, Charmion?" "Extremely well," she answered, "and as became the descendant of so many kings;" and as she said this, she fell down dead by the bedside.

Some relate that an asp was brought in amongst those figs and covered with the leaves, and that Cleopatra had arranged that it might settle on her before she knew; but when she took away some of the figs and saw it, she said, "So here it is," and held out her bare arm to be bitten. Others say that it was kept in a vase, and that she vexed and pricked it with a golden spindle till it seized her arm. But what really took place is known to no one. For it was also said that she carried poison in a hollow bodkin, about which she wound her hair; yet there was not so much as a spot found, or any symptom of poison upon her body, nor was the asp seen within the monument; only something like the trail of it was said to have been noticed on the sand by the sea, on the part towards which the building faced and where the windows were. Some relate that two faint puncture-marks were found on Cleopatra's arm, and to this account Cæsar seems to have given credit; for in his triumph there was carried a figure of Cleopatra, with an asp clinging to her. Such are the various accounts. But Cæsar, though much disappointed by her death, yet could not but admire the greatness of her spirit, and gave order that her body should be buried by Antony with royal splendor and magnificence. Her women, also, received honorable burial by his directions. Cleopatra had lived nine-and-thirty years, during twenty-two of which she had reigned as queen, and for fourteen had been Antony's partner in his empire. Antony, according to some authorities, was fifty-three, according to others fifty-six years old. His statues were all thrown down, but those of Cleopatra were left untouched, for Archibius, one of her friends, gave Cæsar two thousand talents to save them from the fate of Antony's.

LETTER TO HIS WIFE ON THEIR DAUGHTER'S DEATH

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AS FOR the messenger you dispatched to tell me of the death of my little daughter, it seems he missed his way as he was going to Athens. But when I came to Tanagra, I heard of it by my niece. I suppose by this time the funeral is over. I wish that whatever has been done may create you no dissatisfaction, as well now as hereafter. But if you have designedly let anything alone, depending upon my judgment, thinking better to determine the point if I were with you, I pray let it be without ceremony and timorous superstition, which I know are far from you.

Only, dear wife, let you and me bear our affliction with patience. I know very well and do comprehend what loss we have had; but if I should find you grieve beyond measure, this would trouble me more than the thing itself. For I had my birth neither from a stock nor a stone; and you know it full well, I having been assistant to you in the education of so many children, which we brought up at home under our own care. This daughter was born after four sons, when you were longing to bear a daughter; which made me call her by your own name. Therefore I know she was particularly dear to you. And grief must have a peculiar pungency in a mind tenderly affectionate to children, when you call to mind how naturally witty and innocent she was, void of anger, and not querulous. She was naturally mild, and compassionate to a miracle. And her gratitude and kindness not only gave us delight, but also manifested her generous nature; for she would pray her nurse to give suck, not only to other children, but to her very playthings, as it were courteously inviting them to her table, and making the best cheer for them she could.

Now, my dear wife, I see no reason why these and the like things, which delighted us so much when she was alive, should upon remembrance of them afflict us when she is dead. But I also fear lest, while we cease from sorrowing, we should forget her: as Clymene said—

"I hate the handy horned bow,
And banish youthful pastimes now,"—

because she would not be put in mind of her son by the exercises he had been used to. For nature always shuns such things as are troublesome. But since our little daughter afforded all our senses the sweetest and most charming pleasure, so ought we to cherish her memory, which will conduce in many ways—or rather manyfold—more to our joy than our grief. And it is but just that the same arguments which we have oftentimes used to others should prevail upon ourselves at this so seasonable a time, and that we should not supinely sit down and overwhelm the joys which we have tasted with a multiplicity of new griefs.

Moreover, they who were present at the funeral report this with admiration,—that you neither put on mourning, nor disfigured yourself or any of your maids; neither were there any costly preparations nor magnificent pomp; but all things were managed with silence and moderation in the presence of our relatives alone. And it seems not strange to me that you, who never used richly to dress yourself for the theatre or other public solemnities, esteeming such magnificence vain and useless even in matters of delight, have now practiced frugality on this sad occasion. For a virtuous woman ought not only to preserve her purity in riotous feasts, but also to think thus with herself; that the tempest of the mind in violent grief must be calmed by patience, which does not encroach on the natural love of parents towards their children, as many think, but only struggles against the disorderly and irregular passions of the mind. For we allow this love of children to discover itself in lamenting, wishing for, and longing after them when they are dead. But the excessive inclination to grief, which carries people on to unseemly exclamations and furious behavior, is no less culpable than luxurious intemperance. Yet reason seems to plead in its excuse; because, instead of pleasure, grief and sorrow are ingredients of the crime. What can be more irrational, I pray, than to check excessive laughter and joy, and yet to give a free course to rivers of tears and sighs, which flow from the same fountain? or as some do, quarrel with their wives for using artificial helps to beauty, and in the mean time suffer them to shave their heads, wear the mournful black, sit disconsolate, and lie in pain? and (which is worst of all) if their wives at any time chastise their servants or maids immoderately, to interpose and hinder them, but at the same time suffer them to torment and punish

themselves most cruelly, in a case which peculiarly requires their greatest tenderness and humanity?

But between us, dear wife, there never was any occasion for such contests, nor I think will there ever be. For there is no philosopher of our acquaintance who is not in love with your frugality, both in apparel and diet; nor a citizen to whom the simplicity and plainness of your dress is not conspicuous, both at religious sacrifices and public shows in the theatre. Formerly also you discovered on the like occasion a great constancy of mind, when you lost your eldest son; and again when the lovely Chæron left us. For I remember, when the news was brought me of my son's death, as I was returning home with some friends and guests who accompanied me to my house, when they beheld all things in order and observed a profound silence everywhere,—as they afterwards declared to others,—they thought no such calamity had happened, but that the report was false. So discreetly had you settled the affairs of the house at that time, when no small confusion and disorder might have been expected. And yet you gave this son suck yourself, and endured the lancing of your breast, to prevent the ill effects of a contusion. These are things worthy of a generous woman, and one that loves her children.

Whereas we see most other women receive their children in their hands as playthings, with a feminine mirth and jollity; and afterwards, if they chance to die, they will drench themselves in the most vain and excessive sorrow. Not that this is any effect of their love, for that gentle passion acts regularly and discreetly; but it rather proceeds from a desire of vainglory, mixed with a little natural affection, which renders their mourning barbarous, brutish, and extravagant. Which thing Æsop knew very well, when he told the story of Jupiter's giving honors to the gods; for it seems Grief also made her demands, and it was granted that she should be honored, but only by those who were willing of their own accord to do it. And indeed, this is the beginning of sorrow. Everybody first gives her free access; and after she is once rooted and settled and become familiar, she will not be forced thence with their best endeavors. Therefore she must be resisted at her first approach: nor must we surrender the fort to her by any exterior signs, whether of apparel, or shaving the hair, or any other such-like symptoms of mournful weakness; which happening daily, and wounding us by degrees with a kind of

foolish bashfulness, at length do so enervate the mind, and reduce her to such straits, that, quite dejected and besieged with grief, the poor timorous wretch dare not be merry, or see the light, or eat and drink in company. This inconvenience is accompanied by a neglect of the body: carelessness of anointing and bathing, with whatsoever relates to the elegance of human life. Whereas on the contrary the soul, when it is disordered, ought to receive aid from the vigor of a healthful body. For the sharpest edge of the soul's grief is rebated and slacked when the body is in tranquillity and ease, like the sea in a calm. But where, from an ill course of diet, the body becomes dry and hot, so that it cannot supply the soul with commodious and serene spirits, but only breathes forth melancholy vapors and exhalations, which perpetually annoy her with grief and sadness, there it is difficult for a man (though never so willing and desirous) to recover the tranquillity of his mind, after it has been disturbed with so many evil affections.

But that which is most to be dreaded in this case does not at all affright me,—to wit, the visits of foolish women, and their accompanying you in your tears and lamentations; by which they sharpen your grief, not suffering it either of itself or by the help of others to fade and vanish away. For I am not ignorant how great a combat you lately entered, when you assisted the sister of Theon, and opposed the women who came running in with horrid cries and lamentations, bringing fuel as it were to her passion. Assuredly, when men see their neighbor's house on fire, every one contributes his utmost to quench it; but when they see the mind inflamed with furious passion, they bring fuel to nourish and increase the flame. When a man's eye is in pain, he is not suffered to touch it, though the inflammation provoke him to it; nor will they that are near him meddle with it. But he who is galled with grief sits and exposes his distemper to every one, like waters that all may poach in; and so that which at first seemed a light itching or trivial smart, by much fretting and provoking becomes a great and almost incurable disease. But I know very well that you will arm yourself against these inconveniences.

THE WIFE OF PYTHES

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IT is reported that the wife of Pythes, who lived at the time of Xerxes, was a wise and courteous woman. Pythes, as it seems, finding by chance some gold mines, and falling vastly in love with the riches got out of them, was insatiably and beyond measure exercised about them: and he brought down likewise the citizens, all of whom alike he compelled to dig or carry or refine the gold, doing nothing else; many of them dying in the work, and all being quite worn out. Their wives laid down their petition at his gate, addressing themselves to the wife of Pythes. She bade them all depart and be of good cheer; but those goldsmiths which she confided most in she required to wait upon her, and 'confining them commanded them to make up golden loaves, all sorts of junkets and summer fruits, all sorts of fish and flesh meats, in which she knew Pythes was most delighted. All things being provided, Pythes coming home then (for he happened to go a long journey) and asking for his supper, his wife set a golden table before him, having no edible food upon it, but all golden. Pythes admired the workmanship for its imitation of nature. When however he had sufficiently fed his eyes, he called in earnest for something to eat; but his wife, when he asked for any sort, brought it of gold. Whereupon being provoked, he cried out, "I am an hungered." She replied, "Thou hast made none other provisions for us: every skillful science and art being laid aside, no man works in husbandry; but neglecting sowing, planting, and tilling the ground, we delve and search for useless things, killing ourselves and our subjects." These things moved Pythes, but not so as to give over all his works about the mine; for he now commanded a fifth part of the citizens to that work, the rest he converted to husbandry and manufactures. But when Xerxes made an expedition into Greece, Pythes, being most splendid in his entertainments and presents, requested a gracious favor of the King,—that since he had many sons, one might be spared from the camp to remain with him, to cherish his old age. At which Xerxes in a rage slew this son only which he desired, and cut him in two pieces, and commanded the army to march between the two parts of the corpse. The rest he took along

with him, and all of them were slain in the wars. At which Pythes fell into a despairing condition, so that he fell under the like suffering with many wicked men and fools. He dreaded death, but was weary of his life; yea, he was willing not to live, but could not cast away his life. He had this project. There was a great mound of earth in the city, and a river running by it which they called Pythopolites. In that mound he prepared him a sepulchre, and diverted the stream so as to run just by the side of the mound, the river lightly washing the sepulchre. These things being finished, he enters into the sepulchre, committing the city and all the government thereof to his wife: commanding her not to come to him, but to send his supper daily laid on a sloop, till the sloop should pass by the sepulchre with the supper untouched; and then she should cease to send, as supposing him dead. He verily passed in this manner the rest of his life; but his wife took admirable care of the government, and brought in a reformation of all things amiss among the people.

THE TEACHING OF VIRTUE

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MEN deliberate and dispute variously concerning virtue, whether prudence and justice and the right ordering of one's life can be taught. Moreover, we marvel that the works of orators, shipmasters, musicians, carpenters, and husbandmen are infinite in number, while good men are only a name, and are talked of like centaurs, giants, and the Cyclops: and that as for any virtuous action that is sincere and unblamable, and manners that are without any touch and mixture of bad passions and affections, they are not to be found; but if nature of its own accord should produce anything good and excellent, so many things of a foreign nature mix with it (just as wild and impure productions with generous fruit) that the good is scarce discernible. Men learn to sing, dance, and read, and to be skillful in husbandry and good horsemanship; they learn how to put on their shoes and their garments; they have those that teach them

how to fill wine, and to dress and cook their meat; and none of these things can be done as they ought, unless they be instructed how to do them. And will ye say, O foolish men! that the skill of ordering one's life well (for the sake of which are all the rest) is not to be taught, but to come of its own accord, without reason and without art?

Why do we, by asserting that virtue is not to be taught, make it a thing that does not at all exist? For if by its being learned it is produced, he that hinders its being learned destroys it. And now, as Plato says, we never heard that because of a blunder in metre in a lyric song, therefore one brother made war against another, nor that it put friends at variance, nor that cities hereupon were at such enmity that they did to one another and suffered one from another the extremest injuries. Nor can any one tell us of a sedition raised in a city about the right accenting or pronouncing of a word,—as whether we are to say *Τελχίνας* or *Τέλχινας*,—nor that a difference arose in a family betwixt man and wife about the woof and the warp in cloth. Yet none will go about to weave in a loom or to handle a book or a harp, unless he has first been taught, though no great harm would follow if he did, but only the fear of making himself ridiculous (for as Heraclitus says, it is a piece of discretion to conceal one's ignorance); and yet a man without instruction presumes himself able to order a family, a wife, or a commonwealth, and to govern very well. Diogenes, seeing a youth devouring his victuals too greedily, gave his tutor a box on the ear, and that deservedly, as judging it the fault of him that had not taught, not of him that had not learned, better manners. And what! is it necessary to begin from a boy to learn how to eat and drink handsomely in company,—as Aristophanes expresses it,

“Not to devour their meat in haste, nor giggle,
Nor awkwardly their feet across to wriggle,”—

and yet are men fit to enter into the fellowship of a family, city, married estate, private conversation, or public office, and to manage it without blame, without any previous instruction concerning good behavior in conversation?

When one asked Aristippus this question, What, are you everywhere? he laughed and said, I throw away the fare of the waterman if I am everywhere. And why canst not thou also answer, that the salary given to tutors is thrown away and lost

if none are the better for their discipline and instruction? But as nurses shape and form the body of a child with their hands, so these masters, when the nurses have done with them, first receive them into their charge, in order to the forming of their manners and directing their steps into the first tracks of virtue.

THE NEED OF GOOD SCHOOLMASTERS

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WE ARE to look after such masters for our children as are blameless in their lives, not justly reprovable for their manners, and of the best experience in teaching. For the very spring and root of honesty and virtue lies in the felicity of lighting on good education. And as husbandmen are wont to set forks to prop up feeble plants, so do honest schoolmasters prop up youth by careful instructions and admonitions, that they may duly bring forth the buds of good manners. But there are certain fathers nowadays who deserve that men should spit on them in contempt, who, before making any proof of those to whom they design to commit the teaching of their children, intrust them—either through unacquaintance, or as it sometimes falls out, through bad judgment—to men of no good reputation, or it may be such as are branded with infamy. They are not altogether so ridiculous, if they offend herein through bad judgment; but it is a thing most extremely absurd, when, as oftentimes it happens, though they know and are told beforehand by those who understand better than themselves, both of the incapacity and rascality of certain schoolmasters, they nevertheless commit the charge of their children to them, sometimes overcome by their fair and flattering speeches, and sometimes prevailed on to gratify friends who entreat them. This is an error of like nature with that of the sick man who to please his friends, forbears to send for the physician that might save his life by his skill, and employs a mountebank that quickly dispatcheth him out of the world; or of him who refuses a skillful shipmaster, and then at his friend's entreaty commits the care of his vessel to one that is therein much his inferior. In the name of Jupiter and all the gods, tell me how can that man deserve

the name of a father, who is more concerned to gratify others in their requests than to have his children well educated? Or is not that rather fitly applicable to this case which Socrates, that ancient philosopher, was wont to say,—that if he could get up to the highest place in the city, he would lift up his voice and make this proclamation thence: “What mean you, fellow-citizens, that you thus turn every stone to scrape wealth together, and take so little care of your children, to whom one day you must relinquish it all?”—to which I would add this, that such parents do like him that is solicitous about his shoe, but neglects the foot that is to wear it. And yet many fathers there are, who care so much for their money and so little for their children, that lest it should cost them more than they are willing to spare to hire a good schoolmaster for them, they rather choose such persons to instruct their children as are of no worth; thereby beating down the market, that they may purchase ignorance cheap. It was therefore a witty and handsome jeer which Aristippus bestowed on a stupid father, who asked him what he would take to teach his child. He answered, a thousand drachms. Whereupon the other cried out: O Hercules, what a price you ask! for I can buy a slave at that rate. Do so, then, said the philosopher, and thou shalt have two slaves instead of one,—thy son for one, and him thou buyest for another.

MOTHERS AND NURSES

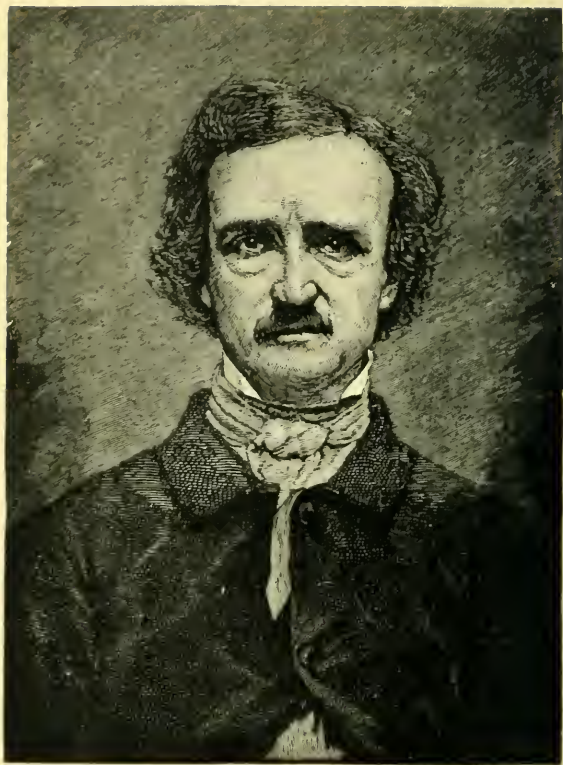
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THE next thing that falls under our consideration is the nursing of children, which in my judgment the mothers should do themselves, giving their own breasts to those they have borne. For this office will certainly be performed with more tenderness and carefulness by natural mothers; who will love their children intimately, as the saying is, from their tender nails. Whereas both wet and dry nurses who are hired, love only for their pay, and are affected to their work as ordinarily those that are substituted and deputed in the place of others are. Yea, even Nature seems to have assigned the suckling and nursing of the issue to those that bear them; for which cause she

hath bestowed upon every living creature that brings forth young, milk to nourish them withal. And in conformity thereto, Providence hath also wisely ordered that women should have two breasts, that so, if any of them should happen to bear twins, they might have two several springs of nourishment ready for them. Though if they had not that furniture, mothers would still be more kind and loving to their own children. And that not without reason; for constant feeding together is a great means to heighten the affection mutually betwixt any persons. Yea, even beasts, when they are separated from those that have grazed with them, do in their way show a longing for the absent. Wherefore, as I have said, mothers themselves should strive to the utmost to nurse their own children. But if they find it impossible to do it themselves, either because of bodily weakness (and such a case may fall out), or because they are apt to be quickly with child again, then are they to choose the honestest nurses they can get, and not to take whomsoever they have offered them. And the first thing to be looked after in this choice is, that the nurses be bred after the Greek fashion. For as it is needful that the members of children be shaped aright as soon as they are born, that they may not afterwards prove crooked and distorted, so it is no less expedient that their manners be well fashioned from the very beginning. For childhood is a tender thing, and easily wrought into any shape. Yea, and the very souls of children readily receive the impressions of those things that are dropped into them while they are yet but soft; but when they grow older they will, as all hard things are, be more difficult to be wrought upon. And as soft wax is apt to take the stamp of the seal, so are the minds of children to receive the instructions imprinted on them at that age.

All the above citations from the 'Morals' are from a translation edited by
W. W. Goodwin





EDGAR ALLAN POE

EDGAR ALLAN POE

(1809-1849)

BY FREDERIC W. H. MYERS



EDGAR ALLAN POE has on two grounds a saving claim to the inclusion of specimens of his work in an American collection of 'The World's Best Literature.' His first claim is historical; arising from his position among the earliest distinguished writers of the great American branch of English-speaking folk. "Securus judicat orbis terrarum"* may be said now by the Western as well as by the Eastern world; and a man whom the United States count among their intellectual ancestry could have no better vantage-ground for enduring fame.

Poe's second claim to representation in this world-famous group must rest mainly, I think, upon a narrow ground; namely, the strange beauty of a few lines of his verse. How strong that claim will be with true verse-lovers I must presently try to show. First, however, a few words must be said on his prose writings. Poe's historical position has been, perhaps inevitably, regarded as a reason for reprinting many volumes of his prose; but it is only on some few tales that his admirers will wish to linger. He wrote often actually for bread; often to gratify some mere personal feeling; sometimes (as in 'Eureka') with a kind of schoolboy exultation over imaginary discoveries, which adds a pang to our regret that so open and eager a spirit should have missed its proper training. With some of the tales of course the case is very different. A good many of them, indeed, are too crude, or too repulsive, or too rhetorical for our modern taste. But the best are veritable masterpieces; and have been, if not actually the prototypes, at least the most ingenious and effective models, of a whole *genre* of literature which has since sprung up in rich variety. Growing science has afforded a wider basis for these strange fantasies; and modern literary art has invested with fresh realism many a wild impossible story. But Poe's best tales show a certain intensity which perhaps no successor has reached; not only in his conception of the play of weird passions in weird environments, but in a still darker mood of mind which must keep its grim

* "The world's judgment is beyond appeal."

attractiveness so long as the mystery of the Universe shall press upon the lives of men.

Fear was the primitive temper of the human race. It lies deep in us still; and in some minds of high development the restless dread, the shuddering superstition, of the savage have been sublimed into a new kind of cosmic terror. "Je ne vois qu'Infini par toutes les fenêtres,"* said Baudelaire; and the Infinite which he felt encompassing him was nothing else than hell. Poe, whom Baudelaire admired and translated, was a man born like Baudelaire to feel this terror; born to hear—

"Time flowing in the middle of the night,
And all things moving toward a day of doom";

born to behold all sweet and sacred emotion curdling, as it were, on the temple floor into supernatural horror;

"—latices nigrescere sacros,
Fusaque in obscenum se vertere vina cruorem."†

To transmit this thrill without undue repulsion needs more of art than either Poe or Baudelaire could often give. Poe had not Baudelaire's cruel and isolating lust, but he dwelt even more than Baudelaire upon the merely loathsome; upon aspects of physical decay. "Soft may the worms about her creep!" is his requiem over a maiden motionless in death: "this cheek where the worm never dies" is his metaphor for the mourner's sorrow. Such phrases do not justify the claim sometimes made for Poe of *goût exquis*, of infallible artistic instinct. Yet this cosmic terror in the background of his thought gives to some of his prose pages a constraining power; and in some rare verses it is so fused with beauty that it enters the heart with a poignancy that is delight as well as pain.

The charm of poetry can be created for us by but few men; but Poe in a few moments was one of these few. His poems, indeed, have been very variously judged; and their merit is of a *virtuoso* type which needs special defense from those who keenly feel it.

Few verse-writers, we must at once admit, have been more barren than Poe of any serious "message"; more unequal to any "criticism of life"; narrower in range of thought, experience, emotion. Few verse-writers whom we can count as poets have left so little verse, and of that little so large a proportion which is indefensibly bad. On some dozen short pieces alone can Poe's warmest admirers rest his poetic repute. And how terribly open to criticism some of even

* "I see only the Infinite through every window."

† "To behold the sacral waters turning black, and the outpoured wine transformed into foul blood."

those pieces are! To analyze 'Ulalume,' for instance, would be like breaking a death's-head moth on the wheel. But nevertheless, a dozen solid British poets of the Southey type would to my mind be well bartered for those few lines of Poe's which after the sternest sifting must needs remain.

To justify this preference I must appeal, as I have said, to a kind of *virtuoso* standard, which is only too apt to degenerate into mere pose and affectation. But in truth, besides and apart from—if you will, below—that nobler view of poets as prophets, message-bearers, voices of the race, there does exist a very real aspect of all verse-makers as a vast band of persons playing a game something like 'Patience' *in excelsis*: a game in which words are dealt round as counters, and you have to arrange your counters in such a pattern that rivals and spectators alike shall vote you a prize; one prize only being awarded for about ten thousand competitors in the game. Poe has won a prize with a few small patterns which no one in his generation could exactly beat.

"Banners, yellow, glorious, golden,
On its roof did float and flow:—
This—all this—was in the olden
Time long ago."

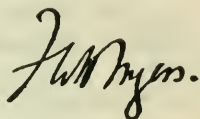
These lines contain no particular idea; and the last two of them consist literally of a story-teller's formula as old as folk-lore. But who before Poe made this egg stand on its end? What inward impulse struck the strong note of *Banners*, and marshaled those long vowels in deepening choir, and interjected the intensifying pause—*all this*, and led on through air to the melancholy *olden*, and hung in the void of an unknown eternity the diapason of *Time long ago*? Or, to take a simple test, can you quote, say, from Byron one single stanza of like haunting quality;—can you quote *many* such stanzas from whomsoever you will?

Such verbal criticism as this should not, as I have said, be pushed too far. I will conclude with the most definite praise which I can find for Poe; and this same poem, 'The Haunted Palace,' suggests the theme.

The most appealing verses of many poets have been inspired by their own life's regret or despair. Burns is at his best in his 'Epitaph,' Cowper in his 'Castaway,' Shelley in his 'Stanzas Written in Dejection,' Keats in his 'Drear-Night'd December,' Mrs. Browning in 'The Great God Pan.' In 'The Haunted Palace' Poe allegorizes the same theme. We cannot claim for Poe the gravity of Cowper, nor the manliness of Burns, nor the refinement of Mrs. Browning, nor the ethereality of Shelley, nor the loveliness of Keats. Our

sympathy, our sense of kinship, go forth to one of these other poets rather than to him. Yet to me at least none of these poems comes home so *poignantly* as Poe's; none quivers with such a sense of awful issues, of wild irreparable ill.

'Εκ μικρῶν ὀλίγιστα.* Little indeed of Poe's small poetic output can stand the test of time. Call him, if you will, the least of the immortals: but let us trust that immortal he shall be; that the ever-gathering wind which bears down to us odors of the Past shall carry always a trace of the bitter fragrance crushed out from this despairing soul.



[BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE.—Both Poe's parents were actors, and he was born while the itinerant company was playing in Boston, January 19th, 1809. Within three years both parents died, and the boy was adopted by John Allan, a merchant of Richmond, Virginia. The family lived in England from 1815 to 1820. In 1827 young Poe, after a single brilliant but disastrous year at the University of Virginia, made a still prompter failure in Mr. Allan's counting-room, deserted his too indulgent foster-parents, printed a volume of verse in Boston,—and enlisted there as a private soldier! Rising from the ranks, he in 1830 secured a cadetship at West Point. "Riding for a fall," he was dismissed for failure in his studies, March 1831.

From this time Poe led a roving and precarious life, as author and editor, in Baltimore, Richmond, and finally for the most part in New York. His intemperate habits embittered his personal quarrels and hastened his business failures. He married his cousin Virginia Clemm in 1835 or 1836. Her prolonged illness, and her death in January 1847, gave the *coup de grâce* to Poe's shattered constitution. He died forlorn in a Baltimore hospital, October 7th, 1849.

The best biography of Poe is that by Prof. George E. Woodberry in the 'American Men of Letters' Series (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston); and the authoritative and complete edition of his works is that in ten volumes, edited by Mr. E. C. Stedman and Prof. Woodberry, and published by Stone & Kimball, New York.]

*Very little even of the little.

A DESCENT INTO THE MAELSTROM

WE had now reached the summit of the loftiest crag. For some minutes the old man seemed too much exhausted to speak.

"Not long ago," said he at length, "and I could have guided you on this route as well as the youngest of my sons; but about three years past there happened to me an event such as never happened before to mortal man,—or at least such as no man ever survived to tell of,—and the six hours of deadly terror which I then endured have broken me up body and soul. You suppose me a *very* old man, but I am not. It took less than a single day to change these hairs from a jetty black to white, to weaken my limbs, and to unstring my nerves so that I tremble at the least exertion and am frightened at a shadow. Do you know I can scarcely look over this little cliff without getting giddy?"

The "little cliff," upon whose edge he had so carelessly thrown himself to rest that the weightier portion of his body hung over it, while he was only kept from falling by the tenure of his elbow on its extreme and slippery edge—this "little cliff" arose, a sheer unobstructed precipice of black shining rock, some fifteen or sixteen hundred feet from the world of crags beneath us. Nothing would have tempted me to within half a dozen yards of its brink. In truth, so deeply was I excited by the perilous position of my companion that I fell at full length upon the ground, clung to the shrubs around me, and dared not even glance upward at the sky—while I struggled in vain to divest myself of the idea that the very foundations of the mountain were in danger from the fury of the winds. It was long before I could reason myself into sufficient courage to sit up and look out into the distance.

"You must get over these fancies," said the guide; "for I have brought you here that you might have the best possible view of the scene of that event I mentioned, and to tell you the whole story with the spot just under your eye.

"We are now," he continued in that particularizing manner which distinguished him,—“we are now close upon the Norwegian coast—in the sixty-eighth degree of latitude—in the great province of Nordland—and in the dreary district of Lofoden. The mountain upon whose top we sit is Helseggen, the

Cloudy. Now raise yourself up a little higher—hold on to the grass if you feel giddy—so—and look out, beyond the belt of vapor beneath us, into the sea.”

I looked dizzily, and beheld a wide expanse of ocean whose waters wore so inky a hue as to bring at once to my mind the Nubian geographer's account of the *Mare Tenebrarum*. A panorama more deplorably desolate no human imagination can conceive. To the right and left, as far as the eye could reach, there lay outstretched, like ramparts of the world, lines of horribly black and beetling cliff, whose character of gloom was but the more forcibly illustrated by the surf which reared high up against it its white and ghastly crest, howling and shrieking forever. Just opposite the promontory upon whose apex we were placed, and at a distance of some five or six miles out at sea, there was visible a small bleak-looking island; or more properly, its position was discernible through the wilderness of surge in which it was enveloped. About two miles nearer the land arose another of smaller size, hideously craggy and barren, and encompassed at various intervals by a cluster of dark rocks.

The appearance of the ocean in the space between the more distant island and the shore had something very unusual about it. Although at the time so strong a gale was blowing landward that a brig in the remote offing lay to under a double-reefed trysail, and constantly plunged her whole hull out of sight, still there was here nothing like a regular swell, but only a short, quick, angry cross-dashing of water in every direction—as well in the teeth of the wind as otherwise. Of foam there was little except in the immediate vicinity of the rocks.

“The island in the distance,” resumed the old man, “is called by the Norwegians Vurrgh. The one midway is Moskoe. That a mile to the northward is Ambaaren. Yonder are Islesen, Hot-holm, Keildhelm, Suarven, and Buckholm. Farther off—between Moskoe and Vurrgh—are Otterholm, Flimen, Sandflesen, and Stockholm. These are the true names of the places; but why it has been thought necessary to name them at all is more than either you or I can understand. Do you hear anything? Do you see any change in the water?”

We had now been about ten minutes upon the top of Helsegen,—to which we had ascended from the interior of Lofoden, so that we had caught no glimpse of the sea until it had burst upon us from the summit. As the old man spoke I became

aware of a loud and gradually increasing sound, like the moaning of a vast herd of buffaloes upon an American prairie; and at the same moment I perceived that what seamen term the *chopping* character of the ocean beneath us was rapidly changing into a current which set to the eastward. Even while I gazed, this current acquired a monstrous velocity. Each moment added to its speed—to its headlong impetuosity. In five minutes the whole sea, as far as Vurrgh, was lashed into ungovernable fury, but it was between Moskoe and the coast that the main uproar held its sway. Here the vast bed of the waters, seamed and scarred into a thousand conflicting channels, burst suddenly into frenzied convulsion: heaving, boiling, hissing; gyrating in gigantic and innumerable vortices, and all whirling and plunging on to the eastward with a rapidity which water never elsewhere assumes, except in precipitous descents.

In a few minutes more there came over the scene another radical alteration. The general surface grew somewhat more smooth, and the whirlpools one by one disappeared, while prodigious streaks of foam became apparent where none had been seen before. These streaks, at length, spreading out to a great distance and entering into combination, took unto themselves the gyratory motion of the subsided vortices, and seemed to form the germ of another more vast. Suddenly—very suddenly—this assumed a distinct and definite existence, in a circle of more than a mile in diameter. The edge of the whirl was represented by a broad belt of gleaming spray; but no particle of this slipped into the mouth of the terrific funnel, whose interior, as far as the eye could fathom it, was a smooth, shining, and jet-black wall of water, inclined to the horizon at an angle of some forty-five degrees, speeding dizzily round and round with a swaying and sweltering motion, and sending forth to the winds an appalling voice, half shriek, half roar, such as not even the mighty cataract of Niagara ever lifts up in its agony to Heaven.

The mountain trembled to its very base, and the rock rocked. I threw myself upon my face, and clung to the scant herbage in an excess of nervous agitation.

"This," said I at length to the old man,—"*this can* be nothing else than the great whirlpool of the Maelström."

"So it is sometimes termed," said he. "We Norwegians call it the Moskoe-ström, from the island of Moskoe in the mid-way."

The ordinary accounts of this vortex had by no means prepared me for what I saw. That of Jonas Ramus, which is perhaps the most circumstantial of any, cannot impart the faintest conception either of the magnificence or of the horror of the scene, or of the wild bewildering sense of *the novel* which confounds the beholder. I am not sure from what point of view the writer in question surveyed it, nor at what time; but it could neither have been from the summit of Helseggen, nor during a storm. There are some passages of his description, nevertheless, which may be quoted for their details, although their effect is exceedingly feeble in conveying an impression of the spectacle.

"Between Lofoden and Moskoe," he says, "the depth of the water is between thirty-six and forty fathoms; but on the other side, toward Ver [Vurrgh], this depth decreases so as not to afford a convenient passage for a vessel, without the risk of splitting on the rocks, which happens even in the calmest weather. When it is flood, the stream runs up the country between Lofoden and Moskoe with a boisterous rapidity; but the roar of its impetuous ebb to the sea is scarce equaled by the loudest and most dreadful cataracts,—the noise being heard several leagues off: and the vortices or pits are of such an extent and depth, that if a ship comes within its attraction, it is inevitably absorbed and carried down to the bottom, and there beat to pieces against the rocks; and when the water relaxes, the fragments thereof are thrown up again. But these intervals of tranquillity are only at the turn of the ebb and flood, and in calm weather, and last but a quarter of an hour, its violence gradually returning. When the stream is most boisterous, and its fury heightened by a storm, it is dangerous to come within a Norway mile of it. Boats, yachts, and ships have been carried away by not guarding against it before they were within its reach. It likewise happens frequently that whales come too near the stream and are overpowered by its violence; and then it is impossible to describe their howlings and bellowings in their fruitless struggles to disengage themselves. A bear once, attempting to swim from Lofoden to Moskoe, was caught by the stream and borne down, while he roared terribly, so as to be heard on shore. Large stocks of firs and pine-trees, after being absorbed by the current, rise again broken and torn to such a degree as if bristles grew upon them. This plainly shows the bottom to consist of craggy rocks, among which they are whirled to and fro. This stream is regulated by the

flux and reflux of the sea,—it being constantly high and low water every six hours. In the year 1645, early in the morning of Sexagesima Sunday, it raged with such noise and impetuosity that the very stones of the houses on the coast fell to the ground."

In regard to the depth of the water, I could not see how this could have been ascertained at all in the immediate vicinity of the vortex. The "forty fathoms" must have reference only to portions of the channel close upon the shore either of Moskoe or Lofoden. The depth in the centre of the Moskoe-ström must be unmeasurably greater. . . . Looking down from this pinnacle upon the howling Phlegethon below, I could not help smiling at the simplicity with which the honest Jonas Ramus records, as a matter difficult of belief, the anecdotes of the whales and the bears; for it appeared to me a self-evident thing that the largest ships of the line in existence, coming within the influence of that deadly attraction, could resist it as little as a feather the hurricane, and must disappear bodily and at once.

The attempts to account for the phenomenon—some of which, I remember, seemed to me sufficiently plausible in perusal—now wore a very different and unsatisfactory aspect. The idea generally received is that this, as well as three smaller vortices among the Ferroe Islands, "have no other cause than the collision of waves rising and falling, at flux and reflux, against a ridge of rocks and shelves, which confines the water so that it precipitates itself like a cataract; and thus the higher the flood rises, the deeper must the fall be; and the natural result of all is a whirlpool or vortex, the prodigious suction of which is sufficiently known by lesser experiments." These are the words of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.' Kircher and others imagine that in the centre of the channel of the Maelstrom is an abyss penetrating the globe, and issuing in some very remote part,—the Gulf of Bothnia being somewhat decidedly named in one instance. This opinion, idle in itself, was the one to which, as I gazed, my imagination most readily assented; and mentioning it to the guide, I was rather surprised to hear him say that although it was the view almost universally entertained of the subject by the Norwegians, it nevertheless was not his own. As to the former notion, he confessed his inability to comprehend it: and here I agreed with him; for however conclusive on paper, it becomes altogether unintelligible, and even absurd, amid the thunder of the abyss.

"You have had a good look at the whirl now," said the old man; "and if you will creep round this crag, so as to get in its lee, and deaden the roar of the water, I will tell you a story that will convince you I ought to know something of the Moskoe-ström."

I placed myself as desired, and he proceeded.

"Myself and my two brothers once owned a schooner-rigged smack of about seventy tons burthen, with which we were in the habit of fishing among the islands beyond Moskoe, nearly to Vurrgh. In all violent eddies at sea there is good fishing, at proper opportunities, if one has only the courage to attempt it; but among the whole of the Lofoden coastmen, we three were the only ones who made a regular business of going out to the islands, as I tell you. The usual grounds are a great way lower down to the southward. There fish can be got at all hours, without much risk, and therefore these places are preferred. The choice spots over here among the rocks, however, not only yield the finest variety, but in far greater abundance; so that we often got in a single day what the more timid of the craft could not scrape together in a week. In fact, we made it a matter of desperate speculation: the risk of life standing instead of labor, and courage answering for capital.

"We kept the smack in a cove about five miles higher up the coast than this; and it was our practice, in fine weather, to take advantage of the fifteen minutes' slack to push across the main channel of the Moskoe-ström, far above the pool, and then drop down upon anchorage somewhere near Otterholm, or Sandflesen, where the eddies are not so violent as elsewhere. Here we used to remain until nearly time for slack water again, when we weighed and made for home. We never set out upon this expedition without a steady side wind for going and coming,—one that we felt sure would not fail us before our return; and we seldom made a miscalculation upon this point. Twice, during six years, we were forced to stay all night at anchor on account of a dead calm, which is a rare thing indeed just about here; and once we had to remain on the grounds nearly a week, starving to death, owing to a gale which blew up shortly after our arrival, and made the channel too boisterous to be thought of. Upon this occasion we should have been driven out to sea in spite of everything (for the whirlpools threw us round and round so violently, that at length we fouled our anchor and dragged it), if it had not been that we drifted into one of the

innumerable cross-currents,—here to-day and gone to-morrow,—which drove us under the lee of Flimen, where by good luck we brought up.

“I could not tell you the twentieth part of the difficulties we encountered ‘on the ground,’—it is a bad spot to be in, even in good weather: but we made shift always to run the gantlet of the Moskoe-ström itself without accident; although at times my heart has been in my mouth when we happened to be a minute or so behind or before the slack. The wind sometimes was not as strong as we thought it at starting; and then we made rather less way than we could wish, while the current rendered the smack unmanageable. My eldest brother had a son eighteen years old, and I had two stout boys of my own. These would have been of great assistance in such times, in using the sweeps as well as afterward in fishing; but somehow, although we ran the risk ourselves, we had not the heart to let the young ones get into the danger—for after all said and done, it *was* a horrible danger, and that is the truth.

“It is now within a few days of three years since what I am going to tell you occurred. It was on the 10th of July, 18—; a day which the people of this part of the world will never forget, for it was one in which blew the most terrible hurricane that ever came out of the heavens. And yet all the morning, and indeed until late in the afternoon, there was a gentle and steady breeze from the southwest, while the sun shone brightly, so that the oldest seaman among us could not have foreseen what was to follow.

“The three of us—my two brothers and myself—had crossed over to the islands about two o’clock P. M., and soon nearly loaded the smack with fine fish; which, we all remarked, were more plenty that day than we had ever known them. It was just seven, *by my watch*, when we weighed and started for home, so as to make the worst of the Ström at slack water, which we knew would be at eight.

“We set out with a fresh wind at our starboard quarter, and for some time spanked along at a great rate, never dreaming of danger; for indeed, we saw not the slightest reason to apprehend it. All at once we were taken aback by a breeze from over Helseggen. This was most unusual; something that had never happened to us: and I began to feel a little uneasy, without exactly knowing why. We put the boat on the wind, but could

make no headway at all for the eddies; and I was upon the point of proposing to return to the anchorage, when, looking astern, we saw the whole horizon covered with a singular copper-colored cloud that rose with the most amazing velocity.

"In the mean time the breeze that had headed us off fell away; and we were dead becalmed, drifting about in every direction. This state of things, however, did not last long enough to give us time to think about it. In less than a minute the storm was upon us; in less than two the sky was entirely overcast; and what with this and the driving spray, it became suddenly so dark that we could not see each other in the smack.

"Such a hurricane as then blew, it is folly to attempt to describe. The oldest seaman in Norway never experienced anything like it. We had let our sails go by the run before it cleverly took us; but at the first puff, both our masts went by the board as if they had been sawed off—the mainmast taking with it my youngest brother, who had lashed himself to it for safety.

"Our boat was the lightest feather of a thing that ever sat upon water. It had a complete flush deck, with only a small hatch near the bow; and this hatch it had always been our custom to batten down when about to cross the Ström, by way of precaution against chopping seas. But for this circumstance we should have foundered at once; for we lay entirely buried for some moments. How my elder brother escaped destruction I cannot say, for I never had an opportunity of ascertaining. For my part, as soon as I had let the foresail run, I threw myself flat on deck, with my feet against the narrow gunwale of the bow, and with my hands grasping a ring-bolt near the foot of the foremast. It was mere instinct that prompted me to do this, which was undoubtedly the very best thing I could have done; for I was too much flurried to think.

"For some moments we were completely deluged, I say; and all this time I held my breath, and clung to the bolt. When I could stand it no longer I raised myself upon my knees, still keeping hold with my hands, and thus got my head clear. Presently our little boat gave herself a shake, just as a dog does in coming out of the water, and thus rid herself in some measure of the seas. I was now trying to get the better of the stupor that had come over me, and to collect my senses so as to see what was to be done, when I felt somebody grasp my arm. It was my elder brother,—and my heart leaped for joy, for I had

made sure that he was overboard; but the next moment all this joy was turned into horror,—for he put his mouth close to my ear, and screamed out the word '*Moskoe-ström!*'

"No one will ever know what my feelings were at that moment. I shook from head to foot as if I had the most violent fit of the ague. I knew what he meant by that one word well enough—I knew what he wished to make me understand. With the wind that now drove us on, we were bound for the whirl of the Ström, and nothing could save us!

"You perceive that in crossing the Ström *channel*, we always went a long way up above the whirl, even in the calmest weather, and then had to wait and watch carefully for the slack; but now we were driving right upon the pool itself, and in such a hurricane as this! 'To be sure,' I thought, 'we shall get there just about the slack,—there is some little hope in that;'
but in the moment I cursed myself for being so great a fool as to dream of hope at all. I knew very well that we were doomed, had we been ten times a ninety-gun ship.

"By this time the first fury of the tempest had spent itself, or perhaps we did not feel it much as we scudded before it; but at all events the seas, which at first had been kept down by the wind, and lay flat and frothing, now got up into absolute mountains. A singular change, too, had come over the heavens. Around in every direction it was still as black as pitch; but nearly overhead there burst out, all at once, a circular rift of clear sky,—as clear as I ever saw, and of a deep bright blue,—and through it there blazed forth the full moon with a lustre that I never before knew her to wear. She lit up everything about us with the greatest distinctness—but O God, what a scene it was to light up!

"I now made one or two attempts to speak to my brother; but in some manner which I could not understand, the din had so increased that I could not make him hear a single word, although I screamed at the top of my voice in his ear. Presently he shook his head, looking as pale as death, and held up one of his fingers, as if to say, '*Listen!*'

"At first I could not make out what he meant; but soon a hideous thought flashed upon me. I dragged my watch from its fob. It was not going. I glanced at its face by the moonlight, and then burst into tears as I flung it far away into the ocean. *It had run down at seven o'clock! We were behind the time of the slack, and the whirl of the Ström was in full fury!*

"When a boat is well built, properly trimmed, and not deep laden, the waves in a strong gale, when she is going large, seem always to slip from beneath her—which appears very strange to a landsman; and this is what is called *riding*, in sea phrase.

"Well, so far we had ridden the swells very cleverly; but presently a gigantic sea happened to take us right under the counter, and bore us with it as it rose—up—up—as if into the sky. I would not have believed that any wave could rise so high. And then down we came with a sweep, a slide, and a plunge, that made me feel sick and dizzy, as if I was falling from some lofty mountain-top in a dream. But while we were up I had thrown a quick glance around; and that one glance was all-sufficient. I saw our exact position in an instant. The Moskoe-ström whirlpool was about a quarter of a mile dead ahead; but no more like the every-day Moskoe-ström, than the whirl as you now see it is like a mill-race. If I had not known where we were, and what we had to expect, I should not have recognized the place at all. As it was, I involuntarily closed my eyes in horror. The lids clenched themselves together as if in a spasm.

"It could not have been more than two minutes afterward until we suddenly felt the waves subside, and were enveloped in foam. The boat made a sharp half-turn to larboard, and then shot off in its new direction like a thunderbolt. At the same moment the roaring noise of the water was completely drowned in a kind of shrill shriek; such a sound as you might imagine given out by the water pipes of many thousand steam-vessels, letting off their steam all together. We were now in the belt of surf that always surrounds the whirl; and I thought, of course, that another moment would plunge us into the abyss—down which we could only see indistinctly on account of the amazing velocity with which we were borne along. The boat did not seem to sink into the water at all, but to skim like an air bubble upon the surface of the surge. Her starboard side was next the whirl, and on the larboard arose the world of ocean we had left. It stood like a huge writhing wall between us and the horizon.

"It may appear strange,—but now, when we were in the very jaws of the gulf, I felt more composed than when we were only approaching it. Having made up my mind to hope no more, I got rid of a great deal of that terror which unmanned me at first. I suppose it was despair that strung my nerves.

"It may look like boasting, but what I tell you is truth: I began to reflect how magnificent a thing it was to die in such a

manner, and how foolish it was in me to think of so paltry a consideration as my own individual life, in view of so wonderful a manifestation of God's power. I do believe that I blushed with shame when this idea crossed my mind. After a little while I became possessed with the keenest curiosity about the whirl itself. I positively felt a *wish* to explore its depths, even at the sacrifice I was going to make; and my principal grief was that I should never be able to tell my old companions on shore about the mysteries I should see. These, no doubt, were singular fancies to occupy a man's mind in such extremity—and I have often thought since that the revolutions of the boat around the pool might have rendered me a little light-headed.

"There was another circumstance which tended to restore my self-possession; and this was the cessation of the wind, which could not reach us in our present situation—for as you saw yourself, the belt of surf is considerably lower than the general bed of the ocean, and this latter now towered above us, a high, black, mountainous ridge. If you have never been at sea in a heavy gale, you can form no idea of the confusion of mind occasioned by the wind and spray together. They blind, deafen, and strangle you, and take away all power of action or reflection. But we were now, in a great measure, rid of these annoyances; just as death-condemned felons in prison are allowed petty indulgences, forbidden them while their doom is yet uncertain.

"How often we made the circuit of the belt it is impossible to say. We careered round and round for perhaps an hour, flying rather than floating, getting gradually more and more into the middle of the surge, and then nearer and nearer to its horrible inner edge. All this time I had never let go of the ring-bolt. My brother was at the stern, holding on to a small empty water cask which had been securely lashed under the coop of the counter, and was the only thing on deck that had not been swept overboard when the gale first took us. As we approached the brink of the pit, he let go his hold upon this and made for the ring, from which in the agony of his terror he endeavored to force my hands, as it was not large enough to afford us both a secure grasp. I never felt deeper grief than when I saw him attempt this act, although I knew he was a madman when he did it—a raving maniac through sheer fright. I did not care, however, to contest the point with him. I knew it could make no difference whether either of us held on at all; so I let him have

the bolt, and went astern to the cask. This there was no great difficulty in doing; for the smack flew round steadily enough, and upon an even keel—only swaying to and fro with the immense sweeps and swelters of the whirl. Scarcely had I secured myself in my new position when we gave a wild lurch to starboard and rushed headlong into the abyss. I muttered a hurried prayer to God, and thought all was over.

“As I felt the sickening sweep of the descent, I had instinctively tightened my hold upon the barrel and closed my eyes. For some seconds I dared not open them; while I expected instant destruction, and wondered that I was not already in my death-struggles with the water. But moment after moment elapsed. I still lived. The sense of falling had ceased; and the motion of the vessel seemed much as it had been before while in the belt of foam, with the exception that she now lay more along. I took courage, and looked once again upon the scene.

“Never shall I forget the sensation of awe, horror, and admiration with which I gazed about me. The boat appeared to be hanging, as if by magic, midway down upon the interior surface of a funnel vast in circumference, prodigious in depth, and whose perfectly smooth sides might have been mistaken for ebony but for the bewildering rapidity with which they spun around, and for the gleaming and ghastly radiance they shot forth as the rays of the full moon, from that circular rift amid the clouds which I have already described, streamed in a flood of golden glory along the black walls and far away down into the inmost recesses of the abyss.

“At first I was too much confused to observe anything accurately. The general burst of terrific grandeur was all that I beheld. When I recovered myself a little, however, my gaze fell instinctively downward. In this direction I was able to obtain an unobstructed view, from the manner in which the smack hung on the inclined surface of the pool. She was quite upon an even keel,—that is to say, her deck lay in a plane parallel with that of the water; but this latter sloped at an angle of more than forty-five degrees, so that we seemed to be lying upon our beam ends. I could not help observing, nevertheless, that I had scarcely more difficulty in maintaining my hold and footing in this situation than if we had been upon a dead level; and this, I suppose, was owing to the speed at which we revolved.

"The rays of the moon seemed to search the very bottom of the profound gulf; but still I could make out nothing distinctly, on account of a thick mist in which everything there was enveloped, and over which there hung a magnificent rainbow, like that narrow and tottering bridge which Mussulmans say is the only pathway between Time and Eternity. This mist, or spray, was no doubt occasioned by the clashing of the great walls of the funnel, as they all met together at the bottom, but the yell that went up to the heavens from out of that mist, I dare not attempt to describe.

"Our first slide into the abyss itself, from the belt of foam above, had carried us to a great distance down the slope; but our further descent was by no means proportionate. Round and round we swept; not with any uniform movement, but in dizzying swings and jerks, that sent us sometimes only a few hundred yards, sometimes nearly the complete circuit of the whirl. Our progress downward, at each revolution, was slow but very perceptible.

"Looking about me upon the wide waste of liquid ebony on which we were thus borne, I perceived that our boat was not the only object in the embrace of the whirl. Both above and below us were visible fragments of vessels, large masses of building timber and trunks of trees, with many smaller articles, such as pieces of house furniture, broken boxes, barrels, and staves. I have already described the unnatural curiosity which had taken the place of my original terrors. It appeared to grow upon me as I drew nearer and nearer to my dreadful doom. I now began to watch, with a strange interest, the numerous things that floated in our company. I *must* have been delirious, for I even sought *amusement* in speculating upon the relative velocities of their several descents toward the foam below. 'This fir-tree,' I found myself at one time saying, 'will certainly be the next thing that takes the awful plunge and disappears;' and then I was disappointed to find that the wreck of a Dutch merchant ship overtook it and went down before. At length, after making several guesses of this nature, and being deceived in all,—this fact, the fact of my invariable miscalculation, set me upon a train of reflection that made my limbs again tremble, and my heart beat heavily once more.

"It was not a new terror that thus affected me, but the dawn of a more exciting *hope*. This hope arose partly from memory,

and partly from present observation. I called to mind the great variety of buoyant matter that strewed the coast of Lofoden, having been absorbed and then thrown forth by the Moskoe-ström. By far the greater number of the articles were shattered in the most extraordinary way,—so chafed and roughened as to have the appearance of being stuck full of splinters; but then I distinctly recollected that there were *some* of them which were not disfigured at all. Now, I could not account for this difference except by supposing that the roughened fragments were the only ones which had been *completely absorbed*; that the others had entered the whirl at so late a period of the tide, or from some reason had descended so slowly after entering, that they did not reach the bottom before the turn of the flood came,—or of the ebb, as the case might be. I conceived it possible, in either instance, that they might be thus whirled up again to the level of the ocean without undergoing the fate of those which had been drawn in more early or absorbed more rapidly. I made also three important observations. The first was, that as a general rule, the larger the bodies were, the more rapid their descent; the second, that between two masses of equal extent, the one spherical and the other *of any other shape*, the superiority in speed of descent was with the sphere; the third, that between two masses of equal size, the one cylindrical, and the other of any other shape, the cylinder was absorbed the more slowly. Since my escape I have had several conversations on this subject with an old schoolmaster of the district; and it was from him that I learned the use of the words 'cylinder' and 'sphere.' He explained to me—although I have forgotten the explanation—how what I observed was in fact the natural consequence of the forms of the floating fragments; and showed me how it happened that a cylinder, swimming in a vortex, offered more resistance to its suction, and was drawn in with greater difficulty, than an equally bulky body of any form whatever.

"There was one startling circumstance which went a great way in enforcing these observations, and rendering me anxious to turn them to account: and this was, that at every revolution we passed something like a barrel, or else the yard or the mast of the vessel; while many of those things which had been on our level when I first opened my eyes upon the wonders of the whirlpool, were now high up above us, and seemed to have moved but little from their original station.

"I no longer hesitated what to do. I resolved to lash myself securely to the water cask upon which I now held, to cut it loose from the counter, and to throw myself with it into the water. I attracted my brother's attention by signs, pointed to the floating barrels that came near us, and did everything in my power to make him understand what I was about to do. I thought at length that he comprehended my design; but whether this was the case or not, he shook his head despairingly, and refused to move from his station by the ringbolt. It was impossible to reach him; the emergency admitted of no delay: and so with a bitter struggle I resigned him to his fate, fastened myself to the cask by means of the lashings which secured it to the counter, and precipitated myself with it into the sea, without another moment's hesitation.

"The result was precisely what I had hoped it might be. As it is myself who now tell you this tale,—as you see that I *did* escape, and as you are already in possession of the mode in which this escape was effected, and must therefore anticipate all that I have further to say, I will bring my story quickly to conclusion. It might have been an hour or thereabout after my quitting the smack, when, having descended to a vast distance beneath me, it made three or four wild gyrations in rapid succession, and bearing my loved brother with it, plunged headlong, at once and forever, into the chaos of foam below. The barrel to which I was attached sunk very little farther than half the distance between the bottom of the gulf and the spot at which I leaped overboard, before a great change took place in the character of the whirlpool. The slope of the sides of the vast funnel became momentarily less and less steep. The gyrations of the whirl grew gradually less and less violent. By degrees the froth and the rainbow disappeared, and the bottom of the gulf seemed slowly to uprise. The sky was clear, the winds had gone down, and the full moon was setting radiantly in the west, when I found myself on the surface of the ocean, in full view of the shores of Lofoden, and above the spot where the pool of the Moskoe-ström *had been*. It was the hour of the slack; but the sea still heaved in mountainous waves from the effects of the hurricane. I was borne violently into the channel of the Ström, and in a few minutes was hurried down the coast into the 'grounds' of the fishermen. A boat picked me up,—exhausted from fatigue, and (now that the danger was removed)

speechless from the memory of its horror. Those who drew me on board were my old mates and daily companions; but they knew me no more than they would have known a traveler from the spirit-land. My hair, which had been raven-black the day before, was as white as you see it now. They say too that the whole expression of my countenance had changed. I told them my story; they did not believe it. I now tell it to *you*; and I can scarcely expect you to put more faith in it than did the merry fishermen of Lofoden."

THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER

Son cœur est un luth suspendu;
Sitôt qu'on le touche il résonne.

—DE BÉRANGER.

DURING the whole of a dull, dark, and soundless day in the autumn of the year, when the clouds hung oppressively low in the heavens, I had been passing alone, on horseback, through a singularly dreary tract of country; and at length found myself, as the shades of evening drew on, within view of the melancholy House of Usher. I know not how it was, but with the first glimpse of the building a sense of insufferable gloom pervaded my spirit. I say insufferable; for the feeling was unrelieved by any of that half pleasurable, because poetic, sentiment with which the mind usually receives even the sternest natural images of the desolate or terrible. I looked upon the scene before me—upon the mere house, and the simple landscape features of the domain, upon the bleak walls, upon the vacant eye-like windows, upon a few rank sedges, and upon a few white trunks of decayed trees—with an utter depression of soul, which I can compare to no earthly sensation more properly than to the after-dream of the reveler upon opium—the bitter lapse into every-day life—the hideous dropping of the veil. There was an iciness, a sinking, a sickening of the heart—an unredeemed dreariness of thought which no goading of the imagination could torture into aught of the sublime. What was it, I paused to think,—what was it that so unnerved me in the contemplation of the House of Usher? It was a mystery all insoluble; nor could I grapple with the shadowy fancies that crowded upon me

as I pondered. I was forced to fall back upon the unsatisfactory conclusion, that while beyond doubt there *are* combinations of very simple natural objects which have the power of thus affecting us, still the analysis of this power lies among considerations beyond our depth. It was possible, I reflected, that a mere different arrangement of the particulars of the scene,—of the details of the picture,—would be sufficient to modify, or perhaps to annihilate, its capacity for sorrowful impression; and acting upon this idea, I reined my horse to the precipitous brink of a black and lurid tarn that lay in unruffled lustre by the dwelling, and gazed down—but with a shudder more thrilling than before—upon the remodeled and inverted images of the gray sedge, and the ghastly tree-stems, and the vacant and eye-like windows.

Nevertheless, in this mansion of gloom I now proposed to myself a sojourn of some weeks. Its proprietor, Roderick Usher, had been one of my boon companions in boyhood; but many years had elapsed since our last meeting. A letter, however, had lately reached me in a distant part of the country—a letter from him—which in its wildly importunate nature had admitted of no other than a personal reply. The MS. gave evidence of nervous agitation. The writer spoke of acute bodily illness; of a mental disorder which oppressed him; and of an earnest desire to see me, as his best and indeed his only personal friend, with a view of attempting, by the cheerfulness of my society, some alleviation of his malady. It was the manner in which all this, and much more, was said,—it was the apparent *heart* that went with his request,—which allowed me no room for hesitation; and I accordingly obeyed forthwith what I still considered a very singular summons.

Although as boys we had been even intimate associates, yet I really knew little of my friend. His reserve had been always excessive and habitual. I was aware, however, that his very ancient family had been noted, time out of mind, for a peculiar sensibility of temperament; displaying itself through long ages in many works of exalted art, and manifested of late in repeated deeds of munificent yet unobtrusive charity, as well as in a passionate devotion to the intricacies, perhaps even more than to the orthodox and easily recognizable beauties, of musical science. I had learned too the very remarkable fact that the stem of the Usher race, all time-honored as it was, had put forth at no period

any enduring branch; in other words, that the entire family lay in the direct line of descent, and had always, with very trifling and very temporary variation, so lain. It was this deficiency, I considered, while running over in thought the perfect keeping of the character of the premises with the accredited character of the people, and while speculating upon the possible influence which the one, in the long lapse of centuries, might have exercised upon the other,—it was this deficiency perhaps of collateral issue, and the consequent undeviating transmission from sire to son of the patrimony with the name, which had at length so identified the two as to merge the original title of the estate in the quaint and equivocal appellation of the “House of Usher,”—an appellation which seemed to include, in the minds of the peasantry who used it, both the family and the family mansion.

I have said that the sole effect of my somewhat childish experiment—that of looking down within the tarn—had been to deepen the first singular impression. There can be no doubt that the consciousness of the rapid increase of my superstition—for why should I not so term it?—served mainly to accelerate the increase itself. Such, I have long known, is the paradoxical law of all sentiments having terror as a basis. And it might have been for this reason only, that when I again uplifted my eyes to the house itself from its image in the pool, there grew in my mind a strange fancy; a fancy so ridiculous, indeed, that I but mention it to show the vivid force of the sensations which oppressed me. I had so worked upon my imagination as really to believe that about the whole mansion and domain there hung an atmosphere peculiar to themselves and their immediate vicinity; an atmosphere which had no affinity with the air of heaven, but which had reeked up from the decayed trees, and the gray wall, and the silent tarn; a pestilent and mystic vapor, dull, sluggish, faintly discernible, and leaden-hued.

Shaking off from my spirit what *must* have been a dream, I scanned more narrowly the real aspect of the building. Its principal feature seemed to be that of an excessive antiquity. The discoloration of ages had been great. Minute fungi overspread the whole exterior, hanging in a fine tangled web-work from the eaves. Yet all this was apart from any extraordinary dilapidation. No portion of the masonry had fallen; and there appeared to be a wild inconsistency between its still perfect adaptation of parts and the crumbling condition of the individual

stones. In this there was much that reminded me of the specious totality of old woodwork which had rotted for long years in some neglected vault, with no disturbance from the breath of the external air. Beyond this indication of extensive decay, however, the fabric gave little token of instability. Perhaps the eye of a scrutinizing observer might have discovered a barely perceptible fissure, which, extending from the roof of the building in front, made its way down the wall in a zigzag direction, until it became lost in the sullen waters of the tarn.

Noticing these things, I rode over a short causeway to the house. A servant in waiting took my horse, and I entered the Gothic archway of the hall. A valet of stealthy step thence conducted me, in silence, through many dark and intricate, passages in my progress to the studio of his master. Much that I encountered on the way contributed, I know not how, to heighten the vague sentiments of which I have already spoken. While the objects around me—while the carvings of the ceilings, the sombre tapestries of the walls, the ebon blackness of the floors, and the phantasmagoric armorial trophies which rattled as I strode, were but matters to which, or to such as which, I had been accustomed from my infancy,—while I hesitated not to acknowledge how familiar was all this,—I still wondered to find how unfamiliar were the fancies which ordinary images were stirring up. On one of the staircases I met the physician of the family. His countenance, I thought, wore a mingled expression of low cunning and perplexity. He accosted me with trepidation and passed on. The valet now threw open a door and ushered me into the presence of his master.

The room in which I found myself was very large and lofty. The windows were long, narrow, and pointed, and at so vast a distance from the black oaken floor as to be altogether inaccessible from within. Feeble gleams of encrimsoned light made their way through the trellised panes, and served to render sufficiently distinct the more prominent objects around; the eye, however, struggled in vain to reach the remoter angles of the chamber, or the recesses of the vaulted and fretted ceiling. Dark draperies hung upon the walls. The general furniture was profuse, comfortless, antique, and tattered. Many books and musical instruments lay scattered about, but failed to give any vitality to the scene. I felt that I breathed an atmosphere of sorrow. An air of stern, deep, and irredeemable gloom hung over and pervaded all.

Upon my entrance, Usher arose from a sofa on which he had been lying at full length, and greeted me with a vivacious warmth which had much in it, I at first thought, of an overdone cordiality,—of the constrained effort of the *ennuyé* man of the world. A glance, however, at his countenance, convinced me of his perfect sincerity. We sat down; and for some moments, while he spoke not, I gazed upon him with a feeling half of pity, half of awe. Surely, man had never before so terribly altered, in so brief a period, as had Roderick Usher! It was with difficulty that I could bring myself to admit the identity of the wan being before me with the companion of my early boyhood. Yet the character of his face had been at all times remarkable. A cadaverousness of complexion; an eye large, liquid, and luminous beyond comparison; lips somewhat thin and very pallid, but of a surpassingly beautiful curve; a nose of a delicate Hebrew model, but with a breadth of nostril unusual in similar formations; a finely molded chin, speaking, in its want of prominence, of a want of moral energy; hair of a more than web-like softness and tenuity,—these features, with an inordinate expansion above the regions of the temple, made up altogether a countenance not easily forgotten. And now in the mere exaggeration of the prevailing character of these features, and of the expression they were wont to convey, lay so much of change that I doubted to whom I spoke. The now ghastly pallor of the skin, and the now miraculous lustre of the eye, above all things startled and even awed me. The silken hair, too, had been suffered to grow all unheeded; and as in its wild gossamer texture it floated rather than fell about the face, I could not, even with effort, connect its arabesque expression with any idea of simple humanity.

In the manner of my friend I was at once struck with an incoherence—an inconsistency; and I soon found this to arise from a series of feeble and futile struggles to overcome a habitual trepidancy—an excessive nervous agitation. For something of this nature I had indeed been prepared, no less by his letter than by reminiscences of certain boyish traits, and by conclusions deduced from his peculiar physical conformation and temperament. His action was alternately vivacious and sullen. His voice varied rapidly from a tremulous indecision (when the animal spirits seemed utterly in abeyance) to that species of energetic concision—that abrupt, weighty, unhurried, and hollow-

sounding enunciation—that leaden, self-balanced, and perfectly modulated guttural utterance, which may be observed in the lost drunkard, or the irreclaimable eater of opium, during the periods of his most intense excitement.

It was thus that he spoke of the object of my visit, of his earnest desire to see me, and of the solace he expected me to afford him. He entered at some length into what he conceived to be the nature of his malady. It was, he said, a constitutional and a family evil, and one for which he despaired to find a remedy;—a mere nervous affection, he immediately added, which would undoubtedly soon pass off. It displayed itself in a host of unnatural sensations. Some of these, as he detailed them, interested and bewildered me; although perhaps the terms and the general manner of the narration had their weight. He suffered much from a morbid acuteness of the senses: the most insipid food was alone endurable; he could wear only garments of certain texture; the odors of all flowers were oppressive; his eyes were tortured by even a faint light; and there were but peculiar sounds, and these from stringed instruments, which did not inspire him with horror.

To an anomalous species of terror I found him a bounden slave. “I shall perish,” said he, “I *must* perish, in this deplorable folly. Thus, thus, and not otherwise, shall I be lost. I dread the events of the future, not in themselves, but in their results. I shudder at the thought of any, even the most trivial, incident which may operate upon this intolerable agitation of soul. I have indeed no abhorrence of danger, except in its absolute effect,—in terror. In this unnerved—in this pitiable condition, I feel that the period will sooner or later arrive when I must abandon life and reason together, in some struggle with the grim phantasm, FEAR.”

I learned moreover at intervals, and through broken and equivocal hints, another singular feature of his mental condition. He was enchained by certain superstitious impressions in regard to the dwelling which he tenanted, and whence for many years he had never ventured forth—in regard to an influence whose supposititious force was conveyed in terms too shadowy here to be restated—an influence which some peculiarities in the mere form and substance of his family mansion had (by dint of long suffering, he said) obtained over his spirit—an effect which the *physique* of the gray walls and turrets, and of the dim tarn into

which they all looked down, had at length brought about upon the *morale* of his existence.

He admitted, however, although with hesitation, that much of the peculiar gloom which thus afflicted him could be traced to a more natural and far more palpable origin; to the severe and long-continued illness—indeed, to the evidently approaching dissolution—of a tenderly beloved sister, his sole companion for long years, his last and only relative on earth. “Her decease,” he said, with a bitterness which I can never forget, “would leave him (him the hopeless and the frail) the last of the ancient race of the Ushers.” While he spoke, the lady Madeline (for so was she called) passed slowly through a remote portion of the apartment, and without having noticed my presence, disappeared. I regarded her with an utter astonishment not unmingled with dread; and yet I found it impossible to account for such feelings. A sensation of stupor oppressed me, as my eyes followed her retreating steps. When a door at length closed upon her, my glance sought instinctively and eagerly the countenance of the brother; but he had buried his face in his hands, and I could only perceive that a far more than ordinary wanness had overspread the emaciated fingers through which trickled many passionate tears.

The disease of the lady Madeline had long baffled the skill of her physicians. A settled apathy, a gradual wasting away of the person, and frequent although transient affections of a partially cataleptical character, were the usual diagnosis. Hitherto she had steadily borne up against the pressure of her malady, and had not betaken herself finally to bed; but on the closing in of the evening of my arrival at the house, she succumbed (as her brother told me at night with inexpressible agitation) to the prostrating power of the destroyer; and I learned that the glimpse I had obtained of her person would thus probably be the last I should obtain—that the lady, at least while living, would be seen by me no more.

For several days ensuing, her name was unmentioned by either Usher or myself; and during this period I was busied in earnest endeavors to alleviate the melancholy of my friend. We painted and read together; or I listened, as if in a dream, to the wild improvisations of his speaking guitar. And thus, as a closer and still closer intimacy admitted me more unreservedly into the recesses of his spirit, the more bitterly did I perceive the futility

of all attempts at cheering a mind from which darkness, as if an inherent positive quality, poured forth upon all objects of the moral and physical universe, in one unceasing radiation of gloom.

I shall ever bear about me a memory of the many solemn hours I thus spent alone with the master of the House of Usher. Yet I should fail in any attempt to convey an idea of the exact character of the studies or of the occupations in which he involved me, or led me the way. An excited and highly distempered ideality threw a sulphurous lustre over all. His long improvised dirges will ring forever in my ears. Among other things, I hold painfully in mind a certain singular perversion and amplification of the wild air of the last waltz of Von Weber. From the paintings over which his elaborate fancy brooded, and which grew, touch by touch, into vaguenesses at which I shuddered,—the more thrillingly because I shuddered knowing not why; from these paintings (vivid as their images now are before me) I would in vain endeavor to educe more than a small portion which should lie within the compass of merely written words. By the utter simplicity, by the nakedness of his designs, he arrested and overawed attention. If ever mortal painted an idea, that mortal was Roderick Usher. For me at least—in the circumstances then surrounding me—there arose out of the pure abstractions which the hypochondriac contrived to throw upon his canvas, an intensity of intolerable awe, no shadow of which felt I ever yet in the contemplation of the certainly glowing yet too concrete reveries of Fuseli.

One of the phantasmagoric conceptions of my friend, partaking not so rigidly of the spirit of abstraction, may be shadowed forth, although feebly, in words. A small picture presented the interior of an immensely long and rectangular vault or tunnel, with low walls, smooth, white, and without interruption or device. Certain accessory points of the design served well to convey the idea that this excavation lay at an exceeding depth below the surface of the earth. No outlet was observed in any portion of its vast extent, and no torch or other artificial source of light was discernible; yet a flood of intense rays rolled throughout, and bathed the whole in a ghastly and inappropriate splendor.

I have just spoken of that morbid condition of the auditory nerve which rendered all music intolerable to the sufferer, with the exception of certain effects of stringed instruments. It was

perhaps the narrow limits to which he thus confined himself upon the guitar, which gave birth, in great measure, to the fantastic character of his performances. But the fervid *facility* of his impromptus could not be so accounted for. They must have been, and were, in the notes as well as in the words of his wild fantasias (for he not unfrequently accompanied himself with rhymed verbal improvisations), the result of that intense mental collectedness and concentration to which I have previously alluded as observable only in particular moments of the highest artificial excitement. The words of one of these rhapsodies I have easily remembered. I was perhaps the more forcibly impressed with it as he gave it, because in the under or mystic current of its meaning I fancied that I perceived, and for the first time, a full consciousness on the part of Usher of the tottering of his lofty reason upon her throne. The verses, which were entitled 'The Haunted Palace,' ran very nearly, if not accurately, thus:—

IN THE greenest of our valleys,
By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace—
Radiant palace—reared its head.
In the monarch Thought's dominion—
It stood there!
Never seraph spread a pinion
Over fabric half so fair.

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
On its roof did float and flow;
(This—all this—was in the olden
Time long ago;)
And every gentle air that dallied,
In that sweet day,
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
A wingèd odor went away.

Wanderers in that happy valley
Through two luminous windows saw
Spirits moving musically
To a lute's well-tunèd law,
Round about a throne, where sitting
(Porphyrogene!)
In state his glory well befitting,
The ruler of the realm was seen.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing
Was the fair palace door,
Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing,
And sparkling evermore,
A troop of Echoes whose sweet duty
Was but to sing,
In voices of surpassing beauty,
The wit and wisdom of their king.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
Assailed the monarch's high estate;
(Ah, let us mourn, for never morrow
Shall dawn upon him, desolate!)

And round about his home, the glory
That blushed and bloomed
Is but a dim remembered story
Of the old time entombed.

And travelers now within that valley,
Through the red-litten windows, see
Vast forms that move fantastically
To a discordant melody;
While like a rapid, ghastly river,
Through the pale door,
A hideous throng rush out forever,
And laugh—but smile no more.

I well remember that suggestions arising from this ballad led us into a train of thought wherein there became manifest an opinion of Usher's, which I mention not so much on account of its novelty (for other men have thought thus) as on account of the pertinacity with which he maintained it. This opinion, in its general form, was that of the sentience of all vegetable things. But in his disordered fancy, the idea had assumed a more daring character, and trespassed, under certain conditions, upon the kingdom of inorganization. I lack words to express the full extent or the earnest *abandon* of his persuasion. The belief, however, was connected (as I have previously hinted) with the gray stones of the home of his forefathers. The conditions of the sentience had been here, he imagined, fulfilled in the method of collocation of these stones; in the order of their arrangement, as well as in that of the many fungi which overspread them, and of the decayed trees which stood around; above all, in the long-

undisturbed endurance of this arrangement, and in its reduplication in the still waters of the tarn. Its evidence—the evidence of the sentence—was to be seen, he said (and I here started as he spoke), in the gradual yet certain condensation of an atmosphere of their own about the waters and the walls. The result was discoverable, he added, in that silent yet importunate and terrible influence which for centuries had molded the destinies of his family, and which made *him* what I now saw him—what he was. Such opinions need no comment, and I will make none.

Our books—the books which for years had formed no small portion of the mental existence of the invalid—were, as might be supposed, in strict keeping with this character of phantasm. We pored together over such works as the ‘*Ververt et Char treuse*’ of Gresset; the ‘*Belphegor*’ of Machiavelli; the ‘*Heaven and Hell*’ of Swedenborg; the ‘*Subterranean Voyage of Nicholas Klim,*’ by Holberg; the ‘*Chiromancy*’ of Robert Flud, of Jean D’Indaginé, and of De la Chambre; the ‘*Journey into the Blue Distance*’ of Tieck; and the ‘*City of the Sun*’ of Campanella. One favorite volume was a small octavo edition of the ‘*Directorium Inquisitorium,*’ by the Dominican Eymeric de Gironne; and there were passages in Pomponius Mela, about the old African Satyrs and Ægipans, over which Usher would sit dreaming for hours. His chief delight, however, was found in the perusal of an exceedingly rare and curious book in quarto Gothic,—the manual of a forgotten church,—the ‘*Vigiliæ Mortuorum secundum Chorum Ecclesiæ Maguntinæ.*’

I could not help thinking of the wild ritual of this work, and of its probable influence upon the hypochondriac, when one evening, having informed me abruptly that the lady Madeline was no more, he stated his intention of preserving her corpse for a fortnight (previously to its final interment) in one of the numerous vaults within the main walls of the building. The worldly reason, however, assigned for this singular proceeding, was one which I did not feel at liberty to dispute. The brother had been led to his resolution (so he told me) by consideration of the unusual character of the malady of the deceased, of certain obtrusive and eager inquiries on the part of her medical man, and of the remote and exposed situation of the burial-ground of the family. I will not deny that when I called to mind the sinister countenance of the person whom I met upon the staircase, on

the day of my arrival at the house, I had no desire to oppose what I regarded as at best but a harmless, and by no means an unnatural, precaution.

At the request of Usher, I personally aided him in the arrangements for the temporary entombment. The body having been encoffined, we two alone bore it to its rest. The vault in which we placed it (and which had been so long unopened that our torches, half smothered in its oppressive atmosphere, gave us little opportunity for investigation) was small, damp, and entirely without means of admission for light; lying, at great depth, immediately beneath that portion of the building in which was my own sleeping apartment. It had been used, apparently, in remote feudal times, for the worst purposes of a donjon-keep; and in later days as a place of deposit for powder, or some other highly combustible substance,—as a portion of its floor, and the whole interior of a long archway through which we reached it, were carefully sheathed with copper. The door of massive iron had been also similarly protected. Its immense weight caused an unusually sharp grating sound, as it moved upon its hinges.

Having deposited our mournful burden upon tressels within this region of horror, we partially turned aside the yet unscrewed lid of the coffin and looked upon the face of the tenant. A striking similitude between the brother and sister now first arrested my attention; and Usher, divining perhaps my thoughts, murmured out some few words from which I learned that the deceased and himself had been twins, and that sympathies of a scarcely intelligible nature had always existed between them. Our glances, however, rested not long upon the dead; for we could not regard her unawed. The disease which had thus entombed the lady in the maturity of youth had left, as usual in all maladies of a strictly cataleptical character, the mockery of a faint blush upon the bosom and the face, and that suspiciously lingering smile upon the lip which is so terrible in death. We replaced and screwed down the lid; and having secured the door of iron, made our way with toil into the scarcely less gloomy apartments of the upper portion of the house.

And now, some days of bitter grief having elapsed, an observable change came over the features of the mental disorder of my friend. His ordinary manner had vanished. His ordinary occupations were neglected or forgotten. He roamed from chamber to chamber with hurried, unequal, and objectless step. The pallor

of his countenance had assumed, if possible, a more ghastly hue; but the luminousness of his eye had entirely gone out. The once occasional huskiness of his tone was heard no more; and a tremulous quaver, as if of extreme terror, habitually characterized his utterance. There were times, indeed, when I thought his unceasingly agitated mind was laboring with some oppressive secret, to divulge which he struggled for the necessary courage. At times again I was obliged to resolve all into the mere inexplicable vagaries of madness; for I beheld him gazing upon vacancy for long hours in an attitude of the profoundest attention, as if listening to some imaginary sound. It was no wonder that his condition terrified—that it infected me. I felt creeping upon me, by slow yet certain degrees, the wild influences of his own fantastic yet impressive superstitions.

It was especially upon retiring to bed late in the night of the seventh or eighth day after the placing of the lady Madeline within the donjon, that I experienced the full power of such feelings. Sleep came not near my couch, while the hours waned and waned away. I struggled to reason off the nervousness which had dominion over me. I endeavored to believe that much if not all of what I felt was due to the bewildering influence of the gloomy furniture of the room,—of the dark and tattered draperies, which, tortured into motion by the breath of a rising tempest, swayed fitfully to and fro upon the walls, and rustled uneasily about the decorations of the bed. But my efforts were fruitless. An irrepressible tremor gradually pervaded my frame; and at length there sat upon my very heart an incubus of utterly causeless alarm. Shaking this off with a gasp and a struggle, I uplifted myself upon the pillows, and peering earnestly within the intense darkness of the chamber, hearkened—I know not why, except that an instinctive spirit prompted me—certain low and indefinite sounds which came through the pauses of the storm, at long intervals, I knew not whence. Overpowered by an intense sentiment of horror, unaccountable yet unendurable, I threw on my clothes with haste (for I felt that I should sleep no more during the night), and endeavored to arouse myself from the pitiable condition into which I had fallen, by pacing rapidly to and fro through the apartment.

I had taken but few turns in this manner, when a light step on an adjoining staircase arrested my attention. I presently recognized it as that of Usher. In an instant afterward he rapped

with a gentle touch at my door, and entered, bearing a lamp. His countenance was, as usual, cadaverously wan; but moreover, there was a species of mad hilarity in his eyes, and evidently restrained *hysteria* in his whole demeanor. His air appalled me; but anything was preferable to the solitude which had so long endured, and I even welcomed his presence as a relief.

"And you have not seen it?" he said abruptly, after having stared about him for some moments in silence,—“you have not then seen it?—but stay! you shall.” Thus speaking, and having carefully shaded his lamp, he hurried to one of the casements, and threw it freely open to the storm.

The impetuous fury of the entering gust nearly lifted us from our feet. It was indeed a tempestuous yet sternly beautiful night, and one wildly singular in its terror and its beauty. A whirlwind had apparently collected its force in our vicinity: for there were frequent and violent alterations in the direction of the wind; and the exceeding density of the clouds (which hung so low as to press upon the turrets of the house) did not prevent our perceiving the lifelike velocity with which they flew careering from all points against each other, without passing away into the distance. I say that even their exceeding density did not prevent our perceiving this; yet we had no glimpse of the moon or stars, nor was there any flashing forth of the lightning. But the under surfaces of the huge masses of agitated vapor, as well as all terrestrial objects immediately around us, were glowing in the unnatural light of a faintly luminous and distinctly visible gaseous exhalation which hung about and enshrouded the mansion.

“You must not—you shall not behold this!” said I snudderingly to Usher, as I led him with a gentle violence from the window to a seat. “These appearances which bewilder you are merely electrical phenomena not uncommon; or it may be that they have their ghastly origin in the rank miasma of the tarn. Let us close this casement: the air is chilling and dangerous to your frame. Here is one of your favorite romances. I will read, and you shall listen; and so we will pass away this terrible night together.”

The antique volume which I had taken up was the ‘Mad Trist’ of Sir Launcelot Canning: but I had called it a favorite of Usher’s more in sad jest than in earnest; for in truth there is little in its uncouth and unimaginative prolixity which could have had interest for the lofty and spiritual ideality of my friend. It

was, however, the only book immediately at hand; and I indulged a vague hope that the excitement which now agitated the hypochondriac might find relief (for the history of mental disorder is full of similar anomalies) even in the extremeness of the folly which I should read. Could I have judged, indeed, by the wild overstrained air of vivacity with which he hearkened, or apparently hearkened, to the words of the tale, I might well have congratulated myself upon the success of my design.

I had arrived at that well-known portion of the story where Ethelred, the hero of the Trist, having sought in vain for peaceable admission into the dwelling of the hermit, proceeds to make good an entrance by force. Here, it will be remembered, the words of the narrative run thus:—

“And Ethelred, who was by nature of a doughty heart, and who was now mighty withal on account of the powerfulness of the wine which he had drunken, waited no longer to hold parley with the hermit, who in sooth was of an obstinate and malicious turn: but feeling the rain upon his shoulders, and fearing the rising of the tempest, uplifted his mace outright, and with blows, made quickly room in the plankings of the door for his gauntleted hand; and now pulling therewith sturdily, he so cracked and ripped and tore all asunder, that the noise of the dry and hollow-sounding wood alarumed and reverberated throughout the forest.”

At the termination of this sentence I started, and for a moment paused; for it appeared to me (although I at once concluded that my excited fancy had deceived me)—it appeared to me that from some very remote portion of the mansion, there came indistinctly to my ears what might have been, in its exact similarity of character, the echo (but a stifled and dull one certainly) of the very cracking and ripping sound which Sir Launcelot had so particularly described. It was beyond doubt the coincidence alone which had arrested my attention; for amid the rattling of the sashes of the casements, and the ordinary commingled noises of the still increasing storm, the sound in itself had nothing, surely, which should have interested or disturbed me. I continued the story:—

“But the good champion Ethelred, now entering within the door, was sore enraged and amazed to perceive no signal of the malicious hermit: but in the stead thereof, a dragon of a scaly and prodigious demeanor, and of a fiery tongue, which sate in guard before a palace of gold, with a floor of silver; and upon

the wall there hung a shield of shining brass with this legend enwritten:—

“‘Who entereth herein, a conqueror hath bin;
Who slayeth the dragon, the shield he shall win.’

And Ethelred uplifted his mace, and struck upon the head of the dragon, which fell before him, and gave up his pesty breath with a shriek so horrid and harsh, and withal so piercing, that Ethelred had fain to close his ears with his hands against the dreadful noise of it, the like whereof was never before heard.”

Here again I paused abruptly, and now with a feeling of wild amazement; for there could be no doubt whatever that in this instance I did actually hear (although from what direction it proceeded, I found it impossible to say) a low and apparently distant, but harsh, protracted, and most unusual screaming or grating sound,—the exact counterpart of what my fancy had already conjured up for the dragon’s unnatural shriek as described by the romancer.

Oppressed as I certainly was, upon the occurrence of this second and most extraordinary coincidence, by a thousand conflicting sensations, in which wonder and extreme terror were predominant, I still retained sufficient presence of mind to avoid exciting, by any observation, the sensitive nervousness of my companion. I was by no means certain that he had noticed the sounds in question; although assuredly a strange alteration had during the last few minutes taken place in his demeanor. From a position fronting my own, he had gradually brought round his chair so as to sit with his face to the door of the chamber; and thus I could but partially perceive his features, although I saw that his lips trembled as if he were murmuring inaudibly. His head had dropped upon his breast; yet I knew that he was not asleep, from the wide and rigid opening of the eye as I caught a glance of it in profile. The motion of his body, too, was at variance with this idea; for he rocked from side to side with a gentle yet constant and uniform sway. Having rapidly taken notice of all this, I resumed the narrative of Sir Launcelot, which thus proceeded:—

“And now the champion, having escaped from the terrible fury of the dragon, bethinking himself of the brazen shield, and of the breaking up of the enchantment which was upon it, removed the carcass from out of the way before him, and

approached valorously over the silver pavement of the castle to where the shield was upon the wall; which in sooth tarried not for his full coming, but fell down at his feet upon the silver floor, with a mighty great and terrible ringing sound."

No sooner had these syllables passed my lips, than—as if a shield of brass had indeed, at the moment, fallen heavily upon a floor of silver—I became aware of a distinct, hollow, metallic and clamorous, yet apparently muffled reverberation. Completely unnerved, I leaped to my feet; but the measured rocking movement of Usher was undisturbed. I rushed to the chair in which he sat. His eyes were bent fixedly before him, and throughout his whole countenance there reigned a stony rigidity. But as I placed my hand upon his shoulder, there came a strong shudder over his whole person; a sickly smile quivered about his lips, and I saw that he spoke in a low, hurried, and gibbering murmur, as if unconscious of my presence. Bending closely over him, I at length drank in the hideous import of his words.

"Not hear it?—yes, I hear it, and *have* heard it. Long—long—long—many minutes, many hours, many days, have I heard it—yet I dared not—oh, pity me, miserable wretch that I am!—I dared not—I *dared* not speak! *We have put her living in the tomb!* Said I not that my senses were acute? I now tell you that I heard her first feeble movements in the hollow coffin. I heard them—many, many days ago—yet I dared not—I *dared not speak!* And now—to-night—Ethelred—ha! ha!—the breaking of the hermit's door, and the death-cry of the dragon, and the clangor of the shield!—say rather the rending of her coffin, and the grating of the iron hinges of her prison, and her struggles within the coppered archway of the vault! Oh, whither shall I fly? Will she not be here anon? Is she not hurrying to upbraid me for my haste? Have I not heard her footstep on the stair? Do I not distinguish that heavy and horrible beating of her heart? Madman!"—here he sprang furiously to his feet, and shrieked out his syllables, as if in the effort he were giving up his soul—"Madman! *I tell you that she now stands without the door!*"

As if in the superhuman energy of his utterance there had been found the potency of a spell—the huge antique panels to which the speaker pointed, threw slowly back upon the instant their ponderous ebony jaws. It was the work of the rushing gust; but then, without those doors there *did* stand the lofty

and enshrouded figure of the lady Madeline of Usher. There was blood upon her white robes, and the evidence of some bitter struggle upon every portion of her emaciated frame. For a moment she remained trembling and reeling to and fro upon the threshold; then, with a low, moaning cry, fell heavily inward upon the person of her brother, and in her violent and now final death agonies bore him to the floor a corpse, and a victim to the terror he had anticipated.

From that chamber, and from that mansion, I fled aghast. The storm was still abroad in all its wrath as I found myself crossing the old causeway. Suddenly there shot along the path a wild light, and I turned to see whence a gleam so unusual could have issued; for the vast house and its shadows were alone behind me. The radiance was that of the full, setting, and blood-red moon, which now shone vividly through that once barely discernible fissure, of which I have before spoken as extending from the roof of the building, in a zigzag direction, to the base. While I gazed, this fissure rapidly widened; there came a fierce breath of the whirlwind; the entire orb of the satellite burst at once upon my sight; my brain reeled as I saw the mighty walls rushing asunder; there was a long tumultuous shouting sound like the voice of a thousand waters—and the deep and dark tarn at my feet closed sullenly and silently over the fragments of the "*House of Usher.*"

FOR ANNIE

THANK Heaven! the crisis—
The danger—is past,
And the lingering illness
Is over at last—
And the fever called "Living"
Is conquered at last.

Sadly, I know,
I am shorn of my strength,
And no muscle I move
As I lie at full length;
But no matter!—I feel
I am better at length.

And I rest so composedly
Now, in my bed,

That any beholder
Might fancy me dead,—
Might start at beholding me,
Thinking me dead.

The moaning and groaning,
The sighing and sobbing,
Are quieted now,
With that horrible throbbing
At heart;—ah, that horrible,
Horrible throbbing!

The sickness, the nausea,
The pitiless pain,
Have ceased, with the fever
That maddened my brain—
With the fever called "Living"
That burned in my brain.

And oh! of all tortures,
That torture the worst
Has abated,—the terrible
Torture of thirst
For the naphthaline river
Of Passion accurst;—
I have drank of a water
That quenches all thirst:

Of a water that flows,
With a lullaby sound,
From a spring but a very few
Feet under ground—
From a cavern not very far
Down under ground.

And ah! let it never
Be foolishly said
That my room it is gloomy,
And narrow my bed;
For man never slept
In a different bed—
And, to *sleep*, you must slumber
In just such a bed.

My tantalized spirit
Here blandly reposes,

Forgetting, or never
 Regretting, its roses,—
Its old agitations
 Of myrtles and roses.

For now, while so quietly
 Lying, it fancies
A holier odor
 About it, of pansies,—
A rosemary odor
 Commingled with pansies—
With rue and the beautiful
 Puritan pansies.

And so it lies happily,
 Bathing in many
A dream of the truth
 And the beauty of Annie,—
Drowned in a bath
 Of the tresses of Annie.

She tenderly kissed me,
 She fondly caressed,
And then I fell gently
 To sleep on her breast,—
Deeply to sleep
 From the heaven of her breast.

When the light was extinguished
 She covered me warm,
And she prayed to the angels
 To keep me from harm,—
To the queen of the angels
 To shield me from harm.

And I lie so composedly
 Now, in my bed,
(Knowing her love,)
 That you fancy me dead;—
And I rest so contentedly
 Now, in my bed,
(With her love at my breast,)
 That you fancy me dead,—
That you shudder to look at me,
 Thinking me dead.

But my heart it is brighter
 Than all of the many

Stars in the sky,
 For it sparkles with Annie;
 It glows with the light
 Of the love of my Annie,—
 With the thought of the light
 Of the eyes of my Annie.

SONG FROM 'THE ASSIGNATION'

THOU wast that all to me, love,
 For which my soul did pine:
 A green isle in the sea, love,
 A fountain and a shrine,
 All wreathed with fairy fruits and flowers;
 And all the flowers were mine.

Ah, dream too bright to last!
 Ah, starry Hope, that didst arise
 But to be overcast!
 A voice from out the Future cries,
 "Onward!"—but o'er the Past
 (Dim gulf!) my spirit hovering lies,
 Mute—motionless—aghast!

For alas! alas! with me
 The light of life is o'er.
 "No more—no more—no more"
 (Such language holds the solemn sea
 To the sands upon the shore)
 "Shall bloom the thunder-blasted tree,
 Or the stricken eagle soar!"

Now all my hours are trances;
 And all my nightly dreams
 Are where thy dark eye glances
 And where thy footstep gleams,
 In what ethereal dances,
 By what Italian streams.

Alas for that accursed time
 They bore thee o'er the billow,
 From Love to titled age and crime,
 And an unholy pillow!—
 From me, and from our misty clime,
 Where weeps the silver willow.

THE RAVEN

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping—rapping at my chamber door.
“’Tis some visitor,” I muttered, “tapping at my chamber door:
Only this, and nothing more.”

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow: vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore,
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore,—
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me—with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,
“’Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door:
This it is, and nothing more.”

Presently my soul grew stronger: hesitating then no longer,—
“Sir,” said I, “or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you.” Here I opened wide the door—
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, “Lenore!”
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, “Lenore!”
Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than before.
“Surely,” said I, “surely that is something at my window-lattice:
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore,—
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore:
’Tis the wind, and nothing more.”

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
 In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.
 Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed
 he:

But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door,—
 Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door,—
 Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebon bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
 By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
 "Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no
 craven,

Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven, wandering from the Nightly shore.
 Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"
 Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
 Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
 For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
 Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—
 Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door—
 With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only
 That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
 Nothing further then he uttered; not a feather then he fluttered:
 Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have flown be-
 fore!

On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have flown before!"
 Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
 "Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store;
 Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster
 Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore,—
 Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore
 Of 'Never—nevermore!'"

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
 Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and
 door;

Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
 Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
 What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
 Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
 To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
 This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
 On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight gloated o'er,—
 But whose velvet violet lining with the lamplight gloating o'er,
 She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen
 censer

Swung by Seraphim whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor.
 "Wretch!" I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he
 hath sent thee

Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
 Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget the lost Lenore!"
 Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" cried I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!—
 Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
 Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted,—
 On this home by horror haunted,—tell me truly, I implore,
 Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead? Tell me! tell me, I implore!"
 Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" cried I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!—
 By that heaven that bends above us,—by that God we both adore,—
 Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if, within the distant Aidenn,
 It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
 Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore."
 Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, up-
 starting.

"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
 Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
 Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
 Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my
 door!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
 On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
 And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
 And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the
 floor;

And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
 Shall be lifted—nevermore!

THE BELLS

I

HEAR the sledges with the bells,—
 Silver bells!
 What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
 How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
 In the icy air of night!
 While the stars that oversprinkle
 All the heavens, seem to twinkle
 With a crystalline delight;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
 From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells,—
 From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

II

Hear the mellow wedding bells,—
 Golden bells!
 What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
 Through the balmy air of night
 How they ring out their delight!
 From the molten golden notes,
 And all in tune,
 What a liquid ditty floats
 To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
 On the moon!
 Oh, from out the sounding cells,
 What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
 How it swells!
 How it dwells
 On the Future! How it tells
 Of the rapture that impels
 To the swinging and the ringing
 Of the bells, bells, bells,
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells,—
 To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

III

Hear the loud alarum bells,—
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor
Now—now to sit, or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of Despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging,
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling,
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells,
Of the bells,—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,—
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

IV

Hear the tolling of the bells,—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!

For every sound that floats
 From the rust within their throats
 Is a groan.
 And the people—ah, the people—
 They that dwell up in the steeple,
 All alone,
 And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
 In that muffled monotone,
 Feel a glory in so rolling
 On the human heart a stone,—
 They are neither man nor woman,
 They are neither brute nor human:
 They are Ghouls;
 And their king it is who tolls,
 And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
 Rolls a pæan from the bells;
 And his merry bosom swells
 With the pæan of the bells,
 And he dances, and he yells;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the pæan of the bells,—
 Of the bells:
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the throbbing of the bells,—
 Of the bells, bells, bells,—
 To the sobbing of the bells;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 As he knells, knells, knells,
 In a happy Runic rhyme,
 To the rolling of the bells,—
 Of the bells, bells, bells,—
 To the tolling of the bells,
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,—
 Bells, bells, bells,—
 To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

ANNABEL LEE

IT WAS many and many a year ago,
 In a kingdom by the sea,
 That a maiden there lived whom you may know,
 By the name of Annabel Lee;

And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and *she* was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea:
But we loved with a love that was more than love,—
I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the wingèd seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsman came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me:
Yes!—that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we—
Of many far wiser than we:
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
In the sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

ULALUME

THE skies they were ashen and sober,
The leaves they were crispèd and sere,—
The leaves they were withering and sere;
It was night in the lonesome October
Of my most immemorial year;
It was hard by the dim lake of Auber,
In the misty mid-region of Weir,—
It was down by the dank tarn of Auber,
In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

Here once, through an alley Titanic
Of cypress, I roamed with my Soul,—
Of cypress, with Psyche, my Soul.
These were days when my heart was volcanic
As the scoriac rivers that roll—
As the lavas that restlessly roll—
Their sulphurous currents down Yaanek
In the ultimate climes of the pole,—
That groan as they roll down Mount Yaanek,
In the realms of the boreal pole.

Our talk had been serious and sober,
But our thoughts they were palsied and sere,—
Our memories were treacherous and sere:
For we knew not the month was October,
And we marked not the night of the year;—
(Ah, night of all nights in the year!)
We noted not the dim lake of Auber
(Though once we had journeyed down here),—
Remembered not the dank tarn of Auber,
Nor the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

And now, as the night was senescent,
And star-dials pointed to morn,—
As the star-dials hinted of morn,—
At the end of our path a liquescent
And nebulous lustre was born,
Out of which a miraculous crescent
Arose with a duplicate horn,—
Astarte's bediamonded crescent,
Distinct with its duplicate horn.

And I said, "She is warmer than Dian:
She rolls through an ether of sighs,—
She revels in a region of sighs;

She has seen that the tears are not dry on
These cheeks, where the worm never dies,
And has come past the stars of the Lion
To point us the path to the skies,—
To the Lethean peace of the skies,—
Come up, in despite of the Lion,
To shine on us with her bright eyes,—
Come up through the lair of the Lion,
With love in her luminous eyes.”

But Psyche, uplifting her finger,
Said, “Sadly this star I mistrust,—
Her pallor I strangely mistrust:
Oh, hasten! oh, let us not linger!
Oh, fly!—let us fly!—for we must.”
In terror she spoke, letting sink her
Wings until they trailed in the dust,—
In agony sobbed, letting sink her
Plumes till they trailed in the dust,—
Till they sorrowfully trailed in the dust.

I replied, “This is nothing but dreaming:
Let us on by this tremulous light!
Let us bathe in this crystalline light!
Its Sibyllic splendor is beaming
With Hope and in Beauty to-night;
See! it flickers up the sky through the night!
Ah, we safely may trust to its gleaming,
And be sure it will lead us aright.
We safely may trust to a gleaming
That cannot but guide us aright,
Since it flickers up to heaven through the night.”

Thus I pacified Psyche, and kissed her,
And tempted her out of her gloom,—
And conquered her scruples and gloom:
And we passed to the end of the vista,
But were stopped by the door of a tomb—
By the door of a legended tomb;
And I said, “What is written, sweet sister,
On the door of this legended tomb?”
She replied, “Ulalume!—Ulalume!—
’Tis the vault of thy lost Ulalume!”

Then my heart it grew ashen and sober
 As the leaves that were crispèd and sere,—
 As the leaves that were withering and sere:
 And I cried, "It was surely October,—
 On *this* very night of last year,
 That I journeyed—I journeyed down here,—
 That I brought a dread burden down here:
 On this night, of all nights in the year,
 Ah, what demon has tempted me here?
 Well I know now this dim lake of Auber,
 This misty mid-region of Weir,—
 Well I know now this dank tarn of Auber,
 This ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir."

TO HELEN

HELEN, thy beauty is to me
 Like those Nicean barks of yore,
 That gently o'er a perfumed sea,
 The weary, wayworn wanderer bore
 To his native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
 Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
 Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
 To the glory that was Greece
 And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo! in yon brilliant window-niche
 How statue-like I see thee stand!
 The agate lamp within thy hand,
 Ah! Psyche, from the regions which
 Are Holy Land!

POETRY IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

BY JOHN ERSKINE

THE most obvious distinction of the poetry written in Europe and America since 1900 is the conscious theorizing which has produced it. It is a common thing for poetry to spring from a theory of life, but twentieth-century verse has sprung for the most part from theories about poetry. Most contemporary writers have engaged in a deliberate discussion of what subjects are proper for the poetic art, from what angle these subjects should be treated, and in what rhythms and verse forms. In other ages, in the Renaissance or in the period of Romanticism, when a criticism of life has fascinated the imagination, whatever innovations have occurred in literature have seemed but casual and spontaneous illustrations of that criticism; but in the twentieth century it is hardly too much to say that the poetry has chiefly been written for purposes of literary or æsthetic demonstration, rather than as a by-product of a direct zest in life. In most European countries, as well as in America, it is usual to-day to speak of Walt Whitman as the beginner or the prime encourager of this modern tendency; at least he showed the way to the discovery of new poetic principles, and to the conscious illustration of them. But Whitman is too big a man to be included in his own theories; and furthermore, when one says that he began the modern movement in poetry, it is of course understood that not all who have been influenced by him are his admirers — since many a poet has been thrown by his precept and example into a determined antipathy to him and all his works. But whether for admiration or for controversy his influence is the strongest in contemporary verse. Other prophets less dramatic in their fame have undoubtedly added their persuasions to his in this matter of poetic theorizing. In England, for example, certain of Walter Pater's ideas seem to emerge from time to time in writers not to be dismissed as academic, who yet seem bent on illustrating the theorem that all art should approximate the condition of music. The main point is that practically no poet has written in the last seventeen years without some poetic philosophy or principle to demonstrate. Of course the normal changes of taste over any period of time would show certain reactions from democratic or natural subject matter, such as Walt Whitman employed, to the æsthetic and sensitive inner life which Pater made the subject of his writing, and further reactions from the æsthetic philosophy of Pater back to the naturalistic theories of Whitman; and in between these extremes the pendulum would mark

off many a degree. The peculiarity of the poetry written since 1900 is that the entire arc of the pendulum seems to be present at once, that consciously all standards of poetic taste are championed at one time, so that it would be rash to say what school of poetic theory is in the ascendency. The only safe criticism is that all schools are based on conscious theory, and that spontaneous poetry has ceased for the time.

Yet the poetic chaos of these years has its unities, some of them very interesting from the historical if not always from the literary point of view. One of the conscious theories which seem common to recent poets in all lands is that their particular country is under some obligation to produce poetry; that since poetry has always been a natural flowering of human experience, they must manage somehow to see that their place and time be not ignominiously bare of this product. In lands moved by a conscious nationalism, this persuasion has joined itself with the ambition to invent or recover a poetic past, to patronize the domestic myths, to praise the native landscape, and to disregard, unfortunately, the currents of art and life elsewhere. The most conspicuous illustration of this persuasion is the revival of Irish poetry, in which W. B. Yeats and J. M. Synge have been the creative geniuses, and Douglas Hyde and Lady Gregory the scholars. Nowhere else has the resolution to furnish a country with native poetry met with such success as in Ireland in the last twenty years, nor can the vogue of what seems a rather dubious pseudo-antiquarianism in this Celtic school be readily understood without some appreciation of the contemporary resolve to be at once poetic and national.

The amount of verse put out in these recent years has moreover been prodigious, and criticism has naturally been fascinated by the tantalizing if not very hopeful task of finding some one theory to explain the directions the various poetic resolves have taken. Perhaps in every country, but notably in Germany, in France, and in America, there have been frequent summaries of contemporary work, sometimes in the form of anthologies, sometimes in critical estimates — in either case, with as much consciousness of assisting in a poetic revival as the contemporary poets have when they write. The first of the anthologies to reckon with modern poetry in this conscious way was the (*Moderne Dichter-Charaktere*,) edited by Wilhelm Arent, with prefaces by Hermann Conradi and Karl Henckell, Berlin, 1885. «We appeal to the coming century!» is the motto of the volume. This anthology, as the prefaces explained, and as the selections amply illustrated, was a summary of the naturalistic movement, just beginning; it signaled the breaking with literary conventions, both as to themes and as to treatment, and the welcoming of a free, open, spontaneous singing — spontaneity of the kind which is introduced by critical prefaces. As a landmark in the domain of contemporary art, this anthology is still of great interest, containing as it does selections from the work of Julius

and Heinrich Hart, Arno Holz, Conradi, Erich Hartleben, Karl Henckell, and others.

One of the most ambitious attempts at a critical reckoning with contemporary poetry is Arthur Moeller-Bruck's (*Die Moderne Literatur*,) Berlin, 1902 — a series of careful studies of such writers as Gerhart Hauptmann, Richard Dehmel, Johannes Schlaf, Arno Holz, Stefan George, Hugo von Hofmannsthal, and Frank Wederkind. In the strong tide of nationalism which flows through literature in recent decades it is vain to expect a title like (*Modern Poetry*) or (*Modern Literature*) to refer to any writers outside the author's country; though Moeller-Bruck is too well-trained not to realize that literature to-day spreads over all boundaries and must be studied as one phenomenon in the world, and though he therefore makes intelligent references to Maeterlinck and to Whitman, who were indeed the inspiration of some of the authors he studies, yet he treats his subject on the whole as though modern literature were a German event. A more profitable significance can be observed in his disposition to ascribe to each writer a preconceived theory of his own work.

The national prepossession is seen also in Tancred de Visan's (*L'Attitude du Lyrisme Contemporain*,) Paris, 1910, — a collection of essays on French lyrists. The author is interested, however, in demonstrating that the theories of art and life which guided the poets of his study were, so to speak, unconscious theories; after examining the work of a number of poets, such as Francis Vielé-Griffin, Henri de Régnier, Émile Verhaeren, Paul Fort, Albert Mockel, and André Gide, he points out that though they wrote without collaboration or collusion, they all illustrated in their spontaneous emotions the attitude to life which is formally expressed in Bergson's philosophy; and he concludes that the French lyric of to-day is therefore a true register of the national spirit. The value of this brilliant little book is chiefly in the stimulus it provides for one's thoughts on the whole phenomenon of modern verse; as a hypothesis to explain the spiritual tendency of the lyric in France, it loses credit when we observe that it omits a number of poets like Angelier, who could hardly be made to illustrate the hypothesis. In the United States during the present year, 1917, Mr. Lloyd Morris has gathered statements from about fifty contemporary poets as to their aims in writing. His book, (*The Young Idea*) demonstrates that all of these writers have quite conscious aims and very clearly thought-out criticisms of contemporary verse, but that their aims and their criticisms do not agree. Miss Harriet Monroe and Miss Alice Corbin Henderson, editors of *Poetry*, brought out also in 1917 an anthology of (*The New Poetry*,) a selection from the work of American and English writers which happily supplements Mr. Morris's book. The preface which Miss Monroe contributes is incorrect and misleading in several statements as to the ancestry of the modern movement — in America the

apostles of the new poetry have a way of improvising their literary history — but the selection of poems is admirable, quite the best that has been made of the contemporary movement in the United States. This anthology had been preceded by three collections of Imagist verse, (Some Imagist Poets,) Boston, 1915 — with the same title in 1916 and 1917. In 1916 appeared (Others: An Anthology of the New Verse,) New York; and for several years Mr. W. S. Braithwaite has made an annual appraisal of verse-writing in America, in his (Anthology of Magazine Verse.)

This self-consciousness of the appreciation as well as of the writing of poetry to-day has multiplied anthologies and poetry magazines, poetry shops and poetry theatres. There are anthologies of university poems in England and America, anthologies of poetry for different sections of various countries, and of course anthologies of war-poetry. The poetry magazines in all parts of Europe and America have been too numerous to mention; most of them have had a short career, but a few, notably Miss Monroe's Poetry established at Chicago in 1912, have provided consistent and important vehicles for definite schools of poets — in this case for the Imagists.

In the joy of discovering a rational account of their art some of the poets have cared like Whitman himself to emphasize the physical basis of life somewhat to the exclusion of the spiritual significance. Those who have made this emphasis have often been thoroughly spiritual-minded in their attitude toward life, and whatever exaggeration they have managed to achieve in their verse seems to be more often an overconscious bearing down upon one end of their theory than a just expression of themselves. At the other extreme many poets have emphasized the spiritual meaning of life to the exclusion of the basis of that meaning in common experience, and thereby they have made poetry seem rather a contemplation of mythical or future worlds than a natural flowering out of this one. If the great poet may be described as the writer who unconsciously in the sanity of his temperament sees both the facts of life and their meaning, then it would be fair to add that many twentieth-century writers do occasionally hit upon this balance, so that a number of individual poems might be selected from the total production of the last seventeen years to illustrate as noble a sanity as the poetic imagination is ever likely to furnish. But we have no one poet who constantly or characteristically preserves any such poise, and the first rough distinction one might make among the poets to-day is between those who attend too much to the crude facts of experience, and those who attend exclusively to the meaning of life without much regard to the facts.

In both the naturalistic and the metaphysical schools individual writers have encouraged certain new ideals of rhythm and metre, evolved out of the twentieth-century deliberate search for naturalness.

The most important of these ideas has been connected with the æsthetic theory of Benedetto Croce, but it shows itself in many writers who can have had no contact directly with the Neapolitan philosopher. This ideal is of a complete unity between the subject and the form; it suggests that any idea completely grasped will furnish inevitably the proper form of its expression. Most innovations to-day in rhythm, in stanza form or in diction, rest upon this doctrine, so that the most scrupulous artists are reassured by the consciousness of their own sincerity, and those artists who seem to be less scrupulous have a warrant ready to hand for their vagaries. «That is what I meant to say» or, «That is the way the idea came to me,» is the modern retort to criticism of technique. When we have therefore divided poetry to-day into the intensely naturalistic or the intensely metaphysical groups, we may add at once a third class, who with qualities in either of these schools are yet chiefly remarkable for the freedom of their verse forms and for the confidence in their own innovations. There are also, of course, a group of poets, if one may call them a group, who try to follow the old sanity, who try to see life steadily and whole, and who are yet willing to experiment as good craftsmen with any developments in the technique of their art.

The naturalistic school, if the term may be applied to those who have emphasized the crude facts of life, of course begins with Whitman in modern poetry. The critics whose reading extends one hundred years back are likely to say that realism did not begin with Whitman, but that George Crabbe, for one, developed the material with which these modern naturalists have been chiefly concerned — the pictures of poverty and society, the hard aspects of city and country life, and the brutal facts of the human physique. But the peculiarity of Whitman's realism as of all this group in the twentieth century, is that its close attention to fact comes less from observation than from a philosophical persuasion reinforced by conscientious research. The difference between such modern poets as Verhaeren, for example, or Richard Dehmel, and the earlier realists, is much the difference between Zola, let us say, and the poet Crabbe, — one representing the facts which documents give authority for, the other picturing the facts he had seen. With all his immense zest for life, Whitman's contact with fact was entirely overlaid and directed by his rather formless philosophy; and poets of the naturalistic school ever since have been in the highest degree artificial, in each case likely to mix sentimentality or fancy or some other personal reaction to life, with their realism. Émile Verhaeren, the Belgian, offers the readiest illustration. His artistic life seems to have been governed by the ambition to give his country a place in poetry; and his successive attempts to discover the soul of Belgium, first in its paintings, then in its monasteries, then in its history, and finally in its centres of industry, are all evidence of a philosophy rather than of a spontaneous poetizing of life. It is true that in his various attempts to render the life of Bel-

gium he strove as Whitman did to base his interpretation first on fact, often on unnecessarily crude fact; but the total impression of his very beautiful work is that though a naturalist by intent, he was in native gifts a mystic; and the only historical representation his poetry gives us of the life of our own time is in that central determination of his to write naturalistic poetry. Dehmel, an artist of very different equipment, began his writing also in a vein of vigorous, even shocking, realism; but as he developed his unusual lyric gift, he showed his affinity with artificial rather than naturalistic worlds, with such fanciful renderings of life as we recognize in the paintings of Max Klinger or Böcklin. Other naturalistic poets in Germany from whom Dehmel perhaps derived his original impulse — imitators of Whitman, such as Johannes Schlaf — illustrate the same point, that naturalism with them is an effect of the will, that they are convinced of the efficacy of naturalism as an æsthetic theory, and that without such a theory they would probably have written in more sentimental or idealistic moods.

The same curious phenomenon in the frank or naturalistic school of poetry appears in England in such work as Henley's or John Davidson's. The attempt to render London life or to render aspects of suffering with utter vitality is in both these men an artistic tendency pursued somewhat at the expense of their natural instincts. The result is often a forced note of brutality which one learns to correct by the finer passages in the rest of their work. John Davidson in particular illustrates this sacrifice of a native disposition in the interest of realism.' His early plays and especially his prose romance, (*Perfervid*), showed before 1890 that his gift was for romantic extravaganza and caprice, but in the early nineties his volumes of verse, (*In a Music Hall*), (*Fleet Street Eclogues*), and (*Ballads and Songs*), were deliberate attempts to get the ear of the public with a resolute and uncompromising statement of unpleasant fact. That he did make his effect is beyond dispute; yet his best work in the ballad period is marred by just such a brutal note, just such a strained overtone, as would come only from the singer who is somewhat untrue to his own nature; and his later fanciful plays and his various (*Testaments*) in this century showed a partial reversion to his true and too long neglected mood.

In 1910 John Masfield wrote his (*Everlasting Mercy*), and gave realism a new impetus in English verse. The character who speaks in this fine poem is a curious mixture of sentiment, reflection, and brutal matter-of-fact. It might well have been thought that the portrait was dramatic, peculiar to the circumstances of this poem, if Mr. Masfield in his later work had not returned to the wistfulness of the portrait, often without any suggestion of its hardness. The beautiful sonnets in (*Good Friday and Other Poems*), 1916, disclose perhaps the true pre-occupation of this poet's nature — a brooding upon the intellectual and spiritual mystery of life; the crude force of the (*Everlasting Mercy*), of

(The Widow in the By-Street,) 1912, and of (Dauber,) 1914, seem now to have been excursions in a theoretical field. The same general comment applies to the work of Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, except that his realism is somewhat less violent and more natural than Masefield's, and he has shown less disposition to depart from it. (Borderlands) and (Thoroughfares,) 1914, (Daily Bread,) 1916, and (Fires,) 1916, show a consistent sympathy with the problems of modern life, chiefly in the more primitive aspects of it.

In America Walt Whitman has been much more profoundly appreciated than his enthusiastic admirers sometimes will admit. It is customary among them to cite him as another illustration of the rejected poet in the commercial atmosphere. The understanding of Whitman and the increasing appreciation of him has been as remarkable in the United States as elsewhere. It is true, nevertheless, that the naturalistic vogue which sprang up in the nineties in England and at the same time or earlier on the Continent, has reached American poetry only recently. The first and in some respects the finest exponent of it, is Edward Arlington Robinson, in whose early books, such as (Captain Craig,) 1902, some few critics were astute enough to recognize a new method in our verse. These poems of Mr. Robinson's were almost conversational in tone, yet thoroughly alive and dramatic, and in spite of their humble manner, not without the magic of true poetry. Mr. Robinson's reputation was more than sustained by his later volumes, (The Town Down the River,) 1910, and (The Man Against the Sky,) 1916. It fell to Edgar Lee Masters, however, to practice the naturalistic method with sufficient energy to catch the popular attention. (The Spoon River Anthology,) 1915, is probably the most striking book published in America in recent decades. Whether or not its contents can be called poetry or verse in any sense, undoubtedly it does give a powerful rendering of American life — with somewhat exaggerated emphasis upon physical facts, but with humor and intellectual interpretation. The bitterness of the volume, the hardness of its implied outlook on life, suggested at once that Mr. Masters was probably a sentimentalist at heart, since it is the sentimental poet usually who is most grim when he tries to be real; and Mr. Masters's later volumes have lent color to this apprehension. In (Songs and Satires,) 1916, and (The Great Valley,) 1916, his grasp of American life seems to be lessening, and in its place appears a romantic interest. Robert Frost in his (North of Boston,) 1914, won public attention to a degree second only to Mr. Masters, and his success was the more encouraging since his art entirely denies itself the rhetorical brilliance or the cynical wit of (The Spoon River Anthology.) He is the nearest follower of Edward Arlington Robinson in rendering very quiet aspects of life with great vitality and in a conversational manner; yet even his realism has the characteristic artifice of contemporary writing. He applies it to only one subject matter, the life of remote

country districts, and his central interest seems to be less in the subject matter than in the cadence of his versification. He is so far at least illustrating his own theories of poetry; whether or not he will write poetry for its own sake remains to be seen. His most recent volume, (*Mountain Interval*,) 1916, is a continuation of the themes and the methods of (*North of Boston*.)

In contrast with the naturalistic school, certain poets have been mentioned who choose to stress the spiritual meaning of life somewhat to the exclusion of the ordinary facts of experience. Many of these poets have a special interest in religion, and as a whole they seem to carry on, so far as English literature is concerned, the tradition of Christina Rossetti. Such poets as Francis Thompson in England, John B. Tabb in America, and Charles Péguy and Henri Franck in France, will serve as illustrations. In all of these cases the poet is so spontaneous in his emotions that it seems hard not to call his writing and his ideals natural in every sense; yet though he is at home in his religion, his religion is hardly at home in the modern world. The marks of this school are a very delightful familiarity with sacred and religious ideas, a certain elevation and intimacy of spirit, and at the same time a lack of contact with life as it is. In this tendency to retreat from life, to use poetry as an escape rather than as a flowering out of experience, these particular writers show their affinity with others of the school who are not primarily interested in religion. The larger group to which they belong turns its back upon the modern world, and indeed upon any phase of life except inner experiences, which they choose to represent not as the product of an outer world, but as a world in themselves. They are connected in spirit with those modern schools of painting which seek to represent psychological or æsthetic effects with the minimum attention to the causes of those effects, which seek to paint our reactions to a scene without painting the scene, as though one were to produce an echo without a sound. The attractiveness of this school lies in the charm which spiritual elevation always has for the sensitive and the serious. The danger of it is that wherever it has appeared before in literature, its tendency, starting from a surrender of life, has been in the direction of a speedy decline in truth and in power. Not only Christina Rossetti but also her more famous brother Dante Gabriel and the prose master Walter Pater have been inspirations in English literature for this sort of work; the contemporary writers in this vein, however, follow no models, and can be understood best in reference to their own time — they illustrate a perhaps inevitable reaction from the too realistic emphasis upon the facts of life. It is curious that Whitman himself in the course of his development illustrated a similar reaction, since his early verse stressed the physical basis of life, and his later poems, such as the (*Passage to India*,) emphasized the mystical reaches of inner experiences. In France, Charles Péguy, remembered

chiefly perhaps because of his pathetic death at the beginning of the war, illustrates what a kindling of spiritual interest may follow years of convinced skepticism and — paradoxically — of enthusiastic search for the scientific grip on life. Probably the sentimentality of Péguy's nature, which appears in its loveliest form in his writings immediately before the war, was the prime cause of his vehement devotion to purely socialistic propaganda in earlier years. In Germany such a poet as Stefan George represents the reaction from the naturalistic lyric of Detlev von Liliencron. To find a poet so modern as George reincarnating an almost Greek spirit of artistic restraint, and combining it with a quite un-Greek disposition to retreat from simple contact with life and to take refuge in art — that is, in experience at second hand rather than in the crude flow of actual events — is for an English reader to think of Rossetti's work or Landor's. To find such a modern poet as Rainer Maria Rilke turning all his experience into exquisiteness of sound, into lyric strains which charm us for their own sake, is for the English reader to remember Pater and his doctrine already mentioned, that art tends to the condition of music — all art, and by implication, all life also. In England it has been rather surprising to find a similar tendency, especially in the impact of the war, to turn aside from a frank facing of experience to a traditional meditation upon disembodied ideas. Such a tendency shows itself, for example, in the anthology, (*The Spirit of Man*,) 1915, collected by the poet laureate, Robert Bridges — an anthology which would indicate at least a personal preference on the part of the compiler for those traditions which fortify us against life rather than for those outlooks which interpret it. In his preface Mr. Bridges says specifically that the spiritual life is at the base of all art — a remark which seems to mean that art has its roots in our spiritual intuitions, whereas it would perhaps be sounder to say, if one were intent upon interpreting the whole of experience, that art is simply one form of the expression of life. In this particular case the emphasis upon the note of surrender is due probably to the war; yet in all Mr. Bridges's work, exquisite and scholarly though it is, the disposition shows itself to meditate upon life from a distance.

Akin in subject matter to either of these schools, are the writers who have paid what seems to be special attention to style. This attention has taken in the first place the form of a simplified poetic diction — a tendency to carry over into verse the ordinary speech of man in daily life. It will be remembered that Wordsworth's first conception of reform in poetic diction was a similar hope to preserve the diction of ordinary talk in poetry. The modern followers of this ideal have not, like Wordsworth, allowed themselves to be persuaded that some selection is useful even in ordinary talk. When the attention to style has not taken this specific direction of simplified speech, it has attempted to simplify rhythms and to throw over traditional versification. The

impulse toward this reform has also come from a faith in naturalness, a faith that the rhythms of ordinary speech, like the diction, could be transferred with slight change to poetic uses. In the matter of rhythm, however, the tendency to be radical has not flourished to excess outside of the United States. One of the notable pronouncements of radical verse-reform appeared in the (*Notes Sur la Technique Poétique*), by Georges Duhamel and Charles Vildrac, Paris, 1912. In this little book, with great wit and much insight into the principles of rhythm, these young poets proclaimed an attack upon the verse traditions in their language which they thought too rigid. But it is one thing, obviously, to advise a more than romantic liberation of the French alexandrine, and quite another thing to go to the excess of flatness practised by some free-verse writers in America. Imagism appeared in England practically at the same time as the discussions of verse reform in France, but as English verse had already erred perhaps on the side of a too great freedom, since Rossetti and Swinburne had taught the younger men how to take liberties with the natural accent and rhythm of English verse, there was little further to be gained by reform of English prosody; that part of the imagists' propaganda, therefore, which called for freer rhythms and stanzas, rapidly dropped out of English attention. The principles of the school, thus deriving from France through England, came to America in 1913 through a report of English imagism which a correspondent sent to Poetry, the Chicago magazine already mentioned. The imagists for at least a year published their work chiefly in this journal. They were noted at first for a preference for classical or other remote subjects, for liberation from ordinary standards of metre, for absence of rhyme, and for a fortunate brevity. The school has had a second lease of life, however, under the leadership of Miss Amy Lowell, herself an accomplished verse writer, but more distinguished as the exponent of this propaganda. Under her direction imagism has stood for a very clear-cut vision of life; for hospitality toward all subject matter — in practice chiefly for fanciful subjects that can be treated realistically; and for the cadence of the spoken or prose phrase rather than for the rhythm of verse. She has published, in illustration of imagist principles, and with prefatory remarks, (*A Dome of Many-Colored Glass*), 1912, (*Sword Blades and Poppy Seed*), 1914, and (*Men, Women, and Ghosts*), 1916. Besides these volumes of her own verse and polyphonic prose, Miss Lowell has been the inspiration of the several anthologies appearing under the title of (*Some Imagists*), in 1915, in 1916, and in 1917. It may be suspected that much of the propaganda of the imagistic school has had for its purpose a wish to advertise poetry in general — a conscious attempt to put the art before the public. Many of the critical dicta of Miss Lowell and her associates need not be taken too seriously, and it is significant that in her recent statements of poetic faith, as in the paragraphs she contributed to Mr. Morris's

(The Young Idea,) Miss Lowell has seemed to fall back upon quite traditional theories of poetry. Next after her skillful efforts to call attention to this school, imagism has owed its vogue probably to the great reputation of Mr. Masters's (Spoon River Anthology,) which is written for the most part in unrhymed and unrhythmical lines. Strictly speaking, however, Mr. Masters is not an imagist, nor is his free verse different from the irregular lines of Wilfrid Gibson in England, who seems to be accommodating the free rhythms of Whitman to the dramatic exigencies of monologue and dialogue. Mr. Masters's form is essentially not that of the lyric but rather that of the inscription; if he has any literary model, it is probably the type of epigram or epitaph found in the Greek anthology. In France the most eccentric practice of the liberated forms has been carried on by Paul Fort, who in his (Ballades de France) has printed each alexandrine couplet as a prose paragraph, in order to secure a natural reading at first sight. The discovery of rhymes and rhythms embedded in what looked to be prose, affords the reader, until he is accustomed to it, a certain piquant shock. In America this device of the hidden rhyme has been employed by newspaper poets for purposes of humor. But aside from this peculiarity in the manner of printing, Paul Fort's verse is not very different from any other which takes a fairly free attitude toward the traditional rhythms. In America an experiment in rhythm quite out of tune with imagism, indeed diametrically opposed to it, has been carried on by Mr. Vachel Lindsay, who attempts to turn to the purposes of art the ecstatic declamation and the fantastic accompaniment of the camp meeting, the minstrel show, and other wells of spasmodic eloquence. The power of his poem on General Booth entering Heaven, or of his poem on the Congo, lies in the adaptability of his work for recitation. He supplies stage directions, as it were, for the reading; and before many American audiences his own interesting rendering of his work has demonstrated the possibilities of his verse as vehicle for recitation. Whether these possibilities are capable of any great development, remains to be seen. The subject matter of his work, it is not unfair to say, is of slight importance in comparison with its external qualities. His first two volumes were privately published: (Rhymes to be Traded for Bread,) 1912, and (The Village Magazine,) 1912. The books which have made his reputation are (General Booth Enters into Heaven and Other Poems,) 1913, and (The Congo and Other Poems,) 1915.

No discussion of novelties in style in recent poetry — indeed, no discussion of recent poetry from any point of view — can overlook the beautiful work of Rabindranath Tagore. He is an admirer of Whitman, and he writes the best prose poems of these times, in rhythms indescribably subtle, yet highly individual. From the publication of his (Gitanjali) in 1913 (privately printed the year before), to his recent drama (The Cycle of Spring,) 1917, he has fascinated the English-

speaking world with his haunting music, his fine humor, and his native mysticism. Indeed, the reader of his poems might be tempted at first to class him with those metaphysicians already glanced at, whose genius is for the renunciation of this world; but a closer study suggests that it may be only the Western world that he renounces. What the influence of his gentle philosophy may be, or to what extent the West will accept him as a sage, remains to be seen. There can hardly be question, however, of his literary skill, especially in the realm of pure style.

Alfred Austin, laureate of England from 1896 till his death in 1913, is a good illustration of the persistence of traditional verse writing, on a level somewhat over the mediocre, more or less untouched by contemporary experiments in verse. Austin's literary career, beginning in 1870 with a volume of criticism on the poetry of the period, extended into the twentieth century, with official poems from time to time and with some dramatic writing, none of which was of the importance desirable in the successor of Tennyson. He had considerable literary taste, however, and he was devoted to those ideals of patriotism and ethics which seem the irreducible minimum in the English poet's equipment. A more gifted man is Lawrence Binyon, who since 1890, when he won the Newdigate prize at Oxford with his poem (*Persephone*), has published a volume almost annually. He is a poet of very genuine lyrical gifts, who has combined scholarly interest and interest in art with an interest in the modern world. In his recent volumes he has shown a maturity not found in all of his work; but perhaps his (*London Visions*), two volumes published in 1895 and 1898, are still representative of his best. The present laureate, Robert Bridges, by far the most scholarly poet writing in English to-day, comes under the general condemnation, if one so chooses, of all academic poets. He also illustrates the virtues of the academic mind. His grip on his craft is illustrated not only by his own practice but by his study of Milton's prosody, a standard contribution to the science of versification. His own poems have a small but loyal audience among those who appreciate subtlety, meditation, and sensitiveness to the more spiritual aspects of life, but he illustrates at times, as has already been suggested, the tendency to retreat altogether from life into this world of scholarly tradition. No Englishman writing to-day has won quite the welcome that Stephen Phillips received on the appearance of his (*Marpessa*) and his (*Christ in Hades*), in 1897; and none has equalled the performance of Alfred Edward Housman in his (*Shropshire Lad*), 1896.

In France the most important poets of recent years have been Albert Samain and August Angellier. Samain, who died young, made a quite secure place for himself as a practitioner of the most artistic tradition of French verse. His merits are those of the artist essentially, and to the foreigner he will seem perhaps a French artist rather than a

universal singer; but the perfection of his work has conferred upon him already some of the glamour that belongs to the immortals, even to the minor immortals. Angellier was a figure of much greater importance, not only to France but to the world. His early studies in English literature, especially his life of Burns, 1893, distinguished him as a scholar in the cosmopolitan sense, but his large equipment in scholarship is but slight in comparison with his immense poetic genius. He had a sympathy for all the best in literary tradition, and his four volumes under the general title of (*Dans la Lumière Antique*,) 1905, consist of poems on classical subjects which reproduce with quite unusual success a vital Greek atmosphere. His remarkable romance in sonnet sequence, (*L'Amie Perdue*,) 1896, is the story of a very modern love, told in a modern setting with emphasis upon modern psychology. No other experiment in accommodating contemporary fiction to a traditional verse form can be compared with this volume, unless it be Meredith's sonnet sequence (*Modern Love*.) But Angellier's romance is larger in thought and nobler in mood, and, it should be added, more completely modern in its treatment, than Meredith's. His volume of lyrics, (*Le Chemin des Saisons*,) 1903, is also filled with the modern spirit. It illustrates the variety of his lyric gift, the freedom with which he finds his subjects in contemporary life, and the mastery with which he renders them in the best traditions of art. Though other poets writing in French, such as Verhaeren or Cammaerts, for the moment hold more of the attention of the literary world, it may well be thought that Angellier has won for himself a more permanent place in world literature. Émile Cammaerts, the Belgian poet, has come into general reputation through his (*Belgian Poems*,) two volumes of war verse, 1915, 1916, which are remarkable for the beauty of their style and still more for the beauty of their spirit. He has striven to render the passionate sense of injury to be expected in the Belgians to-day without bitterness and without the grosser forms of wrath or revenge; and he has contrived in some of his avowedly religious poems a most beautiful if exotic combination of mediæval religion and modern patriotism. Indeed, it is in his (*Noels*) and other strictly religious poems that he seems most exquisite and most truly an interpreter of his people to-day. Modern in his technique, he makes use of irregular verse forms, sometimes of poetic prose, but the spirit of his work is even more traditional than Verhaeren's, and to understand him the reader needs no special knowledge of Belgian conditions, nor of Belgian ideals.

In the United States the older traditions of poetic art have been maintained by a number of writers who are recognized for their openness to new ideas and to new phases of society in modern times, but who nevertheless practise the technique of the masters. The chief of these, probably the most distinguished poet in America, is George Edward Woodberry, whose work from his first volume, (*The North Shore*

Watch,) 1870, to his recent sonnet sequence, (Ideal Passion,) 1917, has been unfailingly in the highest mood of beauty and of idealism. Mr. Woodberry has often been described as carrying on the tradition of the New England poets, and as being the successor in American criticism of his friend and guide, James Russell Lowell; but the fact is that Mr. Woodberry owes far more to such romantic poets as Shelley and to such philosophers as Plato, and to such critics as Walter Pater, than he owes to any American writer. His cosmopolitan love of books, especially his love of the Roman tradition in literature from Virgil to the writers of modern Italy, has set him apart in his own country as a peculiarly cultured and expert singer. In criticism he has supplemented his writing in verse by a single-hearted expounding of the great poets, and by a reluctance, unfortunately too rare, to write on trivial or ignoble subjects. His fame in contemporary American literature seems to be a reputation of esteem rather than a vigorous popularity, and certainly in a day which has been fascinated by the advertising caprices of the various mushroom schools his quiet and self-contained art must expect to abide its time. But the sum of his work is large enough to make him a memorable figure in his day, and his influence upon studious and thoughtful people is far beyond what the amount of his work would seem to guarantee. Somewhat in the same position as Mr. Woodberry, though far less distinguished in his native poetic endowment, is Mr. George Santayana, the philosopher. The remarkable brilliance of his masterpiece, (The Life of Reason,) a modern restatement of the Aristotelian philosophy, and the charm of such poetical and philosophical criticisms as his essays on Lucretius and Dante and Goethe, have made it easy for most of his admirers quite to overlook his book of (Sonnet,) 1894, his Shelleyesque drama, (Lucifer,) and his volume of verse entitled (The Hermit of Carmel,) 1901. He is always a philosopher, for the moment writing verse, whereas Mr. Woodberry is the poet with philosophical leanings. The result is that Mr. Santayana is peculiarly incisive and comprehensive, sometimes, alas, peculiarly cynical in his criticism; whereas Mr. Woodberry is in his essays inspiring and enlightening but less incisive, and Mr. Santayana in his verse is intellectual in a very beautiful way, but with far less charm and emotional power. These two are the most scholarly, and from some points of view the most successful, poets America at present can boast of. To find any other figure so individual, we should have to go back to Emily Dickinson, different as her exquisite work is from theirs.

The tradition of Richard Hovey and the more recent memory of William Vaughan Moody illustrate the welcome which all countries are ready to pay to the well-equipped and scholarly youth, who is born with the poetic glamour, the romantic gleam, which an early death can only render more romantic. Hovey came into his reputation with his (Songs from Vagabondia,) (1894) in collaboration with Bliss Carman; to

this day his delightful lyric gift in lighter themes is probably what most readers remember him for. But he had large ambitions to rework Arthurian and other poetic material in modern versions, and in some of the volumes which he completed before his death he went a good distance toward accomplishment in these adventures. His poetry had a poignant quality even in its less important passages, which makes one think of him as one of the most individual of our poets; even some of the writers whose poetic aspiration seems more fervent, perhaps more lofty than his, have missed the peculiar inevitableness of thought and verse that he often achieved; and perhaps he represents a phase of the American character which has had too little attention — that love of adventure transfigured with romance even of a literary kind, which leads young people in the United States to make expeditions to the shrines of European poets or to the other historic scenes — which leads them, in other words, to take on a kind of spiritual attitude toward Vagabondia, raising the accidents of the road almost to the dignity of a knightly pilgrimage. Vagabondia in the ideal of Hovey and Bliss Carman is far different from the casual wanderings of the jaded voyager, such as one finds in certain contemporary novels which still rework the theme of the picaresque. In these poets it represents a desire for the kind of spiritual outing not easily enjoyed in a young and therefore matter-of-fact society.

William Vaughan Moody had nothing of this note of vagabondia, but he made a very earnest and at times a remarkably successful attempt to transfigure commonplace experiences or the common life of his country into poetic dignity. His early volumes, devoted to elaborations of the myth of Prometheus, showed that he, like the other Harvard poets, Mr. Woodberry and Mr. Santayana, began his poetic career under the influence of Greek poetry and under the immediate suggestion of Shelley. The *Fire Bringer*, 1904, and its companion volumes are such failures as academic dramas must usually be judged; that is, they are admirable in execution and in intention, but somewhat off the highway of contemporary ideals and needs; but his volume of *Poems*, 1901, containing the great *Ode in Time of Hesitation*, showed that he had interpreted the life of his time, and in that particular poem he had made out of a national problem, a really great work of art. Perhaps no other single poem in the last fifty years has stated the political ideals of America with such power. Moody's later work, chiefly in the drama, may from some points of view be considered unimportant; but his play *The Great Divide* proved again his ability to use American material for the expression of American ideals. Whether or not the picture of his country which is conveyed by his poems and by his plays is accurate, there can be little doubt that the emotions called out by them, the ideals which they encourage in the reader and in the audience, are typical of his people and of his time.

Somewhat in the tradition of all these poets are Ridgely Torrence and Percy Mackaye. Mr. Torrence has recently (1917) produced three interesting plays dealing with the psychology of the negro; his future work may lie in the drama. But he has been known for some years, by such volumes as (*El Dorado*,) 1903, and (*Abélard and Héloïse*,) 1907, as a writer of charming verse, with lyrical rather than dramatic merits. His first volume, (*The House of a Hundred Lights*,) 1900, is little known, yet it is his most important work — in some ways a remarkable work. He there gives a series of picturesque reflections on life in oriental couplets, after Omar's manner, but with such vivacity and mischief that the reader is inclined to take the verses as a commentary on Fitzgerald. The slender volume is not to be forgotten in any reckoning of American verse or of American humor.

Mr. Mackaye is perhaps the most industrious practitioner of verse in the United States to-day. He has used his admirable equipment in a very useful and probably far-reaching propaganda to make poetry a natural expression of civic and community interests. Beginning with marked success as a lyric poet, he devoted some time to the writing of dramas of a poetic and lofty kind, and to critical writings which had for their purpose the cultivation of a better idea of playwriting and play-seeing. Of recent years he has given himself to the composing chiefly of community masques, the most remarkable of which were the masque at St. Louis, 1914, and the Shakespeare masque in New York City, 1916. The service he has rendered in stimulating interest in this type of art and in teaching large numbers of people the poetic possibilities of their environment, can hardly be overestimated, and the nature of the sacrifice which he has made to forward this large idea can be understood only by those who know at something like first hand the enormous labor which goes into the organization of community drama. Numerous writers of less distinction have aided in the work which he began, so that to-day there is in progress in the United States a well defined movement — to be sure quite as conscious as other twentieth-century movements — to domesticate poetry, as it were, to make it serve purposes of social or patriotic or religious ideals.

The indirect influence of this movement must be traced of course in other arts than that of language — in the encouragement of community music; in the increased demand for an artistic standard in processions and parades; in the intelligent cultivation of community dances, and in the decorative arts. Probably the poetry of the future, whether in America or elsewhere, and whether or not it is the work of academically trained poets, will pass from the academic tradition to the service of society in such ways as Mr. Mackaye's work has indicated. The symptoms of this new use for poetry are too many to name, but important among them is a recognition now quite common, that poetry should be enjoyed primarily by the ear, and that before poetry can

come into its own as a natural art, the people must cultivate deliberately the art of speech, and must train the ear to be critical of the spoken word. In the attention to language American poetry has been deficient; art like that of Stefan George or of Albert Samain or even of such a minor contemporary English writer as Walter Delamare has been altogether too foreign in the American craft, or where it has been present, as in the work of Mr. Woodberry, it has not been recognized at its full value; from the time of Emerson and of Whitman, American poetry has concerned itself almost entirely with its subject matter, and with the service its ideas could render to society.

It is hardly to be expected that in this country any more than in Europe poetry should again be practised unconsciously or without meditation. Even the occasional poet like Rupert Brooke in England, who is hailed as a born singer, on closer inspection proves to be an intentional singer like his comrades in the self-conscious modern world. But it is probable that the self-consciousness of the poets may take a large and noble direction, and that if poetry is never again to be unpremeditated, it may at least be devoted in somewhat the same sense as the dramatic writings of Sophocles or Euripides were devoted, to consecration of national ceremonies and to the expression of contemporary ideals. At least a hope in this direction is afforded by many of the innumerable recent poems on the War. Over every country engaged in the conflict an avalanche of verse, it seems, has swept, sometimes spontaneous, but usually compelled by a conscious patriotism, — by a desire to justify a cause, or to form an opinion or to inspire action. The quality of this writing is for the most part negligible, yet the phenomenon is a very striking one, that in such a crisis of civilization, in an age when the practical values of poetry have not seemed widely recognized, men everywhere should have turned to verse as a means of controlling or of exciting opinion. Lissauer's Hate Song against England is probably the best known of all these lyrics. Its vigor and a certain rhetorical cleverness would explain its success, though such a frank avowal of hate would in any case be enough to attract attention to a poem widely accepted by a warring nation. But nobler poems on the war have been written in Germany and in the other countries; perhaps Maschfield's (1914) will seem to later readers the most substantial record of national feeling and the most beautiful service poetry has rendered the country in these dark years.

EDITORIAL NOTE. — Of the recent poets discussed by Professor Erskine in the foregoing article, the following will be found represented in the Library by biographical and critical essays with accompanying selections: Verhaeren, Maeterlinck, Dehmel, Liliencron, Austin, Bridges, Gibson, Maschfield, Stephen Phillips, Francis Thompson, Synge, Yeats,

Tagore, Cawein, Edwin Robinson, Mackaye, Moody, and Woodberry. Mr. Lloyd Morris's essay on the Irish Renaissance deals with the work of a large number of Irish poets as well as with that of Synge and Yeats. Professor Chandler's essay on the (Drama in the Twentieth Century) includes a number of poets. In connection with the essays on (Drama in the Twentieth Century) and (Poetry in the Twentieth Century,) the reader's attention should be called to that on (Fiction in the Twentieth Century) by Mr. Henry W. Boynton. These three essays taken together provide a remarkable summary, interpretation, and criticism of literary movements and tendencies of the present time. Further guides to reading and full bibliographical information are to be found in the section on (Twentieth Century Literature,) in volume 30, The Student's Course in Literature.

POLYBIUS

(204-122 B. C.)

BY B. PERRIN



POLYBIUS of Megalopolis in Arcadia must rank as the third Greek historian, Herodotus and Thucydides being first and second. He was also an eminent soldier, statesman, and diplomat. He took the most active part in the conduct of the great Achæan League from 181 B. C. to 168 B. C., as his father Lycortas had done before him, and as Philopœmen had done before Lycortas.

By inheritance and by actual experience, Polybius was better qualified than any one else to tell of the great era of Greek federation, and he is our chief authority for this period. When Greek federation also yielded to the irresistible advance of the Roman power, Polybius had such an altogether exceptional experience that he was justified in his own eyes, and in the eyes of the best of his countrymen, in allying himself prominently with the Roman power. This exceptional experience was an enforced residence at Rome for seventeen years. During these seventeen years he won his way into public esteem, and enjoyed intimate,



POLYBIUS

even affectionate intercourse with some of the most influential Romans of the age, such as Æmilius Paulus, and Scipio Africanus the Younger. He lived in the house of the former, as the instructor of his sons Fabius and Scipio. He stood by the latter's side at the final destruction of Carthage in 147-6 B. C. One year later he returned to his native country, which in his absence and against his advice had rashly revolted from Rome. His influence with prominent Romans mitigated somewhat the horrors of the sack of Corinth by Mummius. His last political task was one intrusted to him by the Roman conquerors. It was that of reconciling his conquered countrymen to their defeat, and to the Roman rule. He accomplished this delicate task in such a way as to retain the confidence of the Romans without forfeiting the gratitude of the Greeks. This closed his active career.

It had especially qualified him to write of four great subjects with a knowledge absolutely unsurpassed. These four great subjects were: The Achæan League, or Hellenic Federations; The Roman Power of the Second Century B. C.; The Roman Conquest of Carthage; The Roman Conquest of Greece. He devoted the rest of his life to the composition of the history which finally included these four themes, and died at the good old age of eighty-two.

His experience in public life is unique in many ways, as is also the history which is his imperishable monument. It was a marvelous combination of events which enabled a leading Greek to become practically a leading Roman, without hearing from either side the charge of treachery. But Polybius was compelled to go to Rome, and only the force and dignity of his character prevented his seventeen years of exile from being what they were to his fellow exiles, a prolonged imprisonment. As adviser and officer of the Achæan League, which included at last all Peloponnesus, the policy of Polybius was to conform loyally to all actual agreements of the League with Rome, but yet to maintain the dignity of the League, and to guard jealously all the independence and power still left it. Polybius, that is, was a Nationalist. But there was a party of Romanizers in the Achæan League. These were willing, for the sake of private gain, to further a more rapid advance of Roman interests, a more speedy absorption of Greece by the Roman Empire. The political situation was not unlike that of the previous century, when Demosthenes fought a losing fight for Hellenic as opposed to Macedonian nationalism. Polybius had a sturdier and more philosophical nature than Demosthenes, and his antagonists were not so disinterested as was Phocion, the greatest opponent of Demosthenes. But in other respects the political situations were similar. Rome is merely to be substituted for Macedon, and Macedon is to be ranged along with Athens and Sparta as a subject power. For in 168 Rome had conquered Macedon; and soon after, ten Roman commissioners had appeared in Achaia to establish more firmly there the Roman power. They went as far as they could go without actual conquest, aided by the Romanizing party in the League. One thousand of the most influential Achæans of the Nationalist party were arrested and deported to Italy, to be tried there for their lives.

Polybius was of course one of these. His companions were never brought to trial, but distributed about for imprisonment in the small towns of Italy. After seventeen years of deferred justice, the three hundred surviving exiles were contemptuously sent home by the Roman Senate. Cato, brutal even in his mercy, had said that "the only question that remained was whether the undertakers of Italy or of Greece were to have the burying of them." But Polybius had

obtained permission to reside during those long years at Rome, doubtless through the influence of Æmilius Paulus, who, as proconsul of Macedonia, had disbelieved the charges brought against the exiles. Polybius even entered the family of the greatest Roman of his age, and became the teacher, counselor, and beloved friend of his greater son Scipio Africanus the Younger. His seventeen years of exile brought him, therefore, unsurpassed opportunities to become acquainted with the Roman State. He was free from perplexing political turmoil, free also from all the restraints of a prisoner. The highest circles of Roman society were open to him, and the liberality of Scipio enabled him to devote himself to historical studies.

So when his exile also was closed by decree of the Senate, he was specially qualified to take the part of mediator between Rome and his own distracted country. Fervor of loyalty, romantic patriotism, might have led him to a forlorn-hope attempt to stay the advance of Roman power. But Polybius had neither fervor nor romance. He was eminently practical by nature, a Roman by temperament rather than a Greek; and his long residence in Rome, among the chief Romans, had only emphasized his natural tendencies. He seems to have been especially gifted and trained by Providence to be an acceptable guide for the Eastern world in its transition from Greek to Roman sway.

The history of Polybius was in forty books. Of these only the first five have come down to us intact. Of the rest we have more or less generous fragments. But the plan of the whole is clear. The main part, Books iii.-xxx., covers the events of those wonderful fifty-three years, 220-168 B. C., during which the Romans subdued the world. "Can any one," he asks at the outset, "be so indifferent or idle as not to care to know by what means, and under what kind of polity, almost the whole inhabited world was conquered and brought under the dominion of the single city of Rome, and that too within a period of not quite fifty-three years?" This was an event, as Polybius thought, for which the past afforded no precedent, and to which the future could show no parallel. Books i. and ii. are introductory to this main body of the work, giving a sketch of the earlier history of Rome, and of contemporary events in Greece and Asia. The last ten books gave a history of the manner in which Rome exercised her vast power, until Carthage was annihilated and the Achæan league finally shattered,—the history of the years 168-146.

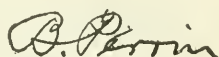
Polybius had the highest possible standard of the calling and duties of the historian. The true historian, he says, will be a man of action, versed in political and military affairs. He will not confine himself to the study of documents and monuments merely, although he will not neglect these. He will study carefully and in person the

topography of the actions he describes. He will ask questions of as many people as possible who were connected in any way with the events or places which he is describing, and he will believe those most worthy of credit, and show critical sagacity in judging all their reports. He will be a man of dignity and good sense. When he resolves to retaliate upon a personal enemy, he will think first, not what that enemy deserves, but what it is becoming in himself to do to that enemy, what his self-respect will allow him to say of that enemy.

Two aims distinguish his history from that of all his predecessors: first its comprehensiveness, second its philosophical nature. He aims to give a general view of the events of the civilized world within the limits of the period chosen for treatment, and he aims to trace events to their causes, and show why things happened, as well as what happened. And what catastrophic events fall within the limits which he sets for himself! The devastations of Hannibal, the annihilation of Carthage, the sack of Corinth! Surely in matter his work can never fail to interest. His spirit also is eminently truthful and sincere. He labors to be impartial, and succeeds far better than most of his predecessors. Only in method and form is he disappointing. As he had no romance or fervor, so he had no grace. His literary style is absolutely tedious. He carries to the utmost extreme that revolt against mere grace of form and style which had been instituted, not without some justification, by Thucydides as against Herodotus. But he has not the severe control of Thucydides in his very severity. His sense of proportion is false,—or wanting entirely. He is inclined to be unjust toward his predecessors. He devotes a whole book, for instance, to a laborious and repetitious attack upon Timæus, the historian of Sicily. Besides this, he is forever preaching and moralizing. To sum up, he treats a grand period capably but tediously.

Dionysius of Halicarnassus, the great critic of the Augustan age, said that Polybius so neglected the graces of style that no one was patient enough to read his works through to the end. And one of the best modern estimates of the historian—that of Strachan-Davidson in Abbott's 'Hellenica'—begins thus: "No ancient writer of equal interest and importance finds fewer readers than Polybius." No better example of painstaking, conscientious, but wearisome fidelity, as compared with brilliant, graceful, artistic invention, can be found than the accounts of the Hannibalic wars as given by Polybius and Livy. For the ultimate facts we go of course to Polybius. But for the indescribable charm which brings tears to the eyes of the poor Latin tutor in the 'Autocrat of the Breakfast Table,' we go to Livy.

The best texts of Polybius are those of Hultsch (Berlin, Vols. i. and ii., 1888, 1892; Vols. iii., iv., 1870, 1872), and Büttner-Wobst (Leipzig, 5 vols., 1882-1904). The best English translation — and a very good one too, with admirable introduction — is that of E. S. Shuckburgh (2 vols., Macmillan & Co., 1889).



SCOPE OF POLYBIUS'S HISTORY

From the 'Histories' of Polybius

WE SHALL best show how vast and marvelous our subject is, by comparing the most famous empires which preceded, and which have been the favorite themes of historians, and measuring them with the superior greatness of Rome. There are but three that deserve even to be so compared and measured, and they are the following. The Persians for a certain length of time were possessed of a great empire and dominion. But every time they ventured beyond the limits of Asia, they found not only their empire but their own existence in danger. The Lacedæmonians, after contending many generations for supremacy in Greece, held it without dispute for barely twelve years when they did get it. The Macedonians obtained dominion in Europe from the lands bordering on the Adriatic to the Danube, — which after all is but a small fraction of this continent, — and by the destruction of the Persian empire they afterwards added to that the dominion of Asia. And yet, though they had the credit of having made themselves masters of a larger number of countries and States than any people had ever done, they still left the greater half of the inhabited world in the hands of others. They never so much as thought of attempting Sicily, Sardinia, or Libya; and as to Europe, to speak the plain truth, they never even knew of the most warlike tribes of the West. The Roman conquest, on the other hand, was not partial. Nearly the whole inhabited world was reduced by them to obedience; and they left behind them an empire not to be paralleled in the past or rivaled in the future. Students will gain from my narrative a clearer view of the whole story, and of the numerous and important advantages offered by such exact record of events.

There is this analogy between the plan of my history and the marvelous spirit of the age with which I have to deal. Just as Fortune made almost all the affairs of the world incline in one direction, and forced them to converge upon one and the same point, so it is my task as a historian to put before my readers a compendious view of the part played by Fortune in bringing about the general catastrophe. It was this peculiarity which originally challenged my attention, and determined me on undertaking this work. And combined with this was the fact that no other writer of our time has undertaken a general history. Had any one done so, my ambition in this direction would have been much diminished. But in point of fact, I notice that by far the greater number of historians concern themselves with isolated wars and the incidents that accompany them; while as to a general and comprehensive scheme of events,—their date, origin, and catastrophe,—no one as far as I know has undertaken to examine it.

I thought it therefore distinctly my duty neither to pass by myself, nor allow any one else to pass by, without full study, a characteristic specimen of the dealings of Fortune, at once brilliant and instructive in the highest degree. For fruitful as Fortune is in change, and constantly as she is producing dramas in the life of men, yet never assuredly before this did she work such a marvel, or act such a drama, as that which we have witnessed. And of this we cannot obtain a comprehensive view from writers of mere episodes. It would be as absurd to expect to do so, as for a man to imagine that he has learnt the shape of the whole world, its entire arrangement and order, because he has visited one after the other the most famous cities in it; or perhaps merely examined them in separate pictures. That would be indeed absurd; and it has always seemed to me that men who are persuaded that they get a competent view of universal from episodic history, are very like persons who should see the limbs of some body, which had once been living and beautiful, scattered and remote; and should imagine that to be quite as good as actually beholding the activity and beauty of the living creature itself. But if some one could there and then reconstruct the animal once more, in the perfection of its beauty and the charm of its vitality, and could display it to the same people, they would beyond doubt confess that they had been far

from conceiving the truth, and had been little better than dreamers. For indeed some idea of a whole may be got from a part, but an accurate knowledge and clear comprehension cannot. Wherefore we must conclude that episodical history contributes exceedingly little to the familiar knowledge and secure grasp of universal history: while it is only by the combination and comparison of the separate parts of the whole,—by observing their likeness and their difference,—that a man can attain his object; can obtain a view at once clear and complete, and thus secure both the profit and the delight of history.

POLYBIUS AND THE SCIPIOS

From the 'Histories'

I WISH to carry out fully, for the sake of students, what was left as a mere promise in my previous book. I promised then that I would relate the origin and manner of the rise and unusually early glory of Scipio's reputation in Rome; and also how it came about that Polybius became so attached to and intimate with him, that the fame of their friendship and constant companionship was not merely confined to Italy and Greece, but became known to more remote nations also. We have already shown that the acquaintance began in a loan of some books and the conversation about them. But as the intimacy went on, and the Achæan *détenu*s were being distributed among the various cities, Fabius and Scipio, the sons of Lucius Æmilius Paulus, exerted all their influence with the prætor that Polybius might be allowed to remain in Rome. This was granted; and the intimacy was becoming more and more close, when the following incident occurred:—

One day, when they were all three coming out of the house of Fabius, it happened that Fabius left them to go to the Forum, and that Polybius went in another direction with Scipio. As they were walking along, Scipio said, in a quiet and subdued voice, and with the blood mounting to his cheeks: "Why is it, Polybius, that though I and my brother eat at the same table, you address all your conversation and all your questions and explanations to him, and pass me over altogether? Of course you too have the same opinion of me as I hear the rest of the city has. For I am considered by everybody, I hear, to be a mild effete

person, and far removed from the true Roman character and ways, because I don't care for pleading in the law courts. And they say that the family I come of requires a different kind of representative, and not the sort that I am. That is what annoys me most."

Polybius was taken aback by the opening words of the young man's speech (for he was only just eighteen), and said, "In heaven's name, Scipio, don't say such things, or take into your head such an idea. It is not from any want of appreciation of you, or any intention of slighting you, that I have acted as I have done: far from it! It is merely that, your brother being the elder, I begin and end my remarks with him, and address my explanations and counsels to him, in the belief that you share the same opinions. However, I am delighted to hear you say now that you appear to yourself to be somewhat less spirited than is becoming to members of your family; for you show by this that you have a really high spirit, and I should gladly devote myself to helping you to speak or act in any way worthy of your ancestors. As for learning, to which I see you and your brother devoting yourselves at present with so much earnestness and zeal, you will find plenty of people to help you both; for I see that a large number of such learned men from Greece are finding their way into Rome at the present time. But as to the points which you say are just now vexing you, I think you will not find any one more fitted to support and assist you than myself."

While Polybius was still speaking, the young man seized his right hand with both of his own, and pressing it warmly, said, "Oh that I might see the day on which you would devote your first attention to me, and join your life with mine. From that moment I shall think myself worthy both of my family and my ancestors." Polybius was partly delighted at the sight of the young man's enthusiasm and affection, and partly embarrassed by the thought of the high position of his family and the wealth of its members. However, from the hour of this mutual confidence the youth never left the side of Polybius, but regarded his society as his first and dearest object.

From that time forward they continually gave each other practical proof of an affection which recalled the relationship of father and son, or of kinsmen of the same blood.

THE FALL OF CORINTH

From the 'Histories'

THE incidents of the capture of Corinth were melancholy. The soldiers cared nothing for the works of art and the consecrated statues. I saw with my own eyes, pictures thrown on the ground and soldiers playing dice on them.

Owing to the popular reverence for the memory of Philopœmen, they did not take down the statues of him in the various cities. So true is it, as it seems to me, that every genuine act of virtue produces in the mind of those who benefit by it an affection which it is difficult to efface. . . .

There were many statues of Philopœmen, and many erections in his honor, voted by the several cities; and a Roman, at the time of the disaster which befell Greece at Corinth, wished to abolish them all, and to formally indict him, laying an information against him, as though he were still alive, as an enemy and ill-wisher to Rome. But after a discussion, in which Polybius spoke against this sycophant, neither Mummius nor the commissioners would consent to abolish the honors of an illustrious man. . . .

Polybius, in an elaborate speech, conceived in the spirit of what has just been said, maintained the cause of Philopœmen. His arguments were that "this man had indeed been frequently at variance with the Romans on the matter of their injunctions, but he only maintained his opposition so far as to inform and persuade them on points in dispute; and even that he did not do without serious cause. He gave a genuine proof of his loyal policy and gratitude by a test as it were of fire, in the periods of the wars with Philip and Antiochus. For, possessing at those times the greatest influence of any one in Greece, from his personal power as well as that of the Achæans, he preserved his friendship for Rome with the most absolute fidelity; having joined in the vote of the Achæans in virtue of which, four months before the Romans crossed from Italy, they levied a war from their own territory upon Antiochus and the Ætolians, when nearly all the other Greeks had become estranged from the Roman friendship." Having listened to this speech, and approved of the speaker's view, the ten commissioners granted that the complimentary erections to Philopœmen in the several cities

should be allowed to remain. Acting on this pretext, Polybius begged of the consul the statues of Achæus, Aratus, and Philopœmen, though they had already been transported to Acarnania from the Peloponnesus: in gratitude for which action, people set up a marble statue of Polybius himself. . . .

After the settlement made by the ten commissioners in Achaia, they directed the quæstor, who was to superintend the selling of Diæus's property, to allow Polybius to select anything he chose from the goods and present it to him as a free gift, and to sell the rest to the highest bidders. But so far from accepting any such present, Polybius urged his friends not to covet anything whatever of the goods sold by the quæstor anywhere;—for he was going a round of the cities, and selling the property of all those who had been partisans of Diæus, as well as of those who had been condemned, except such as left children or parents. Some of these friends did not take his advice; but those who did follow it earned a most excellent reputation among their fellow-citizens.





ALEXANDER POPE

ALEXANDER POPE

(1688-1744)

BY THOMAS R. LOUNSBURY



ALEXANDER POPE, the foremost English poet of the eighteenth century, was born in Lombard Street, London, on May 21st, 1688, and died at Twickenham, May 30th, 1744. In our literature he is the earliest man of letters pure and simple. With that pursuit previous writers had mingled other avocations, if indeed literature itself had not been with them an avocation amid the distraction of other pursuits. Chaucer was a soldier and a diplomatist. Spenser was a government official. Shakespeare was an actor, besides being connected with the management of the company of which he was a member. Milton was an eager and earnest participant in the fierce religious and political strife of his time. Even Dryden held a position in the civil service. But Pope was never anything else than a man of letters. That career he had chosen from the first; and to it he remained faithful to the last.

It was mainly due to choice; partly it was a result of necessity. He was the son of a linen-draper who was a Roman Catholic; and Pope, though almost a latitudinarian in matters of religion, stood staunchly to the end by the faith of his parents. His creed accordingly shut him out of all the posts of profit and sinecures with which it was then not uncommon to reward literary merit. Even had it been otherwise, it is not likely that he would have been turned aside from his choice by the attraction of any other pursuit. In his case the Muse cannot be said to have been ungrateful. To him in a most unusual sense poetry was its own exceeding great reward. It lifted him to a station such as no man of letters before his time had ever attained, and few have attained since,—and this too in spite of obstacles that it might seem would have put an effectual bar in the way of success. A member of a proscribed religious body, with no advantages of birth and fortune, with every disadvantage of personal appearance, he raised himself by the sheer force of genius to a position of equality with the highest of the land. Unplaced, untitled, he became the companion and friend of nobles and ministers of State, without in a single instance sacrificing his personal self-respect, or appearing even to his bitterest foes in the light of a dependent upon the favor of the great.

In one way this extraordinary success was due to good fortune. Pope saw the beginning of the end of the system of patronage, and was to profit more than any one else by the method of publication by subscription—which to some extent took its place in the transition that was going on to the system of publication now in force. Before his time authors generally relied for their support, not on the sale of their works, but upon the gifts received from the wealthy and powerful. To them they dedicated their productions, usually in terms of fulsome eulogy; from them they received a reward varying with the feelings and character of the bestower. The extravagant praise given to ordinary men in these dedications by Pope's great predecessor has cast something of a stain upon the reputation of Dryden; though all that can be justly said against him was that in the general daubing which every patron at that time received, his was the hand that laid on the plaster with most skill and most effectiveness. But Pope was reduced to no such sad necessity. The publication by subscription of his translation of the *Iliad*, completed when he was but little over thirty years old, with the subsequent translation of the *Odyssey*, brought out in a similar way, made him pecuniarily independent. He was never forced in consequence to resort for his subsistence to any of those shifts and mean devices—as they appear at least from the modern point of view—to which many of his most eminent contemporaries betook themselves either from choice or from necessity. Not merely his example, but also his precepts, tended to bring the whole system of patronage into disrepute. All these feelings about the early adverse conditions which had surrounded him, and the success with which he had triumphed over them, came to his mind when late in life—it was in the year 1737—he brought out his imitation of the second epistle of the second book of Horace. In these following lines, possessed of special biographic interest, he recalled the disabilities under which he and his parents had suffered, and expressed his joy in the right he had earned to boast that Homer had made him independent of the favor of the powerful:—

“Bred up at home, full early I begun
 To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus's son.
 Besides, my father taught me from a lad
 The better art to know the good from bad
 (And little sure imported to remove,
 To hunt for truth in Maudlin's learned grove):
 But knottier points we knew not half so well
 Deprived us soon of our paternal cell;
 And certain laws, by sufferers thought unjust,
 Denied all posts of profit or of trust:
 Hopes after hopes of pious Papists failed
 While mighty William's thundering arm prevailed.

For right hereditary taxed and fined,
He stuck to poverty with peace of mind;
And me the Muses helped to undergo it:
Convict a Papist he, and I a poet.
But (thanks to Homer) since I live and thrive,
Indebted to no prince or peer alive,
Sure I should want the care of ten Monroes,
If I would scribble rather than repose.
Years following years steal something every day,
At last they steal us from ourselves away;
In one our frolics, one amusements end,
In one a mistress drops, in one a friend:
This subtle thief of life, this paltry time,
What will it leave me if it snatch my rhyme?
If every wheel of that unwearied mill,
That turned ten thousand verses, now stands still?"

In many respects Pope's life was peculiarly uneventful in the usually uneventful life of an author. His father quitted his business while the son was still a child, and took up his residence at Binfield in Berkshire, on the northern border of Windsor Forest. From that place he went in 1716 to Chiswick. In October of the following year he died. Early in 1718 Pope left Chiswick, and removed with his mother to Twickenham, about twelve miles from the centre of the city of London proper. There he leased a house surrounded with five acres on the banks of the Thames. On the adornment and improvement of these grounds he spent henceforth time, thought, and money. Through them ran the highway from Hampton Court to London, and the two portions of his property were connected by a tunnel under the road. This underground passage, styled a grotto, possessed a spring; and was adorned with shells, corals, crystals, and in general with an assortment of natural curiosities, to which Dr. Johnson in his life of the poet applies the name of "fossil bodies." This grotto became noted; and references to it are by no means unfrequent in the literature of the day. Twickenham remained henceforth Pope's home, and his residence in it made it even during his lifetime classic ground. From that place he ruled with almost undisputed sway over English letters, making and unmaking reputations by the praise or blame he bestowed in a single line.

Pope had almost from his infancy been devoted to literature. He never really knew what it was to be a boy. His health, always delicate, would not have endured the close confinement and hard application of any rigid system of training. As he was a Catholic, he could not have attended a public school had he so wished. That deprivation was to him however no misfortune. Sickly and deformed, precocious and sensitive, he would have been little at home in that

brutal boy-world, which spares the feelings of no comrade on the ground of personal or mental defects. Accordingly he was thrown from his earliest years upon the society of books and of his elders. Taught mainly by private tutors and schoolmasters more or less incapable, his education was mainly of a desultory character; and for the best part of it he was indebted to himself. For his purposes it was probably none the worse on that account. Living a secluded life in the country, he early manifested all the tastes and aspirations of the born man of letters. While yet a mere boy he made translations into verse, he wrote an epic, he wrote a tragedy; and long before he reached his majority, he had displayed powers which attracted the attention of men prominent in the social and literary world.

His active career as a man of letters began with the publication of his 'Pastorals.' These appeared in 1709 in the sixth volume of Tonson's Miscellany. Never was there a kind of literature more unreal and conventional than that to which they belonged, though our ancestors persuaded themselves, or affected to believe, that it was a return to the simplicity of nature. The poetical pieces of the character then written are the most artificial products of an artificial age. At their best no inhabitant of either city or country ever talked or felt in real life as did those who are represented as bearing a part in their dialogue; at their worst they were so expressionless as to resemble much more the bleating of sheep than the song of shepherds. Yet they had been made a fashion. Those of Pope were received with great contemporary applause, which, so far as the melody of the numbers was concerned, was fully deserved. Following these on not altogether dissimilar lines was the descriptive poem 'Windsor Forest,' which came out in 1712. At a later period Pope apparently learned to despise the taste which had inspired these productions. "Who could take offense," he said, referring to them,

"While pure description took the place of sense?"

A far more worthy and substantial success was achieved by the 'Essay on Criticism,' which appeared in 1711. Pope was but twenty-three years old at the time of its publication. The production, however, is a remarkable one in many ways. The rules and maxims are indeed little more than commonplaces; but the skill with which they are expressed makes this poem, considering its character and the youth of its writer, one of the most signal illustrations of precocity which our literature furnishes. In it in particular occur a number of those pointed lines which have contributed to render Pope, with the single exception of Shakespeare, the most frequently quoted author in our speech. To "snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,"

and "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread," are perhaps the most familiar of the numerous sayings, which, occurring originally in this poem, are now heard from the lips of everybody. But these, as has been indicated, are far from being the only ones; while the following comparison of the increasing difficulties that invariably wait upon effort to reach the highest place has always been justly admired:—

"So pleased at first, the towering Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales and seem to tread the sky;
The eternal snows appear already past,
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last;
But, those attained, we tremble to survey
The growing labors of the lengthened way;
The increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes;
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise."

The greatest success, however, of Pope's early career was his mock-heroic poem of the 'Rape of the Lock.' This appeared in its original form in 1712, but its present much enlarged form belongs to 1714. The poem stands by itself in our literature. There is none like it; and it may not be too much to say that in no literature is there anything of the kind equalling it. The productions already mentioned, with the 'Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady' and the epistle of 'Eloïsa to Abélard,' constitute the most important contributions that Pope made to English literature before he had completed his version of the Iliad. They stand largely distinct in spirit and in matter from the work of his later years. Some of them address the emotional side of our nature, as contrasted with the appeal to the purely intellectual side which is the distinguishing note of everything written after the publication of the translation of the Odyssey. To use his own words, he thenceforward

"Stooped to truth, and moralized his song";

though this is a line which expresses his own belief rather than his actual performance. These early productions brought him general reputation, and the personal friendship of men eminent in the world of society and of letters. The good opinion of all was confirmed by the publication of his translation of the Iliad, the first installment of which was published in 1715, and the last as late as 1720.

It was this work which at that time established Pope's reputation and fortune on a secure basis. To some extent it was necessity that led him to undertake it, rather than strong desire or special qualification. His father's fortune, whatever it was, had been reduced by investments that turned out unfortunately. His own original work had been paid for on a scale which the pettiest author of the present

age would deem beggarly. For the 'Rape of the Lock,' for instance, in its first form, he had received but seven pounds; for the additions to it, nearly tripling its length, fifteen pounds was the sum paid. But the publication of the translation of the *Iliad* netted him over five thousand pounds; and the subsequent translation of the *Odyssey*, after paying his fellow-workers, Brome and Fenton, added to this amount the further sum of three thousand pounds. Henceforth he was pecuniarily independent. Even far greater was the accession to his literary reputation. The translation of the *Iliad*, when completed, placed him at the undisputed headship of English men of letters then living. The subsequent fortunes of his version may be thought to justify the enthusiasm with which it was received. There had been three other translations of Homer before his own; those that have followed, or are to follow, are as the sands of the sea for number. Yet during the whole period that has elapsed since its publication, Pope's version has never ceased to hold its place. Other translations may more accurately reflect the spirit of the original; other translations may be more faithful to the sense: the one executed by him has the supreme distinction of being readable.

The publication of his version of the two Homeric epics was followed by his edition of the works of Shakespeare. This came out in 1725. It was a task Pope had no business to undertake; for his time was too precious to be spent in text-correction and annotation, and he had neither the leisure nor the taste to engage in that minute and painstaking research which makes such correction or annotation of real and permanent value. The edition was a general disappointment. In the year after its appearance Theobald (or Tibbald, as the name is sometimes spelled) brought out a critical treatise with the not altogether conciliatory title of 'Shakspear restored; or a Specimen of The Many Errors committed as well as unamended by Mr. Pope in his late edition of this Poet.' Yet in spite of these somewhat suggestive words, the reviewer expressed a good deal of respect for the poet, though it was for him as a poet and not as a commentator. Even in the latter capacity, he cannot fairly be deemed to have exceeded the legitimate province of that criticism which is always held to justify an exultant yell over a real or fancied blunder made by another scholar. But the comparative moderation of Theobald did him no good. Of all the irritable race of authors, Pope was the one least disposed to forget or forgive. This particular treatise was the occasion of his bringing out, what he had long had in mind, an attack on the whole body of minor authors, with whose venomous but vigorous mediocrity his own sensitiveness had brought him into conflict. Accordingly in 1728 appeared the 'Dunciad,' in three books, with Theobald for hero as the supreme dunce.

It shows the influence of a man of genius both over contemporaries and posterity, that the reputation of Theobald has never recovered from the effects of this blow. He was undoubtedly a very ordinary poet, and as a critic the best that can be said of him is that he was as poor as the average members of that fraternity. But as an editor there had been none before to compare with him, and there have been very few since, amid the countless number who have attacked the text of the great dramatist. His edition of Shakespeare, which came out in 1733, effectually put Pope's in the shade then, and has been ever since the storehouse upon which later commentators have drawn for their readings, even while engaged in depreciating the man to whom they owe the corrections they have adopted. For Theobald was on the whole one of the acutest as well as one of the most painstaking of textual critics. Yet in consequence of Pope's attack he was held up at the time as one of the dullest of mortals, and is often termed so now by men who are duller than he ever conceived of any one's being. One of the last acts of Pope's life was to dethrone him from the position to which he had been raised. The proceeding was eminently characteristic of the poet. His publication of the fourth book of the 'Dunciad' in 1742 led to a pamphlet, in the shape of a letter addressed to him, by Colley Cibber. So stung was he by the laureate's attack that he recast the whole 'Dunciad' in 1743, with the fourth book added; and in place of Theobald put his later antagonist, whose qualities and attainments were almost exactly the reverse of those of his original hero.

The publication of the 'Dunciad' marks the turning-point in Pope's literary career. Henceforth his writings were of a philosophical cast, like the 'Essay on Man,' which came out in four parts from 1732 to 1734; or semi-philosophical and semi-satirical, as in the 'Moral Essays'; or mainly satirical, as in the 'Imitations of Horace.' These imitations were wonderful exhibitions of ingenuity and skill. Pope took particular satires and epistles of the Latin poet, and cleverly applied to contemporary characters and to modern times and conditions the sentiments expressed by his model. In the composition of them his peculiar powers shone out at their best. One or two of these pieces are in a measure autobiographical. An offshoot of the 'Imitations'—the 'Prologue to the Satires,' printed below—is especially marked by this characteristic, and on the whole is the most striking of all. It labors at present, as indeed all satirical work must eventually labor, under the general ignorance that has come to prevail about facts and persons once widely known; and the sting that once caused keen pain to the victim and keener delight to contemporaries, is now not appreciated by the mass of even educated readers. Still the point and venom are there; and so long as fuller

knowledge is accessible, change of time or circumstance can never destroy the pungency and force of the lines, however much they may impair belief in the justice of the attack. The picture, for instance, of Addison under the name of Atticus, found in this prologue, may be as grossly unfair as his partisans maintain; but while letters live, that cruel characterization will never be dissociated from his memory, and will always suggest doubt even when it does not carry conviction.

The greatness of Addison has made this portrait familiar, and its references easily understood. There are in Pope's works plenty of similar passages, almost if not quite as powerful in their way; but the subtle irony of personalities, that once made them widely read and keenly enjoyed, now falls unheeded, save by the few who have taken the pains to become fully acquainted with the minor characters and events of the time. The satirist, in truth, must always sacrifice to some extent the future to the present. If Pope himself appreciated the fact, he must have felt that for the coming loss he was receiving some compensation in the actual terror he inspired. About the extent of that there can be no question. He was dreaded as no author before or since has been dreaded, and he exulted in the consciousness of the power he wielded. "Yes, I am proud," he said in the 'Epilogue to the Satires,'—

"—I must be proud, to see
Men not afraid of God, afraid of me:
Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,
Yet touched and shamed by ridicule alone."

It was an obvious answer to all this,—and Pope did not fail to have his attention called to it,—that a somewhat similar statement could be made about a mad dog. Nor at the time could the possession of this power conduce to a really enviable reputation, outside of the comparatively limited circle with which he was closely connected, and which naturally shared in his sentiments and prejudices. During his life it is plain that suspicions were entertained, even by many most disposed to admire him, that he was not as attractive in his character as he was in his writings. In spite of the respect paid to its sting, a hornet is not a creature to which any popular sympathy clings. This feeling about him has increased since the devious course he often pursued has been in these later times completely exposed.

The character of Pope is indeed the most peculiar and puzzling of that of any author of our literature. His impatience under attack was excessive; and when his hostility was once aroused, the virulence of his dislike or hatred seemed thenceforth never to experience abatement. Occasionally too he expressed himself with a ferocity

that bore a close resemblance to malignity. The violence of his language, indeed, not unfrequently impaired the effectiveness of his invective. It certainly sometimes exceeded the bounds of decency and sense. The terms in which he came to speak of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, to whom he had once professed something more than friendship, were simply unpardonable, no matter what the real or fancied injury he may have suffered. There is something to be said in palliation of his course, in fact something in the case of certain persons which approaches justification. The age was a coarse one; and literary combatants used towards each other the coarsest language. Pope himself had early been subjected to contumely out of all proportion to the provocation he had given. By Dennis in his remarks upon the 'Essay on Criticism' he had been styled a "humpbacked toad." Comments upon his personal deformities—and such were not infrequent—he took deeply to heart; and these he not only never forgave, he took care to repay in kind the abuse of which he had been made the object. But on every side he was thin-skinned. It was his abnormal sensitiveness to criticism that led to the long war he carried on with the petty writers of the time, whom he classed together under the general name of dunces. The contest was only saved from being wholly ignoble by the marvelous ability he brought to the work of waging it. But outside of any pretexts furnished by the action of his opponents, he loved personalities for their own sake. "Touch me," he wrote, "and no minister so sore." He adds:—

"Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time
Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme;
Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
And the sad burthen of some merry song."

The most singular thing about his character was, that while in his controversies he was at times moved by some of the meanest passions that can stir the heart, he sincerely regarded himself as actuated by the purest and loftiest motives. It was, to use his own words, the strong antipathy of good to bad, that led him to attack those who had incurred his dislike, either on social, or political, or literary grounds. It is needless to add that in his opinion those who had incurred his dislike were invariably contemptible and vile. In this matter he may or may not have imposed upon others; but there is little reason to doubt that he imposed upon himself. No one was ever more under the influence of that pleasing self-flattery which tempts a man to give to his ill-nature the name of virtuous indignation. According to his own account he was engaged in a holy war against vice, in whatever station of life it presented itself. Nor is

this all. He himself was, if anything, more fond of the reputation of being a good than a great man; and in order to secure the name of it, stood constantly ready to sacrifice the thing. His life was largely made up of a series of strategic devices to persuade the public that he was by nature incapable of the very acts he was engaged in perpetrating. If these things contributed to the benefit of his reputation with his contemporaries, they have damaged him irretrievably with posterity, now that his devious tracks have been fully explored.

This characteristic was most fully exemplified in his epistolary correspondence,—both in its matter and the means he took to secure its publication. His letters are not really letters; they are rather little essays, short and somewhat tedious moral discourses. In fact, Pope, when he wrote prose, wrote with his left hand. The difference between it and his verse is everywhere plainly marked, but nowhere more so than in the correspondence, which was brought out under his own supervision. Never were letters more artificial. They are particularly distinguished for the lofty moral sentiments they contain. The impression they give of him is of a man animated by the most exalted feelings that belong to humanity. Yet we know now that they were never written as they were published. The correspondence he carried on in his youth with Wycherley was so altered that the parts the two writers played were completely reversed; and until a recent period all biographers and literary historians have been deceived by the mutilations of the originals then made. It was even worse in the subsequent publication of his correspondence. He had recalled the letters he wrote; and when time had made it safe, he brought them out with dates changed, with contents dismembered, and addressed to eminent persons then dead who had never had the pleasure of receiving them while living. The elaborate scheme he planned and carried out so as to appear in the light of being forced for his own protection to publish this correspondence, reads like the plot of a cheap and particularly villainous melodrama. For us the effect of all these elaborate devices has been rendered absolutely nugatory by the accidental discovery, in the middle of this century, of transcripts of the original letters made before they were returned.

It is the barest act of justice to Pope to state that there was much in his surroundings to explain these peculiarities in his proceedings, though it is impossible to condone them. His family professed a persecuted religion; and in the anti-Catholic reaction that followed the expulsion of James II., their situation must often have been disagreeable. The boy was necessarily brought up in that atmosphere of evasion and intrigue by which the weak strive to protect themselves from the strong, seeking to secure by trickery what could not be wrested from law. It was not a school to encourage the development

of openness and manliness. Indirection to those thus nurtured tends to become a second nature. Besides this, there were bodily defects which probably exerted an influence of their own upon the poet's nature. His life was, as he himself said, a long disease; and his personal appearance was such that his enemies delighted to call him a monster. Deformity of the body sometimes reacts upon the character; and Pope seems to have been one to whom this principle in a measure applies. On the other hand, there is a good deal to be said in his favor. In many respects he was an example to even good men. Never was there a more pious and devoted son. He constantly interested himself in behalf of the unfortunate who had gained his sympathy or had engaged his respect. Furthermore, he early secured the esteem of a number of persons whose friendship was always an honor and was sometimes fame; and there must have been much in his character to inspire respect and affection, or he could not have earned a regard which was never given lightly, and would have been withdrawn had there not existed qualities to retain it.

From Pope the man it is much more satisfactory to turn to Pope the writer. The first thing that here arrests the attention is the estimate in which he was held by his own generation. No poet of any previous period in English literature ever attained like success, perhaps no poet of any period. The critical attitude of the nineteenth century is so different from the attitude of the eighteenth, that so far from the former being able to sympathize with the sentiments of the latter, it is hardly able to understand them. The view taken of Pope by his contemporaries and immediate successors is something ordinarily incomprehensible to the modern man. In their eyes he was not merely a great poet; there was no greater English poet. Some were disposed to reckon him the greatest. He was our English Homer, not merely because he translated him, but because he stood in the same lofty relation to English poetry that Homer did to Greek. While there were some who denied, and a few who scoffed at, this enrollment, theirs was not the prevailing opinion. That was expressed by Dr. Johnson in his comment on the delay which took place in the publication of the second volume of Joseph Warton's 'Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope.' The first had appeared in 1756. In this, Warton had maintained that Pope did not stand at the head of his profession; that he was indeed superior to all other men in the kind of poetry in which he excelled, but that that in which he excelled was not poetry of the highest kind. Heresy of this sort was not palatable; at any rate, for some reason the second volume was not published until 1782. When Boswell in 1763 asked Johnson why Warton did not bring out the continuation, the latter gave as the probable reason that the delay was due to the writer's

disappointment at his inability to persuade the world to be of his opinion in regard to Pope.

Certainly no English author, with the possible exception of Chaucer, so profoundly influenced the men of his own generation and of those immediately succeeding. No author so impressed his peculiarities of style and diction upon his followers. There is scarcely a poet of the eighteenth century, outside of one or two of the first class, in whose writings the imitation of Pope, conscious or unconscious, cannot be found upon every page. Most of these authors have now sunk into oblivion, or are known only to the special student; but their number was legion, and several of them had in their day a good deal of repute. It was comparatively easy to catch Pope's manner, or rather mannerisms,—the careful balancing of the two divisions of the line, the antithesis of clause and of meaning, the almost monotonous melody of the measure: but what was not easy to any, and to most was impossible, was to impart to the verse the vigor which attracted to it attention, and the point which riveted it in the memory; the curious felicity of expression which gave to the obvious the aspect of the striking; and more than all, the occasional loftiness of sentiment and diction which lifted the numbers from the region of artifice, where so many of them belonged, into the atmosphere of creative art.

As there was no justification for Pope's title to supremacy among English poets, the reaction against the unreasonable claims set up in his behalf brought him in the course of time into undeserved depreciation. The revolt against his methods and style, which began in the latter half of the last century, led to an undervaluation of his achievement as undue as had been the exaggerated estimate previously taken. So far from his being deemed the greatest of English poets, it became a matter of dispute whether he was a poet at all. The literary tournament as to his merits and defects that went on in the first quarter of the present century, in which Bowles, Byron, and Campbell took part, is the most celebrated, though by no means the only one, of the controversies started by the discussion as to his position. The wits of Blackwood's Magazine felicitated themselves in consequence with the thought that there was one subject for critical disquisition that could never be exhausted. This inestimable treasure was the question as to whether Pope was a poet. It would assuredly be a very arbitrary and narrow definition of the word that would reject him from the class. Still there is no doubt that the reaction was, at one time at least, powerful enough to cause him to be widely depreciated. Derogatory opinion of his work is indeed still frequently expressed by men who have clearly not gone through that preliminary preparation for judging his writings which consists in reading

them; and who often in condemning him resort to the very phrases he originated, to express their own scanty ideas.

But no writer continues to remain a classic to successive generations without having very substantial claims to the position he has achieved. Over a large number of men Pope will always exercise a peculiar attraction. These are those to whom the poetry of the understanding is dear, as contrasted with the poetry of high spiritual intuitions. Within this limited and lower field Pope is uniformly excellent, and in many ways unsurpassed. Take him in respect to the matter of diction. Not even Milton himself was his superior in the extraordinary technical skill with which the manner is made to correspond to the matter. His ability in this line was exhibited in his very first work of importance,—the 'Essay on Criticism,' written while he was a mere boy. The passage may serve for an illustration, where he exemplifies the faults he censures in his remarks upon poetical numbers. The monotony of constantly recurring open vowels, the insertion of expletives to fill out the verse, the use of feeble words, and the employment of the Alexandrine, are not only pointed out, but are exhibited, in the following lines:—

"These equal syllables alone require,
Though oft the ear the open vowels tire;
While expletives their feeble aid do join,
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line. . . .
A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along."

But the correspondence of sound to sense is even more skillfully shown in the passage immediately following, in the same poem, in which the line moves slowly or rapidly, harshly or smoothly, in accordance with the idea sought to be conveyed:—

"'Tis not enough no harshness gives offense,—
The sound must seem an echo to the sense:
Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar;
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too labors, and the words move slow;
Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main."

Again, in the effect wrought by the apt use of antithesis, Pope has no superior; it may not be amiss to say he never had a rival. The description of Addison as Atticus, already referred to, and that of Lord Hervey under the title of Sporus, both occurring in the 'Prologue to the Satires,' are conspicuous instances of his ability in the

use of this rhetorical device. Still, the most brilliant illustrations of his skill in this particular are to be found in the 'Rape of the Lock.' Here the anticlimax often lends its aid to the effect; but in many passages the latter is in no way dependent upon the former. Has, indeed, a finer tribute ever been paid to the universal attraction of a beautiful woman than in the following antithetical lines, which celebrate the heroine of the poem as she appeared upon the Thames?

"On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss and infidels adore.
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfixed as those:
Favors to none, to all she smiles extends;
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And like the sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide:
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all."

It is easy now to decry Pope; but where in any poet have more exquisite compliments been put into so few words? To examples of a similar character though of different subject—and such are numerous—we must add the power of pointed expression, which has converted so large a number of his lines into the cheap currency of common quotation; furthermore, the constant recurrence of witty observation in its most condensed form,—such, for illustration, as can be seen in the latter half of a couplet like the following, describing a gossiping conversation:—

"A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
At every word a reputation dies."

Such passages will easily explain the attraction Pope has to men of keen intellectual aptitudes, and to periods in which men of this character abound. He is never likely to be a favorite of those individuals to whom poetry is mainly a source of spiritual comfort, or of spiritual exaltation. But there are all sorts of tastes in the world; and in the ever-changing revolution of literary fashions, Pope will always be sure of a high place, varying in importance with the feelings prevalent at the time, though it is hardly possible that he will ever regain the position he held in the eighteenth century.

Thomas R. Lounsbury.

FROM THE 'ESSAY ON CRITICISM'

'TIS hard to say if greater want of skill
 Appear in writing or in judging ill;
 But of the two, less dangerous is th' offense
 To tire our patience than mislead our sense.
 Some few in that, but numbers err in this;
 Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss.
 A fool might once himself alone expose:
 Now one in verse makes many more in prose.
 'Tis with our judgments, as our watches,—none
 Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
 In poets as true genius is but rare,
 True taste as seldom is the critic's share:
 Both must alike from heaven derive their light,—
 These born to judge as well as those to write.
 Let such teach others who themselves excel,
 And censure freely who have written well:
 Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true,
 But are not critics to their judgment too?

Yet if we look more closely, we shall find
 Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind:
 Nature affords at least a glimmering light;
 The lines, though touched but faintly, are drawn right.
 But as the slightest sketch, if justly traced,
 Is by ill coloring but the more disgraced,
 So by false learning is good sense defaced:
 Some are bewildered in the maze of schools,
 And some made coxcombs Nature meant but fools;
 In search of wit these lose their common-sense,
 And then turn critics in their own defense;
 Each burns alike, who can or cannot write,
 Or with a rival's or a eunuch's spite.
 All fools have still an itching to deride,
 And fain would be upon the laughing side.
 If Mævius scribble in Apollo's spite,
 There are who judge still worse than he can write. . . .

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
 Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
 What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
 Is pride,—the never-failing vice of fools.
 Whatever nature has in worth denied
 She gives in large recruits of needful pride.

For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find
What wants in blood and spirits swelled with wind;
Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defense,
And fills up all the mighty void of sense:
If once right reason drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.
Trust not yourself; but your defects to know,
Make use of every friend—and every foe.
A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring;
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.
Fired at first sight with what the Muse imparts,
In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts,
While from the bounded level of our mind
Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;
But more advanced, behold with strange surprise
New distant scenes of endless science rise!
So pleased at first the towering Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky;
Th' eternal snows appear already past,
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last;
But those attained, we tremble to survey
The growing labors of the lengthened way;
Th' increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

A perfect judge will read each work of wit
With the same spirit that its author writ:
Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find
Where nature moves and rapture warms the mind;
Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight,
The generous pleasure to be charmed with wit.
But in such lays as neither ebb nor flow,
Correctly cold, and regularly low,
That shunning faults one quiet tenor keep,
We cannot blame indeed—but we may sleep.
In wit, as nature, what affects our hearts
Is not th' exactness of peculiar parts;
'Tis not a lip or eye we beauty call,
But the joint force and full result of all.
Thus when we view some well-proportioned dome,
(The world's just wonder, and e'en thine, O Rome!)
No single parts unequally surprise,—
All comes united to th' admiring eyes;

No monstrous height, or breadth, or length, appear:
The whole at once is bold and regular.
Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
In every work regard the writer's end,
Since none can compass more than they intend;
And if the means be just, the conduct true,
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.
As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
To avoid great errors must the less commit,—
Neglect the rules each verbal critic lays;
For not to know some trifles is a praise.
Most critics, fond of some subservient art,
Still make the whole depend upon a part;
They talk of principles, but notions prize,
And all to one loved folly sacrifice. . . .

Some to conceit alone their taste confine,
And glittering thoughts struck out at every line;
Pleased with a work where nothing's just or fit,
One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.
Poets, like painters, thus unskilled to trace
The naked nature and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover every part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art.
True wit is nature to advantage dressed,—
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed;
Something whose truth convinced at sight we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind.
As shades more sweetly recommend the light,
So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit;
For works may have more wit than does them good,
As bodies perish through excess of blood.

Others for language all their care express,
And value books, as women men, for dress:
Their praise is still, The style is excellent;
The sense they humbly take upon content.
Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.
False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
Its gaudy colors spreads on every place;
The face of nature we no more survey,—
All glares alike, without distinction gay:
But true expression, like th' unchanging sun,
Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon;
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.

Expression is the dress of thought, and still
 Appears more decent as more suitable.
 A vile conceit in pompous words expressed
 Is like a clown in regal purple dressed:
 For different styles with different subjects sort,
 As several garbs with country, town, and court. . . .

But most by numbers judge a poet's song,
 And smooth or rough with them is right or wrong:
 In the bright Muse though thousand charms conspire,
 Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire,
 Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
 Not mend their minds; as some to church repair,
 Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
 These equal syllables alone require,
 Though oft the ear the open vowels tire;
 While expletives their feeble aid do join,
 And ten low words oft creep in one dull line;
 While they ring round the same unvaried chimes,
 With sure returns of still expected rhymes:
 Where'er you find "the cooling western breeze,"
 In the next line it "whispers through the trees";
 If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"
 The reader's threatened (not in vain) with "sleep";
 Then, at the last and only couplet, fraught
 With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
 A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
 That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.

.
 True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
 As those move easiest who have learned to dance.
 'Tis not enough no harshness gives offense:
 The sound must seem an echo to the sense.
 Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
 And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
 But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
 The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar.
 When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
 The line too labors, and the words move slow;
 Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
 Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.

.
 Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
 But catch the spreading notion of the town;

They reason and conclude by precedent,
And own stale nonsense which they ne'er invent.
Some judge of authors' names, not works, and then
Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the men. . . .
The vulgar thus through imitation err,
As oft the learned by being singular:
So much they scorn the crowd, that if the throng
By chance go right, they purposely go wrong.
So schismatics the plain believers quit,
And are but damned for having too much wit.
Some praise at morning what they blame at night,
But always think the last opinion right.
A Muse by these is like a mistress used,—
This hour she's idolized, the next abused;
While their weak heads, like towns unfortified,
'Twixt sense and nonsense daily change their side. . . .

Unhappy wit, like most mistaken things,
Atones not for that envy which it brings:
In youth alone its empty praise we boast,
But soon the short-lived vanity is lost;
Like some fair flower the early spring supplies,
That gayly blooms, but e'en in blooming dies.
What is this wit, which must our cares employ?
The owner's wife that other men enjoy:
Then most our trouble still when most admired,
And still the more we give, the more required;
Whose fame with pains we guard, but lose with ease,
Sure some to vex, but never all to please:
'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous shun;
By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone!

If wit so much from ignorance undergo,
Ah, let not learning too commence its foe!
Of old those met rewards who could excel,
And such were praised who but endeavored well:
Though triumphs were to generals only due,
Crowns were reserved to grace the soldiers too.
Now they who reach Parnassus's lofty crown
Employ their pains to spurn some others down;
And while self-love each jealous writer rules,
Contending wits become the sport of fools:
But still the worst with most regret commend,
For each ill author is as bad a friend.
To what base ends, and by what abject ways,
Are mortals urged through sacred lust of praise!

Ah, ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,
 Nor in the critic let the man be lost!
 Good-nature and good-sense must ever join;
 To err is human, to forgive divine. . . .

'Tis not enough your counsel still be true:
 Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do;
 Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
 And things unknown proposed as things forgot.
 Without good breeding, truth is disapproved;
 That only makes superior sense beloved. . . .

'Tis best sometimes your censure to restrain,
 And charitably let the dull be vain;
 Your silence there is better than your spite,
 For who can rail so long as they can write?
 Still humming on their drowsy course they keep,
 And lashed so long, like tops, are lashed asleep.
 False steps but help them to renew the race,
 As, after stumbling, jades will mend their pace.
 What crowds of these, impenitently bold,
 In sounds and jingling syllables grown old,
 Still run on poets, in a raging vein,
 E'en to the dregs and squeezings of the brain,
 Strain out the last dull droppings of their sense,
 And rhyme with all the rage of impotence!
 Such shameless bards we have; and yet 'tis true
 There are as mad abandoned critics too.
 The bookful blockhead ignorantly read,
 With loads of learnèd lumber in his head,
 With his own tongue still edifies his ears,
 And always listening to himself appears.
 All books he reads, and all he reads assails,
 From Dryden's 'Fables' down to Durfey's 'Tales.'
 With him most authors steal their works, or buy:
 Garth did not write his own 'Dispensary.'
 Name a new play, and he's the poet's friend;
 Nay, showed his faults, but when would poets mend?
 No place so sacred from such fops is barred,
 Nor is Paul's church more safe than Paul's church-yard:
 Nay, fly to altars, there they'll talk you dead;
 For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.

THE GAME OF CARDS

From 'The Rape of the Lock'

CLOSE by those meads, for ever crowned with flowers,
 Where Thames with pride surveys his rising towers,
 There stands a structure of majestic frame,
 Which from the neighboring Hampton takes its name.
 Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom
 Of foreign tyrants and of nymphs at home;
 Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
 Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.

Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
 To taste awhile the pleasures of a court:
 In various talk th' instructive hours they past,
 Who gave the ball or paid the visit last;
 One speaks the glory of the British Queen,
 And one describes a charming Indian screen;
 A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes:
 At every word a reputation dies.
 Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
 With singing, laughing, ogling, *and all that*.

Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,
 The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray;
 The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
 And wretches hang that jurymen may dine;
 The merchant from th' Exchange returns in peace,
 And the long labors of the toilet cease.
 Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,
 Burns to encounter two adventurous knights,
 At Ombre singly to decide their doom;
 And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.
 Straight the three bands prepare in arms to join,
 Each band the number of the sacred nine.
 Soon as she spreads her hand, th' aerial guard
 Descend, and sit on each important card:
 First Ariel perched upon a Matadore,
 Then each according to the rank they bore;
 For sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
 Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.

Behold, four Kings in majesty revered,
 With hoary whiskers and a forked beard;
 And four fair Queens whose hands sustain a flower,
 Th' expressive emblem of their softer power;

Four Knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band,
Caps on their heads and halberts in their hand;
And particolored troops, a shining train,
Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.

The skillful nymph reviews her force with care:
Let Spades be trumps! she said, and trumps they were.

Now move to war her sable Matadores,
In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.
Spadillio first, unconquerable lord!
Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board.
As many more Manillio forced to yield,
And marched a victor from the verdant field.
Him Basto followed, but his fate more hard
Gained but one trump and one plebeian card.
With his broad sabre next, a chief in years,
The hoary majesty of Spades appears:
Puts forth one manly leg, to sight revealed;
The rest his many-colored robe concealed.
The rebel Knave, who dares his prince engage,
Proves the just victim of his royal rage.
Ev'n mighty Pam, that Kings and Queens o'erthrew
And mowed down armies in the fights of Lu,
Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
Falls undistinguished by the victor Spade!

Thus far both armies to Belinda yield;
Now to the Baron fate inclines the field.
His warlike Amazon her host invades,
Th' imperial consort of the crown of Spades.
The Club's black tyrant first her victim died,
Spite of his haughty mien, and barbarous pride:
What boots the regal circle on his head,
His giant limbs, in state unwieldy spread;
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe?

The Baron now his Diamonds pours apace;
Th' embroidered King who shows but half his face,
And his refulgent Queen, with powers combined
Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild disorder seen,
With throngs promiscuous strow the level green.
Thus when dispersed a routed army runs,
Of Asia's troops and Afric's sable sons,
With like confusion different nations fly,
Of various habit and of various dye:

The pierced battalions disunited fall,
In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.

The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (oh shameful chance!) the Queen of Hearts.
At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look;
She sees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,
Just in the jaws of ruin and Codille.
And now (as oft in some distempered State)
On one nice trick depends the general fate.
An Ace of Hearts steps forth: the King unseen
Lurked in her hand, and mourned his captive Queen;
He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the prostrate Ace.
The nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky;
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.

O thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,
Too soon dejected and too soon elate.
Sudden these honors shall be snatched away,
And cursed forever this victorious day.

For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crowned,
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round;
On shining altars of Japan they raise
The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze:
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the smoking tide;
At once they gratify their scent and taste,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
Straight hover round the fair her airy band:
Some, as she sipped, the fuming liquor fanned;
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes displayed,
Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.
Coffee (which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes)
Sent up in vapors to the Baron's brain
New stratagems, the radiant lock to gain.
Ah cease, rash youth! desist ere 'tis too late,
Fear the just gods, and think of Scylla's fate!
Changed to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Nisus's injured hair!

But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
How soon they find fit instruments of ill!
Just then, Clarissa drew with tempting grace
A two-edged weapon from her shining case:

So ladies in romance assist their knight,
 Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.
 He takes the gift with reverence, and extends
 The little engine on his fingers' ends;
 This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
 As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.
 Swift to the lock a thousand sprites repair,
 A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
 And thrice they twitched the diamond in her ear:
 Thrice she looked back, and thrice the foe drew near.
 Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought
 The close recesses of the Virgin's thought:
 As, on the nosegay in her breast reclined,
 He watched th' ideas rising in her mind,
 Sudden he viewed, in spite of all her art,
 An earthly lover lurking at her heart.
 Amazed, confused, he found his power expired,
 Resigned to fate, and with a sigh retired.

The peer now spreads the glitt'ring forfex wide,
 T' inclose the lock; now joins it, to divide.
 Even then, before the fatal engine closed,
 A wretched sylph too fondly interposed;
 Fate urged the shears, and cut the sylph in twain
 (But airy substance soon unites again).
 The meeting points the sacred hair dissever
 From the fair head, for ever and for ever!

Then flashed the living lightning from her eyes,
 And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies.
 Not louder shrieks to pitying heaven are cast
 When husbands, or when lap-dogs, breathe their last;
 Or when rich China vessels, fallen from high,
 In glittering dust and painted fragments lie!

"Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine"
 (The victor cried): "the glorious prize is mine!
 While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
 Or in a coach and six the British fair,
 As long as Atalantis shall be read,
 Or the small pillow grace a lady's bed,
 While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
 When numerous wax-lights in bright order blaze,
 While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
 So long my honor, name, and praise shall live!"

What time would spare, from steel receives its date,
 And monuments, like men, submit to fate!

Steel could the labor of the gods destroy,
 And strike to dust th' imperial towers of Troy;
 Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
 And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
 What wonder then, fair nymph! thy hairs should feel
 The conquering force of unresisted steel?

FROM THE 'ESSAY ON MAN'

HEAVEN from all creatures hides the book of Fate,
 All but the page prescribed, their present state;
 From brutes what men, from men what spirits know:
 Or who could suffer being here below?
 The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
 Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
 Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,
 And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.
 Oh, blindness to the future! kindly given,
 That each may fill the circle marked by Heaven:
 Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
 A hero perish or a sparrow fall,
 Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,
 And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

Hope humbly, then; with trembling pinions soar;
 Wait the great teacher Death; and God adore.
 What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
 But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
 Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
 Man never Is, but always To Be blest:
 The soul, uneasy and confined from home,
 Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind
 Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind:
 His soul, proud science never taught to stray
 Far as the solar walk or Milky Way:
 Yet simple Nature to his hope has given,
 Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heaven;
 Some safer world in depth of woods embraced,
 Some happier island in the watery waste,
 Where slaves once more their native land behold,
 No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
 To Be, contents his natural desire;
 He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;

But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

Go, wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense,
Weigh thy opinion against Providence:
Call imperfection what thou fancy'st such,—
Say, here he gives too little, there too much;
Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
Yet cry, If man's unhappy, God's unjust,—
If man alone engross not Heaven's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there;
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Re-judge his justice, be the God of God.
In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes:
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,
Aspiring to be angels, men rebel;
And who but wishes to invert the laws
Of Order, sins against th' Eternal Cause.

Ask for what end the heavenly bodies shine,
Earth for whose use? Pride answers, " 'Tis for mine:
For me kind Nature wakes her genial power,
Suckles each herb, and spreads out every flower;
Annual for me, the grape, the rose renew
The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew;
For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings;
For me, health gushes from a thousand springs;
Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise;
My footstool earth, my canopy the skies."

But errs not Nature from this gracious end,
From burning suns when livid deaths descend,
When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep
Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep?
"No" ('tis replied), "the first Almighty Cause
Acts not by partial, but by general laws:
Th' exceptions few; some change since all began:
And what created perfect?" why then man?
If the great end be human happiness,
Then nature deviates; and can man do less?
As much that end a constant course requires
Of showers and sunshine, as of man's desires;
As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,
As men for ever temperate, calm, and wise.

If plagues or earthquakes break not Heaven's design,
Why then a Borgia or a Catiline?
Who knows but he whose hand the lightning forms,
Who heaves old ocean and who wings the storms,
Pours fierce ambition in a Cæsar's mind,
Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge mankind?
From pride, from pride, our very reasoning springs;
Account for moral as for natural things:
Why charge we Heaven in those, in these acquit?
In both, to reason right is to submit.

Better for us, perhaps, it might appear,
Were there all harmony, all virtue here;
That never air or ocean felt the wind;
That never passion discomposed the mind.
But all subsists by elemental strife;
And passions are the elements of life.
The general order, since the whole began,
Is kept in nature, and is kept in man.

What would this man? Now upward will he soar,
And little less than angel, would be more;
Now looking downwards, just as grieved appears
To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.
Made for his use all creatures if he call,
Say what their use, had he the powers of all?
Nature, to these without profusion kind,
The proper organs, proper powers assigned:
Each seeming want compensated of course,
Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force;
All in exact proportion to the state:
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
Each beast, each insect, happy in its own:
Is Heaven unkind to man, and man alone?
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleased with nothing, if not blessed with all?

The bliss of man (could pride that blessing find)
Is not to act or think beyond mankind;
No powers of body or of soul to share,
But what his nature and his state can bear.
Why has not man a microscopic eye?
For this plain reason: man is not a fly.
Say what the use, were finer optics given,
T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the heaven?
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To smart and agonize at every pore?

Or, quick effluvia darting through the brain,
 Die of a rose in aromatic pain?
 If nature thundered in his opening ears,
 And stunned him with the music of the spheres,
 How would he wish that Heaven had left him still
 The whispering zephyr and the purling rill!
 Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
 Alike in what it gives and what denies?

Far as creation's ample range extends,
 The scale of sensual, mental powers ascends:
 Mark how it mounts, to man's imperial race,
 From the green myriads in the peopled grass,—
 What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
 The mole's dim curtain and the lynx's beam;
 Of smell, the headlong lioness between,
 And hound sagacious on the tainted green;
 Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood
 To that which warbles through the vernal wood;
 The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
 Feels at each thread, and lives along the line;
 In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true
 From poisonous herbs extracts the healing dew?
 How instinct varies in the groveling swine,
 Compared, half-reasoning elephant, with thine!
 'Twixt that and reason, what a nice barrier,
 Forever separate, yet forever near!
 Remembrance and reflection how allied:
 What thin partitions sense from thought divide;
 And middle natures, how they long to join,
 Yet never pass th' insuperable line!
 Without this just gradation could they be
 Subjected, these to those, or all to thee?
 The powers of all subdued by thee alone,
 Is not thy reason all these powers in one?

See, through this air, this ocean, and this earth,
 All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
 Above, how high progressive life may go!
 Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
 Vast chain of being! which from God began,
 Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,
 Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
 No glass can reach; from infinite to thee,
 From thee to nothing. — On superior powers
 Were we to press, inferior might on ours;

Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroyed:
From Nature's chain whatever link you strike,
Tenth or ten-thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

And if each system in gradation roll,
Alike essential to the amazing whole:
The least confusion but in one,—not all
That system only, but the whole, must fall.
Let earth unbalanced from her orbit fly,
Planets and suns run lawless through the sky;
Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurled,
Being on being wrecked, and world on world;
Heaven's whole foundations to their centre nod,
And nature tremble to the throne of God:
All this dread order break—for whom? for thee?
Vile worm!—oh madness! pride! impiety!

What if the foot ordained the dust to tread,
Or hand to toil, aspired to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear repined
To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?
Just as absurd for my part to claim
To be another, in this general frame;
Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks or pains
The great directing mind of all ordains.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul:
That, changed through all, and yet in all the same;
Great in the earth as in th' ethereal frame;
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glow in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent:
Breaths in our soil, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

Cease then, nor order imperfection name:
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: This kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee.
Submit.—In this, or any other sphere,
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear;

Safe in the hand of one disposing Power,
 Or in the natal or the mortal hour.
 All nature is but art unknown to thee;
 All chance, direction which thou canst not see;
 All discord, harmony not understood;
 All partial evil, universal good:
 And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
 One truth is clear,—Whatever is, is right. . . .

Order is Heaven's first law: and, this confess,
 Some are and must be greater than the rest,
 More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
 That such are happier, shocks all common-sense.
 Heaven to mankind impartial we confess,
 If all are equal in their happiness:
 But mutual wants this happiness increase;
 All nature's difference keeps all nature's peace.
 Condition, circumstance, is not the thing:
 Bliss is the same in subject or in king,
 In who obtain defense or who defend,
 In him who is or him who finds a friend;
 Heaven breathes through every member of the whole
 One common blessing, as one common soul.
 But fortune's gifts, if each alike possess
 And each were equal, must not all contest?
 If then to all men happiness was meant,
 God in externals could not place content.

Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
 And these be happy called, unhappy those;
 But Heaven's just balance equal will appear,
 While those are placed in hope and these in fear:
 Not present good or ill the joy or curse,
 But future views of better or of worse. . . .

Count all th' advantage prosperous vice attains,
 'Tis but what virtue flies from and disdains;
 And grant the bad what happiness they would,
 One they must want, which is, to pass for good. . . .

The good must merit God's peculiar care;
 But who but God can tell us who they are?
 One thinks on Calvin heaven's own spirit fell;
 Another deems him instrument of hell:
 If Calvin feel heaven's blessing or its rod,
 This cries there is, and that there is no God.
 What shocks one part will edify the rest;
 Nor with one system can they all be blest.

The very best will variously incline,
 And what rewards your virtue punish mine.
 Whatever is, is right.—This world, 'tis true,
 Was made for Cæsar—but for Titus too;
 And which more blessed? who chained his country, say,
 Or he whose virtue sighed to lose a day?

“But sometimes virtue starves while vice is fed.”
 What then? is the reward of virtue bread?
 That, vice may merit: 'tis the price of toil;
 The knave deserves it when he tills the soil,
 The knave deserves it when he tempts the main,
 Where folly fights for kings or dives for gain.
 The good man may be weak, be indolent;
 Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.
 But grant him riches, your demand is o'er?
 “No—shall the good want health, the good want power?”
 Add health and power, and every earthly thing.
 “Why bounded power? why private? why no king?”
 Nay, why external for internal given?
 Why is not man a god, and earth a heaven?” . . .

Honor and shame from no condition rise:
 Act well your part,—there all the honor lies.
 Fortune in men has some small difference made,—
 One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
 The cobbler aproned, and the parson gowned,
 The friar hooded, and the monarch crowned.
 “What differ more” (you cry) “than crown and cowl?”
 I'll tell you, friend,—a wise man and a fool.
 You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
 Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,
 Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow:
 The rest is all but leather or prunello.

Stuck o'er with titles, and hung round with strings,
 That thou mayst be by kings, or whores of kings;
 Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,
 In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece:
 But by your fathers' worth if yours you rate,
 Count me those only who were good and great.
 Go! if your ancient but ignoble blood
 Has crept through scoundrels ever since the Flood,
 Go! and pretend your family is young,
 Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.
 What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
 Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.

Look next on greatness; say where greatness lies?
 "Where but among the heroes and the wise?"
 Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
 From Macedonia's madman to the Swede;
 The whole strange purpose of their lives to find
 Or make an enemy of all mankind!
 Not one looks backward, onward still he goes;
 Yet ne'er looks forward further than his nose.
 No less alike the politic and wise;
 All sly slow things with circumspective eyes:
 Men in their loose unguarded hours they take,—
 Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.
 But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat:
 'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great.
 Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
 Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
 Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
 Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
 Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
 Like Socrates,—that man is great indeed.

What's fame? a fancied life in others' breath;
 A thing beyond us, e'en before our death;
 Just what you hear you have; and what's unknown
 The same (my lord) if Tully's or your own.
 All that we feel of it begins and ends
 In the small circle of our foes or friends:
 To all beside as much an empty shade,
 A Eugene living as a Cæsar dead;
 Alike or when or where they shone or shine,
 Or on the Rubicon or on the Rhine.
 A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;
 An honest man's the noblest work of God.
 Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
 As justice tears his body from the grave;
 When what t' oblivion better were resigned
 Is hung on high, to poison half mankind.
 All fame is foreign but of true desert,
 Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:
 One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
 Of stupid starers and of loud huzzas;
 And more true joy Marcellus exiled feels,
 Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels. . . .

Know then this truth (enough for man to know),
 "Virtue alone is happiness below;"

The only point where human bliss stands still,
 And tastes the good without the fall to ill;
 Where only merit constant pay receives,
 Is blessed in what it takes and what it gives;
 The joy unequalled if its end it gain,
 And, if it lose, attended with no pain;
 Without satiety, though e'er so blessed,
 And but more relished as the more distressed.

FROM THE 'EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT'

WHY did I write? What sin to me unknown
 Dipt me in ink,—my parents' or my own?
 As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
 I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.
 I left no calling for this idle trade,
 No duty broke, no father disobeyed.
 The Muse but served to ease some friend, not wife,
 To help me through this long disease, my life,
 To second, Arbuthnot! thy art and care,
 And teach the being you preserved, to bear.

But why then publish? Granville the polite,
 And knowing Walsh, would tell me I could write;
 Well-natured Garth inflamed with early praise;
 And Congreve loved, and Swift endured, my lays;
 The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield, read;
 Even mitred Rochester would nod the head,
 And St. John's self (great Dryden's friends before)
 With open arms received one poet more.
 Happy my studies, when by these approved!
 Happier their author, when by these beloved!
 From these the world will judge of men and books,
 Not from the Burnets, Oldmixons, and Cookes.

Soft were my numbers: who could take offense,
 While pure description held the place of sense?
 Like gentle Fanny's was my flowery theme,
 A painted mistress or a purling stream.
 Yet then did Gildon draw his venal quill:
 I wished the man a dinner, and sat still.
 Yet then did Dennis rave in furious fret:
 I never answered,—I was not in debt.
 If want provoked, or madness made them print,
 I waged no war with Bedlam or the Mint.

Did some more sober critic come abroad,—
 If wrong, I smiled; if right, I kissed the rod.
 Pains, reading, study, are their just pretense,
 And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense.
 Commas and points they set exactly right,
 And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite.
 Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel graced these ribalds,
 From slashing Bentley down to piddling Tibalds:
 Each wight, who reads not, and but scans and spells,
 Each word-catcher, that lives on syllables,—
 Even such small critics some regard may claim,
 Preserved in Milton's or in Shakespeare's name.
 Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
 Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!
 The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
 But wonder how the devil they got there.

Were others angry, I excused them too:
 Well might they rage—I gave them but their due.
 A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find;
 But each man's secret standard in his mind.
 That casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,—
 This, who can gratify? for who can *guess*?
 The bard whom pilfered pastorals renown,
 Who turns a Persian tale for half a crown,
 Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
 And strains, from hard-bound brains, eight lines a year;
 He who, still wanting though he lives on theft,
 Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left;
 And he who, now to sense, now nonsense leaning,
 Means not, but blunders round about a meaning;
 And he whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
 It is not poetry, but prose run mad:
 All these, my modest satire bade *translate*,
 And owned that nine such poets made a Tate.
 How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and *chafe*!
 And swear, not Addison himself was safe.

Peace to all such! But were there one whose fires
 True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires;
 Blest with each talent and each art to please,
 And born to write, converse, and live with ease:
 Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
 Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne;
 View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
 And hate for arts that caused himself to rise;

Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
 And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
 Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
 Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
 Alike reserved to blame or to commend,
 A timorous foe and a suspicious friend;
 Dreading even fools, by flatterers besieged,
 And so obliging that he ne'er obliged;
 Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
 And sit attentive to his own applause;
 While wits and Templars every sentence raise,
 And wonder with a foolish face of praise:
 Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
 Who would not weep, if Atticus* were he? . . .

Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
 That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
 Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
 Or from the soft-eyed virgin steal a tear.
 But he who hurts a harmless neighbor's peace,
 Insults fallen worth or beauty in distress,
 Who loves a lie, lame slander helps about,
 Who writes a libel, or who copies out:
 That fop, whose pride affects a patron's name,
 Yet, absent, wounds an author's honest fame;
 Who can your merit selfishly approve,
 And show the sense of it without the love;
 Who has the vanity to call you friend,
 Yet wants the honor, injured, to defend;
 Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,
 And if he lie not, must at least betray;
 Who to the dean and silver bell can swear,
 And sees at canons what was never there;
 Who reads, but with a lust to misapply,
 Make satire a lampoon, and fiction, lie:
 A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,
 But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.

Let Sporus† tremble — A. What! that thing of silk?
 Sporus, that mere white curd of ass's milk?
 Satire or sense, alas! can Sporus feel?
 Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?

P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
 This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings;

* Addison.

† Lord Hervey.

Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
 Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:
 So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
 In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
 Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
 As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
 Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
 And as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks;
 Or at the ear of Eve, familiar toad,
 Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad,
 In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,
 Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies:
 His wit all see-saw between *that* and *this*,
 Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,
 And he himself one vile antithesis.
 Amphibious thing! that acting either part,
 The trifling head or the corrupted heart,
 Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the board,
 Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord.
 Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have exprest,
 A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest;
 Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,
 Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.

Not fortune's worshiper nor fashion's fool,
 Not lucre's madman nor ambition's tool,
 Not proud nor servile;—be one poet's praise,
 That if he pleased, he pleased by manly ways;
 That flattery, even to kings, he held a shame,
 And thought a lie in verse or prose the same.
 That not in fancy's maze he wandered long,
 But stooped to truth, and moralized his song;
 That not for fame, but virtue's better end,
 He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,
 The damning critic, half-approving wit,
 The coxcomb hit or fearing to be hit;
 Laughed at the loss of friends he never had,
 The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;
 The distant threats of vengeance on his head,
 The blow unfelt, the tear he never shed;
 The tale revived, the lie so oft o'erthrown,
 Th' imputed trash, and dullness not his own;
 The morals blackened when the writings 'scape,
 The libeled person and the pictured shape;

Abuse on all he loved, or loved him, spread,
 A friend in exile, or a father dead;
 The whisper that to greatness still too near,
 Perhaps, yet vibrates on his sovereign's ear;—
 Welcome for thee, fair Virtue! all the past;
 For thee, fair Virtue! welcome *even* the *last*!

A. But why insult the poor, affront the great?

P. A knave's a knave, to me, in every state:
 Alike my scorn if he succeed or fail,
 Sporus at court or Japhet in a jail,
 A hireling scribbler or a hireling peer,
 Knight of the post corrupt, or of the shire;
 If on a pillory or near a throne,
 He gain his prince's ear or lose his own.

Of gentle blood (part shed in honor's cause,
 While yet in Britain honor had applause)
 Each parent sprung— A. What fortune, pray?— P. Their
 own,

And better got than Bestia's from the throne.
 Born to no pride, inheriting no strife,
 Nor marrying discord in a noble wife,
 Stranger to civil and religious rage,
 The good man walked innoxious through his age.
 Nor courts he saw, no suits would ever try,
 Nor dared an oath nor hazarded 'a lie.
 Unlearned, he knew no schoolman's subtle art,
 No language but the language of the heart.
 By nature honest, by experience wise,
 Healthy by temperance and by exercise;
 His life, though long, to sickness past unknown,
 His death was instant and without a groan.
 Oh, grant me thus to live, and thus to die!
 Who sprung from kings shall know less joy than I.

O Friend! may each domestic bliss be thine!
 Be no unpleasing melancholy mine:
 Me let the tender office long engage
 To rock the cradle of reposing age,
 With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
 Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death,
 Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
 And keep awhile one parent from the sky!
 On cares like these if length of days attend,
 May Heaven, to bless those days, preserve my friend, .

Preserve him social, cheerful, and serene,
 And just as rich as when he served a Queen.
 A. Whether that blessing be denied or given,
 Thus far was right; the rest belongs to Heaven.

THE GODDESS OF DULLNESS IS ADDRESSED ON EDUCATION

From the 'Dunciad'

NOW crowds on crowds around the Goddess press,
 Each eager to present their first address.
 Dunce scorning dunce beholds the next advance,
 But fop shows fop superior complaisance.
 When lo! a spectre rose, whose index-hand
 Held forth the virtue of the dreadful wand;
 His beavered brow a birchen garland wears,
 Dropping with infant's blood and mother's tears.
 O'er every vein a shuddering horror runs;
 Eton and Winton shake through all their sons.
 All flesh is humbled: Westminster's bold race
 Shrink, and confess the genius of the place;
 The pale Boy-Senator yet tingling stands,
 And holds his breeches close with both his hands.
 Then thus:—"Since man from beast by words is known,
 Words are man's province; words we teach alone.
 When reason, doubtful like the Samian letter,
 Points him two ways, the narrower is the better.
 Placed at the door of learning, youth to guide,
 We never suffer it to stand too wide.
 To ask, to guess, to know, as they commence,
 As fancy opens the quick springs of sense,—
 We ply the memory, we load the brain,
 Bind rebel wit and double chain on chain;
 Confine the thought, to exercise the breath;
 And keep them in the pale of words till death.
 Whate'er the talents, or howe'er designed,
 We hang one jingling padlock on the mind:
 A poet the first day he dips his quill;
 And what the last? a very poet still.
 Pity! the charm works only in our wall;
 Lost, lost too soon in yonder house or hall.
 There truant Wyndham every Muse gave o'er;
 There Talbot sunk, and was a wit no more!

How sweet an Ovid, Murray was our boast!
How many Martials were in Pulteney lost!
Else sure some bard, to our eternal praise,
In twice ten thousand rhyming nights and days,
Had reached the work, the all that mortal can;
And South beheld that masterpiece of man."

"Oh" (cried the Goddess) "for some pedant reign
Some gentle James, to bless the land again;
To stick the doctor's chair into the throne,
Give law to words, or war with words alone,
Senates and courts with Greek and Latin rule,
And turn the Council to a grammar school!
For sure, if Dullness sees a grateful day,
'Tis in the shade of arbitrary sway.
Oh! if my sons may learn one earthly thing,
Teach but that one, sufficient for a king,—
That which my priests, and mine alone, maintain,
Which as it dies, or lives, we fall or reign:
May you, may Cam and Isis, preach it long!—
'The right divine of kings to govern wrong.'"

Prompt at the call, around the Goddess roll
Broad hats, and hoods, and caps, a sable shoal:
Thick and more thick the black blockade extends,
A hundred head of Aristotle's friends.
Nor wert thou, Isis! wanting to the day,
Though Christ-church long kept prudishly away.
Each stanch polemic, stubborn as a rock,
Each fierce logician, still expelling Locke,
Came whip and spur, and dashed through thin and thick
On German Crouzaz and Dutch Burgersdyck.
As many quit the streams that murm'ring fall
To lull the sons of Margaret and Clare-hall,
Where Bentley late tempestuous wont to sport
In troubled waters, but now sleeps in port.
Before them marched that awful Aristarch:
Plowed was his front with many a deep remark;
His hat, which never vailed to human pride,
Walker with reverence took, and laid aside.
Low bowed the rest; He, kingly, did but nod:
So upright Quakers please both man and God.
"Mistress! dismiss that rabble from your throne:
Avaunt—is Aristarchus yet unknown?
Thy mighty scholiast, whose unwearied pains
Made Horace dull, and humbled Milton's strains.

Turn what they will to verse, their toil is vain,
 Critics like me shall make it prose again.
 Roman and Greek grammarians! know your better,—
 Author of something yet more great than letter;
 While towering o'er your alphabet, like Saul,
 Stands our digamma, and o'ertops them all.
 'Tis true, on words is still our whole debate,
 Disputes of *me* or *te*, of *aut* or *at*,
 To sound or sink in *cano*, O or A,
 Or give up Cicero to C or K.
 Let Freind affect to speak as Terence spoke,
 And Alsop never but like Horace joke:
 For me, what Virgil, Pliny may deny,
 Manilius or Solinus shall supply;
 For Attic phrase in Plato let them seek,
 I poach in Suidas for unlicensed Greek.
 In ancient sense if any needs will deal,
 Be sure I give them fragments, not a meal;
 What Gellius or Stobæus hashed before,
 Or chewed by blind old scholiasts o'er and o'er.
 The critic eye, that microscope of wit,
 Sees hairs and pores, examines bit by bit;
 How parts relate to parts, or they to whole,
 The body's harmony, the beaming soul,
 Are things which Kuster, Burman, Wasse shall see,
 When man's whole frame is obvious to a flea.
 "Ah, think not, mistress! more true dullness lies
 In folly's cap, than wisdom's grave disguise.
 Like buoys that never sink into the flood,
 On learning's surface we but lie and nod.
 Thine is the genuine head of many a house,
 And much divinity, without a *Novç*.
 Nor could a Barrow work on every block,
 Nor has one Atterbury spoiled the flock.
 See! still thy own, the heavy canon roll,
 And metaphysic smokes involve the pole.
 For thee we dim the eyes, and stuff the head
 With all such reading as was never read;
 For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
 And write about it, Goddess, and about it:
 So spins the silk-worm small its slender store,
 And labors till it clouds itself all o'er.

"What though we let some better sort of fool
 Thrid every science, run through every school? . . .

We only furnish what he cannot use,
 Or wed to what he must divorce, a Muse;
 Full in the midst of Euclid dip at once,
 And petrify a genius to a dunce;
 Or, set on metaphysic ground to prance,
 Show all his paces, not a step advance.
 With the same cement ever sure to bind,
 We bring to one dead level every mind.
 Then take him to develop, if you can,
 And hew the block off and get out the man."

THE TRIUMPH OF DULLNESS

Closing Lines of the 'Dunciad'

IN VAIN, in vain,—the all-composing hour
 Resistless falls; the Muse obeys the power.
 She comes! she comes! the sable throne behold
 Of Night primeval, and of Chaos old!
 Before her Fancy's gilded clouds decay,
 And all its varying rainbows die away.
 Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires,
 The meteor drops, and in a flash expires.
 As one by one, at dread Medea's strain,
 The sickening stars fade off th' ethereal plain;
 As Argus's eyes, by Hermes's wand opprest,
 Closed one by one to everlasting rest:
 Thus at her felt approach, and secret might,
 Art after Art goes out, and all is night.
 See skulking Truth to her old cavern fled,
 Mountains of casuistry heaped o'er her head!
 Philosophy, that leaned on Heaven before,
 Shrinks to her second cause, and is no more.
 Physic of Metaphysic begs defense,
 And Metaphysic calls for aid on Sense!
 See Mystery to Mathematics fly!
 In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
 Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires,
 And unawares Morality expires.
 Nor public flame, nor private, dares to shine;
 Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse divine!
 Lo! thy dread empire, Chaos! is restored;
 Light dies before thy uncreating word:
 Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall;
 And universal darkness buries all.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER

FATHER of all! in every age,
In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou great First Cause, least understood;
Who all my sense confined
To know but this,—that thou art good,
And that myself am blind:

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,—
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than heaven pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when man receives,—
To enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round;

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride
Or impious discontent,
At aught thy wisdom has denied
Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
 To hide the fault I see;
 That mercy I to others show,
 That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
 Since quickened by thy breath;
 Oh lead me wheresoe'er I go,
 Through this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot;
 All else beneath the sun,
 Thou know'st if best bestowed or not:
 And let thy will be done.

To thee, whose temple is all space,
 Whose altar earth, sea, skies,
 One chorus let all being raise,
 All nature's incense rise!

ODE: THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL

VITAL spark of heavenly flame!
 Quit, oh quit this mortal frame:
 Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,—
 Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
 Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life.

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
 Sister spirit, come away.
 What is this absorbs me quite?
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears!
 Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring:
 Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
 O Grave! where is thy victory?
 O Death! where is thy sting?

EPITAPH ON SIR WILLIAM TRUMBAL

A PLEASING form; a firm yet cautious mind;
 Sincere, though prudent; constant, yet resigned:
 Honor unchanged, a principle profest,
 Fixed to one side, but moderate to the rest:
 An honest courtier, yet a patriot too;
 Just to his prince, and to his country true:
 Filled with the sense of Age, the fire of Youth,
 A scorn of wrangling, yet a zeal for truth;
 A generous faith, from superstition free;
 A love to peace, and hate of tyranny:
 Such this man was; who now from earth removed,
 At length enjoys that liberty he loved.

MESSIAH

A SACRED ECLOGUE IN IMITATION OF VIRGIL'S 'POLLIO'

YE NYMPHS of Solyma! begin the song:
 To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
 The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
 The dreams of Pindus and the Aonian maids,
 Delight no more;—O thou my voice inspire
 Who touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire!
 Rapt into future times, the bard begun:
 A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!
 From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
 Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies:
 The Ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
 And on its top descend the mystic Dove.
 Ye heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,
 And in soft silence shed the kindly shower!
 The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,—
 From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
 All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail;
 Returning Justice lift aloft her scale;
 Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
 And white-robed Innocence from heaven descend.
 Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn!
 Oh, spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!
 See, Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
 With all the incense of the breathing spring;

See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding forests on the mountains dance;
See, spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers:
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears!—
A God, a God! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies!
Sink down ye mountains, and ye valleys rise;
With heads declined, ye cedars homage pay;
Be smooth ye rocks, ye rapid floods give way!
The Savior comes! by ancient bards foretold:
Hear him ye deaf, and all ye blind behold!
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eyeball pour the day;
'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear;
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear;
From every face he wipes off every tear.
In adamant chains shall Death be bound,
And hell's grim Tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air,
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects,
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms,—
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promised father of the future age.
No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a plowshare end.
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sowed, shall reap the field.
The swain in barren deserts with surprise
See lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;

And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
Waste sandy valleys, once perplexed with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn;
To leafless shrubs the flowering palms succeed,
And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead;
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleased the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forked tongues shall innocently play.
Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes!
See, a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
And heaped with products of Sabæan springs!
For thee Idumè's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn;
But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts: the light himself shall shine
Revealed, and God's eternal day be thine!
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed his word, his saving power remains;—
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns!

WILLIAM SYDNEY PORTER (O. HENRY)

(1862-1910)

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK



WILLIAM SYDNEY PORTER, whom it is simpler to designate by his chosen name of O. Henry, was born at Greensboro in North Carolina on September 11th, 1862. His father, Dr. Algernon Porter, a man sprung of New England stock, was a practising physician, with a queer absorption in mechanical invention and a dreamer's interest in the problem of perpetual motion. His mother, whom he lost when three years old, seems to have been a woman of a certain talent and with a sweetness of disposition which endeared her to all about her. But the biographers of O. Henry may seek in vain to find any special significance in the environment or circumstances of his youth. His education was merely that of Charles Dickens and William Shakespeare, with even smaller Latin and of Greek nothing. Such instruction as he ever had was imparted by his aunt, a Miss Evelina Porter, who carried on a sort of «dame's school» — a little class taught in her own home. Here O. Henry was a «scholar» till he was fifteen years old, but a pupil apparently of no especial promise. A certain crude ability for drawing pictures of «Miss Lina» and her scholars on his slate may be dignified, if one will, to the rank of an artistic gift. Had it been cultivated with diligence, it might have made of O. Henry a black-and-white cartoonist of the third rank. His fondness for reading «dime novels» and tales of adventure, his instinctive appreciation of the Arabian Nights, and his absorption in the novels of Scott, Hugo, and Dickens, is a heritage that he shared with ninety-nine of every hundred boys of his time and country. Of higher education, of colleges and of culture, in its professional sense, O. Henry seems to have known nothing and cared nothing from first to last. Yet while his education was of the humblest and his reading only of the usual range, he seems to have possessed in an unusual degree the art of seizing the light and color of what he read, and making it, in a peculiar way, his own. But when all is said and done there was nothing in the first twenty years of O. Henry's life that could have marked him out for eminence.

After leaving school O. Henry worked for five years in the drug store of his uncle in his native town, a dull drudgery which he afterwards referred to as «a grind that was agony to him.» It brought him nothing but a slender livelihood, a local reputation as a pleasant fellow of genial humor, and with that a certain acquaintance with drugs which supplied

him with touches of local color for numberless stories, and which was to stand him in good stead in the darkest hours of his life.

Release from his drudgery came in the form of an invitation from the Hall family of Greensboro to go out with them to their ranch in La Salle County, Texas. There O. Henry passed two years, leading the glorious open-air life of an amateur cowboy and bronco buster. In his leisure hours on the ranch he made his first beginnings in literature — little stories written to please himself, for art's sake alone, and, with the instinct of the artist, committed to the flames.

From the ranch O. Henry «drifted» — it was to become his regular method of locomotion — to the City of Austin. Here he worked for two years as the bookkeeper of a real estate firm. Later on (it was in January, 1887) he obtained, through political influence, a situation in the General Land Office at Austin. The four years which O. Henry passed in the employment of the State of Texas may well have been the happiest in his life. They were signalized by his somewhat romantic marriage with Miss Athol Estes, then only seventeen years old. It was a love match in every way, involving an elopement in a borrowed buggy, a midnight invasion of the house of a Presbyterian minister, with the easy forgiveness of an affectionate mother as a happy ending to the episode. With marriage came responsibility and effort. O. Henry turned instinctively to literary work. We hear of him as a writer of «items» for the Houston Daily Post, and of little sketches for the Detroit Free Press and Truth of New York. The birth of his daughter, Margaret Worth Porter, seemed to complete the promise of his opening happiness.

Then the shadows began to darken. O. Henry's political position vanished as it had come. In an ill-omened hour he secured (January, 1894) a position as paying and receiving teller of the First National Bank of Austin. The institution, it would appear, was a marvel of mismanagement. Its funds were borrowed — and, it would seem, were even misappropriated — in the most free and easy fashion. As O. Henry worked at his teller's counter, temptation beckoned him on one side and domestic need on the other. He was tempted and he fell. That, at least, was the judgment of the courts of law.

For the time being, O. Henry's sin, if sin there was, did not find him out. He left the service of the bank (December, 1894), turned to his natural bent, and started in Austin a queer little journal of the comic sort called *The Rolling Stone*. It rolled for about a year. After its demise, O. Henry joined the staff of the Houston Daily Post, writing little sketches and «postscripts,» as he called them, with illustrations of his own.

Then the blow fell. A warrant was issued for him and he fled. He sheltered himself first in New Orleans, then plunged into exile as a wanderer in Central and South America. His fate was made doubly

bitter by the need of leaving behind his young wife, now smitten with a fatal illness. Of his wanderings in the republics of the south we have, save as the inspiration and background of his literary work, but little trace. But there is no doubt that Latin America, and the sad fate that brought him there and gave him eyes to see, first called forth the real genius of the man. Latin America fascinated O. Henry. The languor of the tropics; the sunlit seas with their open bays and broad sanded beaches, with green palms nodding on the slopes above — white-painted steamers lazily at anchor — quaint Spanish towns, with adobe houses and wide squares, sunk in their noonday sleep — beautiful Señoritas drowsing away the afternoon in hammocks; the tinkling of the mule bells on the mountain track above the town — the cries of unknown birds issuing from the dense green of the unbroken jungle — and at night in the soft darkness, the low murmur of the guitar, soft thrumming with the voice of love — these are the sights and sounds of O. Henry's Central and South America. Here live and move his tattered revolutionists, his gaudy generals of the mimic army of the existing republic; hither ply his white-painted steamers of the fruit trade; here the American consul, with a shadowed past and \$600 a year, drinks away the remembrance of his northern energy and his college education in the land of forgetfulness. Hither the absconding banker from the States is dropped from the passing steamer, clutching tight in his shaking hand his valise of stolen dollars; him the disguised detective, lounging beside the little drinking shop, watches with a furtive eye. And here in this land of enchantment the broken lives, the wasted hopes, the ambition that was never reached, the frailty that was never conquered, are somehow pieced together and illuminated into what they might have been — and even the reckless crime and the open sin, viewed in the softened haze of such an atmosphere, are half forgiven.

News reached O. Henry that his wife was dying. He returned to Texas, to stand beside her death-bed (July 25th, 1897), and then to surrender himself to the law. He was tried, after many delays, and sentenced (February 17th, 1898) to five years in the penitentiary at Columbus, Ohio. There is no need to dwell on the long misery of his prison life. Whatever his fault, he atoned it by his sufferings and the courage with which they were borne. The extent of his fault itself has been questioned. That he was technically guilty is probably beyond a doubt. But there is ground for believing that he was at the worst merely the instrument of the wrong of others, a victim to his own easy and careless nature. «I want to state solemnly to you,» he wrote, after his sentence, to the mother of his dead wife, «that I am absolutely innocent of wrong doing.» Those who have learned to know and to love O. Henry through his books may take this comfort from his written word.

For a part of O. Henry's time in the penitentiary his lot was miti-

gated by his being allowed to serve as night drug clerk in the prison dispensary. Here he found the spare time, and the courage, to continue his literary work, writing no longer little sketches and anecdotes but completed stories, imprinted with the marvelous blending of humor and pathos and that wide sympathy with human frailty and suffering which is the crown of all his work.

«In the silent watches of the night,» writes Professor Alonso Smith, in his «O. Henry Biography,» «when the only sound heard was the occasional sigh or groan from the beds which were stretched before him in the hospital ward, or the tramp of the passing guard, O. Henry came into his own.»

About a dozen of O. Henry's stories (he wrote in all over two hundred) were written in his prison.

Good conduct shortened his sentence. He left the penitentiary on July 24th, 1901. He joined his little daughter and her grandmother in Pittsburgh, and there set himself to work regularly as a writer of short stories, the occupation that filled the rest of his life. He moved to New York in 1902. His matchless stories found a ready acceptance in the columns of the magazines. He might have acquired, had he so wished it, the noisy fame of a successful author. But his was a bruised life. He carried his shame and his genius into a deliberate obscurity. His pen name of «O. Henry,» he seems to have adopted early in his career; but so greatly did he dread notoriety that he varied it with others.

In New York, O. Henry lived for eight years, practically unknown to the hurrying world about him. But such a light — even in humble quarters, in an apartment house on Twenty-Third Street — could not remain altogether under a bushel. Editors began to clamor for his work. A great New York journal contracted for a story a week, at a price of a hundred dollars, an engagement which O. Henry maintained for over a year. Publishers began to gather up his work and issue it in book form. («Cabbages and Kings,» a group of Latin American stories, pieced together into something like a continuous tale, appeared in 1904. It was followed by «The Four Million» in 1906, «The Trimmed Lamp» and «The Heart of the West» in 1907, «The Voice of the City» and «The Gentle Grafter» in 1908, «Roads of Destiny» and «Options» in 1909, and «Strictly Business» and «Whirligigs» in 1910. The volumes called «Sixes and Sevens» and «Rolling Stones» appeared after his death. Each of his books is a collection of short stories, about twenty to a volume. A novel — unless one so designates «Cabbages and Kings» — he never wrote. A play he often meditated yet never achieved. But it is an error of the grossest kind to say that O. Henry's work is not sustained. In reality his field is vast. His New York stories, like those of Central America or of the West, form one great picture as gloriously

comprehensive in its scope as the novels of Dickens or the canvas of a da Vinci.

The stories that deal with the lights and shadows of the city of (The Four Million) may perhaps be considered as his best work. What O. Henry did for Central America he does again for New York. It is transformed by the magic of his imagination. He waves a wand over it and it becomes a city of mystery and romance. It is no longer the roaring, surging metropolis that we thought we knew, with its clattering «elevated,» its unending crowds, and on every side the repellent selfishness of the rich, the grim struggle of the poor, and the listless despair of the outcast. It has become, as O. Henry loves to call it, Bagdad upon the Subway. The glare has gone. There is a soft light suffusing the city. Its corner drug-stores are turned into enchanted bazaars. From the open doors of its restaurants and palm rooms, there issues such a melody of softened music that we feel we have but to cross the threshold and there is Bagdad waiting for us beyond. A transformed waiter hands us to a chair at a little table — Arabian, one will swear it — beside an enchanted rubber tree. There is red wine such as Omar Khayyam drank, here on Sixth Avenue. At the tables about us are a strange and interesting crew — dervishes in the disguise of American business men, caliphs masquerading as tourists, bedouins from Syria and fierce fantassins from the desert turned into western visitors from Texas, and among them — can we believe our eyes? — houris from the inner harems of Ispahan and Candahar, whom we mistook but yesterday for the ladies of a Shubert chorus! As we pass out we pay our money to an enchanted cashier with golden hair — sitting behind glass — under the spell of some magician without a doubt — and then taking O. Henry's hand we wander forth among the ever changing scenes of night adventure, the mingled tragedy and humor of (The Four Million) that his pen alone can depict. Now did ever Haroun al Raschid and his viziers, wandering at will in the narrow streets of their Arabian city, meet such varied adventure as lies before us, strolling hand in hand with O. Henry in the new Bagdad that he reveals?

Late in his life (in 1907) O. Henry married again. His second wife was a Miss Coleman, a companion of his childhood days in his native town. But even in the years after his marriage he seems to have lived as quietly, and with the same aversion to general society as before. His real life was in his work, and the inspiration for it was found in his solitary wanderings in the city of (The Four Million.) Unique indeed it was. For O. Henry — in his real work — could write only by the light within. There was no elaborate scheme of preparation to take the place of the inspired word. He read nothing, or next to it. He investigated nothing. He saw nobody. He had no propaganda, no views to expound, no lesson, in the meaner sense, to teach. His was not the dull industry that investigates, notebook in hand, the slum, the

factory and the market place, and turns the mass of accumulated fact into the vast Contemporary Novel that pours its slow current through the channel of a thousand pages.

Ignorant — undoubtedly — except of life itself — gloriously ignorant he was. No college — not even a theological school — could have matriculated him. Even of New York — so they now tell us — he knew practically nothing. But of little threads and patches, a vision of a haggard face seen for a moment in a crowd — a fallen word, the chance glance of an eye — of such as this, interwoven with the cross thread of his marvelous imagination, he did his matchless work.

In what should have been the midday of O. Henry's achievement, there fell upon him the hand of a wasting and mortal disease which brought him slowly to his end, his courage and his gentle kindness unbroken to the last. The end came at the Polyclinic Hospital, New York, on June 5th, 1910. O. Henry died as he had lived, a smile upon his lips. «Don't turn down the light,» he is reported to have said to those beside his bed, and then, as the words of a popular song flickered across his mind, he added, «I'm afraid to go home in the dark.»

THE COP AND THE ANTHEM

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ON his bench in Madison Square, Soapy moved uneasily. When wild geese honk high of nights, and when women without sealskin coats grow kind to their husbands, and when Soapy moves uneasily on his bench in the park, you may know that winter is near at hand.

A dead leaf fell in Soapy's lap. That was Jack Frost's card. Jack is kind to the regular denizens of Madison Square, and gives fair warning of his annual call. At the corners of four streets he hands his pasteboard to the North Wind, footman of the mansion of All Outdoors, so that the inhabitants thereof may make ready.

Soapy's mind became cognizant of the fact that the time had come for him to resolve himself into a singular Committee of Ways and Means to provide against the coming rigor. And therefore he moved uneasily on his bench.

The hibernatorial ambitions of Soapy were not of the highest. In them there were no considerations of Mediterranean cruises, of soporific Southern skies or drifting in the Vesuvian Bay. Three months on the Island was what his soul craved. Three months of assured board and bed and congenial company, safe from Boreas and bluecoats, seemed to Soapy the essence of things desirable.

For years the hospitable Blackwell's had been his winter quarters. Just as his more fortunate fellow New Yorkers had bought their tickets to Palm Beach and the Riviera each winter, so Soapy had made his humbler arrangements for his annual hegira to the Island. And now the time was come. On the previous night three Sabbath newspapers, distributed beneath his coat, about his ankles and over his lap, had failed to repulse the cold as he slept on his bench near the spurting fountain in the ancient square. So the Island loomed big and timely in Soapy's mind. He scorned the provisions made in the name of charity for the city's dependents. In Soapy's opinion the Law was more benign than Philanthropy. There was an endless round of institutions, municipal and eleemosynary, on which he might set out and receive lodging and food accordant with the simple life. But to one of Soapy's proud spirit the gifts of charity are encumbered. If not in coin you must pay in humiliation of spirit for every benefit received at the hands of philanthropy. As Cæsar had his Brutus, every bed of charity must have its toll of a bath, every loaf of bread

its compensation of a private and personal inquisition. Wherefore it is better to be a guest of the law, which though conducted by rules, does not meddle unduly with a gentleman's private affairs.

Soapy having decided to go to the Island, at once set about accomplishing his desire. There were many easy ways of doing this. The pleasantest was to dine luxuriously at some expensive restaurant; and then, after declaring insolvency, be handed over quietly and without uproar to a policeman. An accommodating magistrate would do the rest.

Soapy left his bench and strolled out of the square and across the level sea of asphalt, where Broadway and Fifth Avenue flow together. Up Broadway he turned, and halted at a glittering café, where are gathered together nightly the choicest products of the grape, the silkworm and the protoplasm.

Soapy had confidence in himself from the lowest button of his vest upward. He was shaven, and his coat was decent and his neat black, ready-tied four-in-hand had been presented to him by a lady missionary on Thanksgiving Day. If he could reach a table in the restaurant unsuspected, success would be his. The portion of him that would show above the table would raise no doubt in the waiter's mind. A roasted mallard duck, thought Soapy, would be about the thing — with a bottle of Chablis, and then Camembert, a demitasse and a cigar. One dollar for the cigar would be enough. The total would not be so high as to call forth any supreme manifestation of revenge from the café management; and yet the meat would leave him filled and happy for the journey to his winter refuge.

But as Soapy set foot inside the restaurant door the headwaiter's eye fell upon his frayed trousers and decadent shoes. Strong and ready hands turned him about and conveyed him in silence and haste to the sidewalk and averted the ignoble fate of the menaced mallard.

Soapy turned off Broadway. It seemed that his route to the coveted island was not to be an epicurean one. Some other way of entering limbo must be thought of.

At a corner of Sixth Avenue electric lights and cunningly displayed wares behind plate-glass made a shop window conspicuous. Soapy took a cobblestone and dashed it through the glass. People came running round the corner, a policeman in the lead. Soapy stood still, with his hands in his pockets, and smiled at the sight of brass buttons.

«Where's the man that done that?» inquired the officer excitedly.

«Don't you figure out that I might have had something to do with

it?» said Soapy, not without sarcasm, but friendly, as one greets good fortune.

The policeman's mind refused to accept Soapy even as a clue. Men who smash windows do not remain to parley with the law's minions. They take to their heels. The policeman saw a man half way down the block running to catch a car. With drawn club he joined in the pursuit. Soapy, with disgust in his heart, loafed along, twice unsuccessful.

On the opposite side of the street was a restaurant of no great pretensions. It catered to large appetites and modest purses. Its crockery and atmosphere were thick; its soup and napery thin. Into this place Soapy took his accusive shoes and telltale trousers without challenge. At a table he sat and consumed beefsteak, flapjacks, doughnuts and pie. And then to the waiter he betrayed the fact that the minutest coin and himself were strangers.

«Now, get busy and call a cop,» said Soapy. «And don't keep a gentleman waiting.»

«No cop for youse,» said the waiter, with a voice like butter cakes and an eye like the cherry in a Manhattan cocktail. «Hey, Con!»

Neatly upon his left ear on the callous pavement two waiters pitched Soapy. He arose, joint by joint, as a carpenter's rule opens, and beat the dust from his clothes. Arrest seemed but a rosy dream. The Island seemed very far away. A policeman who stood before a drug store two doors away laughed and walked down the street.

Five blocks Soapy traveled before his courage permitted him to woo capture again. This time the opportunity presented what he fatuously termed to himself a «cinch.» A young woman of a modest and pleasing guise was standing before a show window gazing with sprightly interest at its display of shaving mugs and inkstands, and two yards from the window a large policeman of severe demeanor leaned against a water plug.

It was Soapy's design to assume the rôle of the despicable and execrated «masher.» The refined and elegant appearance of his victim and the contiguity of the conscientious cop encouraged him to believe that he would soon feel the pleasant official clutch upon his arm that would insure his winter quarters on the right little, tight little isle.

Soapy straightened the lady missionary's ready-made tie, dragged his shrinking cuffs into the open, set his hat at a killing cant and sidled toward the young woman. He made eyes at her, was taken with sudden coughs and «hems,» smiled, smirked and went brazenly

through the impudent and contemptible litany of the «masher.» With half an eye Soapy saw that the policeman was watching him fixedly. The young woman moved away a few steps, and again bestowed her absorbed attention upon the shaving mugs. Soapy followed, boldly stepping to her side, raised his hat and said:

«Ah there, Bedelia! Don't you want to come and play in my yard?»

The policeman was still looking. The persecuted young woman had but to beckon a finger and Soapy would be practically en route for his insular haven. Already he imagined he could feel the cozy warmth of the station-house. The young woman faced him and, stretching out a hand, caught Soapy's coat sleeve.

«Sure, Mike,» she said joyfully, «if you'll blow me to a pail of suds. I'd have spoke to you sooner, but the cop was watching.»

With the young woman playing the clinging ivy to his oak Soapy walked past the policeman overcome with gloom. He seemed doomed to liberty.

At the next corner he shook off his companion and ran. He halted in the district where by night are found the lightest streets, hearts, vows and librettos. Women in furs and men in greatcoats moved gaily in the wintry air. A sudden fear seized Soapy that some dreadful enchantment had rendered him immune to arrest. The thought brought a little of panic upon it, and when he came upon another policeman lounging grandly in front of a transplendent theatre he caught at the immediate straw of «disorderly conduct.»

On the sidewalk Soapy began to yell drunken gibberish at the top of his harsh voice. He danced, howled, raved and otherwise disturbed the welkin.

The policeman twirled his club, turned his back to Soapy and remarked to a citizen.

«'Tis one of them Yale lads celebratin' the goose egg they give to the Hartford College. Noisy; but no harm. We've instructions to lave them be.»

Disconsolate, Soapy ceased his unavailing racket. Would never a policeman lay hands on him? In his fancy the Island seemed an unattainable Arcadia. He buttoned his thin coat against the chilling wind.

In a cigar store he saw a well-dressed man lighting a cigar at a swinging light. His silk umbrella he had set by the door on entering. Soapy stepped inside, secured the umbrella and sauntered off with it slowly. The man at the cigar light followed hastily.

«My umbrella,» he said, sternly.

«Oh, is it?» sneered Soapy, adding insult to petit larceny. «Well, why don't you call a policeman? I took it. Your umbrella! Why don't you call a cop? There stands one on the corner.»

The umbrella owner slowed his steps. Soapy did likewise, with a presentiment that luck would again run against him. The policeman looked at the two curiously.

«Of course,» said the umbrella man, «that is — well, you know how these mistakes occur — I — if it's your umbrella I hope you'll excuse me — I picked it up this morning in a restaurant — if you recognize it as yours, why — I hope you'll —»

«Of course it's mine,» said Soapy viciously.

The ex-umbrella man retreated. The policeman hurried to assist a tall blonde in an opera cloak across the street in front of a street car that was approaching two blocks away.

Soapy walked eastward through a street damaged by improvements. He hurled the umbrella wrathfully into an excavation. He muttered against the men who wear hemlets and carry clubs. Because he wanted to fall into their clutches, they seemed to regard him as a king who could do no wrong.

At length Soapy reached one of the avenues to the east where the glitter and turmoil was but faint. He set his face down this toward Madison Square, for the homing instinct survives even when the home is a park bench.

But on an unusually quiet corner Soapy came to a standstill. Here was an old church, quaint and rambling and gabled. Through one violet-stained window a soft light glowed, where, no doubt, the organist loitered over the keys, making sure of his mastery of the coming Sabbath anthem. For there drifted out to Soapy's ears sweet music that caught and held him transfixed against the convolutions of the iron fence.

The moon was above, lustrous and serene; vehicles and pedestrians were few; sparrows twittered sleepily in the eaves — for a little while the scene might have been a country churchyard. And the anthem that the organist played cemented Soapy to the iron fence, for he had known it well in the days when his life contained such things as mothers and roses and ambitions and friends and immaculate thoughts and collars.

The conjunction of Soapy's receptive state of mind and the influences about the old church wrought a sudden and wonderful change in his soul. He viewed with swift horror the pit into which he had

tumbled, the degraded days, unworthy desires, dead hopes, wrecked faculties and base motives that made up his existence.

And also in a moment his heart responded thrillingly to this novel mood. An instantaneous and strong impulse moved him to battle with his desperate fate. He would pull himself out of the mire; he would make a man of himself again; he would conquer the evil that had taken possession of him. There was time; he was comparatively young yet; he would resurrect his old eager ambitions and pursue them without faltering. Those solemn but sweet organ notes had set up a revolution in him. To-morrow he would go into the roaring downtown district and find work. A fur importer had once offered him a place as driver. He would find him to-morrow and ask for the position. He would be somebody in the world. He would —

Soapy felt a hand laid on his arm. He looked quickly around into the broad face of a policeman.

«What are you doin' here?» asked the officer.

«Nothin',» said Soapy.

«Then come along,» said the policeman.

«Three months on the Island,» said the Magistrate in the Police Court the next morning.

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED

(1802-1839)



WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED was born in London, in 1802. His father was an eminent barrister, and the son was sent to Eton at the age of twelve. He remained at Eton till his twentieth year; and while an upper-class man was instrumental, in collaboration with Walter Blunt and Henry Nelson Coleridge, in founding the *Etonian*, which under his management had more claims to be considered literature than any other undergraduate magazine ever published. From Eton he went to Trinity College, Cambridge. At the university he was the friend of Macaulay and Austin, and was distinguished both for brilliant scholarship and for skill in versification. He took his degree in 1825, and having prepared himself for the law, he was admitted to the bar in 1829. While at the university he was the principal contributor to *Knight's Quarterly*, and his verse appeared in periodicals with considerable regularity during his life. He seemed eminently fitted for English political life, and obtained a seat in Parliament in 1830; but unfortunately lost his health from pulmonary troubles, and died in 1839 at the age of thirty-seven.



WINTHROP M. PRAED

Shakespeare is not more unmistakably the first dramatist than Praed is the first writer of society verse. It is true that he did not write anything of the flawless accuracy and dainty precision of form of Austin Dobson's 'Avis,' nor anything quite as gay and *insouciant* as 'La Marquise'; but Dobson is too much of a *littérateur* and a lover of eighteenth-century bric-a-brac, to be regarded primarily as a writer of *vers de société*. The subject-matter of this sub-department of poetry grows out of the superficial social relations among persons of leisure and culture. In form it should be light and unconsciously graceful, and in tone good-humored and well-bred; its satire not rising much above pleasantry, and its morality kindly rather than righteous. It is more germane to the Celtic than to the Germanic side of our compound national spirit, and has more affinity with the

urbane, sententious Horace than with any of the great originals of our national literature; though the frank paganism of the Roman must be tempered with a delicate flavor of chivalric gallantry. The cavalier poets Suckling and Lovelace display in their verse some of the spirit of this *genre*. Pope's 'Rape of the Lock' is too affected and artificial to come precisely into the category. Prior's charming verses 'To Chloe' have the true tone of careless persiflage; but the eighteenth century was as a rule too formal and academic for this dainty exotic. Praed's verse embodies that good-humored interest in trifles, that necessity of never being insistent or tiresome or officious, that gracious submergement of the personal for the entertainment of others, and the well-bred ease of expression, which is the note of good society. If it be objected that these characteristics, with the exception of the first, are never found in "good society," it may be answered that they can be found nowhere else, for they make society good. "Good society," like everything else, has its ideal, by which we define it, as we define Christianity by something which it does not practically reach. This ideal is embodied in the verse of Praed.

Few men have ever been more careless of literary reputation than he, and it was not till after his death that any collection of his verse was made. In fact, no comprehensive edition of his work was published in England till 1864, though several had appeared in the United States. Thirty years ago it would not have been considered good form to cultivate literary notoriety in the modern manner; and Praed was precisely the opposite of what is conveyed in that expressive word of English slang, "cad." He wrote one poem, 'The Red Fisherman,' which for imaginative force, and a certain element of poetic vision, is distinguished from the rest; but 'Every-day Characters,' 'Private Theatricals,' 'School and Schoolfellows,' 'A Letter of Advice,' 'Our Ball,' 'My Partner,' and 'My Little Cousins,'—and the list might be extended,—are as good of their kind as anything can be. There is the apparent spontaneity, the correspondence between form and sentiment, and the fine workmanship, which are so rare and so satisfying. No one, not even the Brownings, excelled Praed in the easy use of the trochaic or feminine rhyme. His rhymes and even his puns seem inevitable, as if the language had been constructed for that very purpose.

Praed is an artist in light verse: and art is a realization of the excellent; perfection is an absolute matter. The subject of the epic may be weightier than that of light verse, but the beauty of the short verse may be not inferior to the beauty of the great poem, and it is much more easily apprehended. The beauty of the humming-bird is not less than the beauty of the eagle; and besides, the humming-

bird is darting about the vines of the porch, and the eagle is on the top of a mountain or up in the clouds, where it is not easy to get at him. Light verse like Praed's is art; for the function of art is to charm as well as to elevate. When the Muse drops the great questions, and discourses about every-day matters, she does not become the gossip nor the newspaper reporter. She does not lay aside her delicate tact nor her keen vision: her words are still literature; the literature of a class, perhaps, but still aiming at the ideal representation of a mood, and reaching excellence as often as the greater literature of humanity. The heroic, the philosophic, the devotedly Christian are *motifs* beyond the aim of light verse, but it is not on that account hostile to them. In reaching perfection of form as Praed did, he put light verse in sympathy with nature, which finishes little things; and in so doing is following a great principle, which makes beauty universal, and therefore divine.

TWENTY-EIGHT AND TWENTY-NINE

"Rien n'est changé, mes amis."—CHARLES X.

I HEARD a sick man's dying sigh,
 And an infant's idle laughter;
 The Old Year went with mourning by—
 The New came dancing after!
 Let Sorrow shed her lonely tear,
 Let Revelry hold her ladle;
 Bring boughs of cypress for the bier,
 Fling roses on the cradle;
 Mutes to wait on the funeral state;
 Pages to pour the wine:
 A requiem for Twenty-Eight,
 And a health to Twenty-Nine!

Alas for human happiness!
 Alas for human sorrow!
 Our yesterday is nothingness,
 What else will be our morrow?
 Still Beauty must be stealing hearts,
 And Knavery stealing purses;
 Still cooks must live by making tarts,
 And wits by making verses;
 While sages prate and courts debate,
 The same stars set and shine:

And the world, as it rolled through Twenty-Eight,
Must roll through Twenty-Nine.

Some king will come, in Heaven's good time,
To the tomb his father came to;
Some thief will wade through blood and crime
To a crown he has no claim to;
Some suffering land will rend in twain
The manacles that bound her,
And gather the links of the broken chain
To fasten them proudly round her;
The grand and great will love and hate,
And combat and combine:
And much where we were in Twenty-Eight,
We shall be in Twenty-Nine.

O'Connell will toil to raise the Rent,
And Kenyon to sink the Nation;
And Sheil will abuse the Parliament,
And Peel the Association;
And the thought of bayonets and swords
Will make ex-chancellors merry;
And jokes will be cut in the House of Lords,
And throats in the County Kerry;
And writers of weight will speculate
On the Cabinet's design:
And just what it did in Twenty-Eight
It will do in Twenty-Nine.

And the Goddess of Love will keep her smiles,
And the God of Cups his orgies;
And there'll be riots in St. Giles,
And weddings in St. George's;
And mendicants will sup like kings,
And lords will swear like lackeys;
And black eyes oft will lead to rings,
And rings will lead to black eyes;
And pretty Kate will scold her mate,
In a dialect all divine,—
Alas! they married in Twenty-Eight,
They will part in Twenty-Nine.

And oh! I shall find how, day by day,
All thoughts and things look older;

How the laugh of Pleasure grows less gay,
And the heart of Friendship colder;
But still I shall be what I have been,
Sworn foe to Lady Reason,
And seldom troubled with the spleen,
And fond of talking treason;
I shall buckle my skate, and leap my gate,
And throw and write my line:
And the woman I worshiped in Twenty-Eight
I shall worship in Twenty-Nine.

THE VICAR

SOME years ago, ere time and taste
Had turned our parish topsy-turvy,
When Darnel Park was Darnel Waste,
And roads as little known as scurvy,
The man who lost his way, between
St. Mary's Hill and Sandy Thicket,
Was always shown across the green,
And guided to the parson's wicket.

Back flew the bolt of lissom lath;
Fair Margaret, in her tidy kirtle,
Led the lorn traveler up the path,
Through clean-clipt rows of box and myrtle;
And Don and Sancho, Tramp and Tray,
Upon the parlor steps collected,
Wagged all their tails, and seemed to say,
"Our master knows you—you're expected."

Uprose the Reverend Dr. Brown,
Uprose the doctor's winsome marrow;
The lady laid her knitting down,
Her husband clasped his ponderous Barrow:
Whate'er the stranger's caste or creed,
Pundit or Papist, saint or sinner,
He found a stable for his steed,
And welcome for himself, and dinner.

If, when he reached his journey's end,
And warmed himself in court or college,
He had not gained an honest friend
And twenty curious scraps of knowledge,—

If he departed as he came,
 With no new light on love or liquor,—
 Good sooth, the traveler was to blame,
 And not the vicarage, nor the vicar.

His talk was like a stream, which runs
 With rapid change from rocks to roses:
 It slipped from politics to puns,
 It passed from Mahomet to Moses;
 Beginning with the laws which keep
 The planets in their radiant courses,
 And ending with some precept deep
 For dressing eels, or shoeing horses.

He was a shrewd and sound divine,
 Of loud Dissent the mortal terror:
 And when, by dint of page and line,
 He 'stablished truth, or startled error,
 The Baptist found him far too deep;
 The Deist sighed with saving sorrow;
 And the lean Levite went to sleep,
 And dreamed of tasting pork to-morrow.

His sermon never said or showed
 That earth is foul, that heaven is gracious,
 Without refreshment on the road
 From Jerome or from Athanasius;
 And sure a righteous zeal inspired
 The hand and head that penned and planned them,
 For all who understood admired,
 And some who did not understand them.

He wrote, too, in a quiet way,
 Small treatises and smaller verses,
 And sage remarks on chalk and clay,
 And hints to noble lords—and nurses;
 True histories of last year's ghost,
 Lines to a ringlet, or a turban,
 And trifles for the Morning Post,
 And nothings for Sylvanus Urban.

He did not think all mischief fair,
 Although he had a knack of joking;
 He did not make himself a bear,
 Although he had a taste for smoking;

And when religious sects ran mad,
 He held, in spite of all his learning,
 That if a man's belief is bad,
 It will not be improved by burning.

And he was kind, and loved to sit
 In the low hut or garnished cottage,
 And praise the farmer's homely wit,
 And share the widow's homelier pottage;
 At his approach complaint grew mild;
 And when his hand unbarred the shutter,
 The clammy lips of fever smiled
 The welcome which they could not utter.

He always had a tale for me
 Of Julius Cæsar, or of Venus;
 From him I learnt the Rule of Three,
 Cat's-cradle, leap-frog, and *Quæ genus*;
 I used to singe his powdered wig,
 To steal the staff he put such trust in,
 And make the puppy dance a jig
 When he began to quote Augustine.

Alack the change! In vain I look
 For haunts in which my boyhood trifled,—
 The level lawn, the trickling brook,
 The trees I climbed, the beds I rifled:
 The church is larger than before;
 You reach it by a carriage entry;
 It holds three hundred people more,
 And pews are fitted up for gentry.

Sit in the vicar's seat: you'll hear
 The doctrine of a gentle Johnian,
 Whose hand is white, whose tone is clear,
 Whose phrase is very Ciceronian.
 Where is the old man laid?—look down,
 And construe on the slab before you,
 "*Hic jacet GUILIELMVS BROWN,*
Vir nullâ non donandus lauru."

THE BELLE OF THE BALL

YEARS, years ago, ere yet my dreams
 Had been of being wise or witty;
 Ere I had done with writing themes,
 Or yawned o'er this infernal Chitty;
 Years, years ago, while all my joys
 Were in my fowling-piece and filly,—
 In short, while I was yet a boy.
 I fell in love with Laura Lilly.

I saw her at a country ball;
 There, when the sound of flute and fiddle
 Gave signal sweet in that old hall
 Of hands across and down the middle,
 Hers was the subtlest spell by far
 Of all that sets young hearts romancing;
 She was our queen, our rose, our star,
 And when she danced—O heaven, her dancing!

Dark was her hair, her hand was white,
 Her voice was exquisitely tender,
 Her eyes were full of liquid light;
 I never saw a waist so slender;
 Her every look, her every smile,
 Shot right and left a score of arrows:
 I thought 'twas Venus from her isle,
 And wondered where she'd left her sparrows.

She talked of politics or prayers,
 Of Southey's prose or Wordsworth's sonnets,
 Of daggers or of dancing bears,
 Of battles or the last new bonnets;
 By candle-light, at twelve o'clock,
 To me it mattered not a tittle,—
 If these bright lips had quoted Locke,
 I might have thought they murmured Little.

Through sunny May, through sultry June.
 I loved her with a love eternal;
 I spoke her praises to the moon,
 I wrote them for the Sunday Journal.
 My mother laughed,—I soon found out
 That ancient ladies have no feeling;
 My father frowned;—but how should gout
 Find any happiness in kneeling?

She was the daughter of a dean,
Rich, fat, and rather apoplectic;
She had one brother, just thirteen,
Whose color was extremely hectic;
Her grandmother for many a year
Had fed the parish with her bounty;
Her second cousin was a peer,
And lord-lieutenant of the county.

But titles and the three-per-cents,
And mortgages and great relations,
And India bonds and tithes and rents,—
Oh! what are they to love's sensations?
Black eyes, fair forehead, clustering locks,
Such wealth, such honors, Cupid chooses;
He cares as little for the stocks
As Baron Rothschild for the Muses.

She sketched—the vale, the wood, the beach,
Grew lovelier from her pencil's shading;
She botanized—I envied each
Young blossom in her boudoir fading;
She warbled Handel—it was grand,
She made the Catalina jealous;
She touched the organ—I could stand
For hours and hours and blow the bellows.

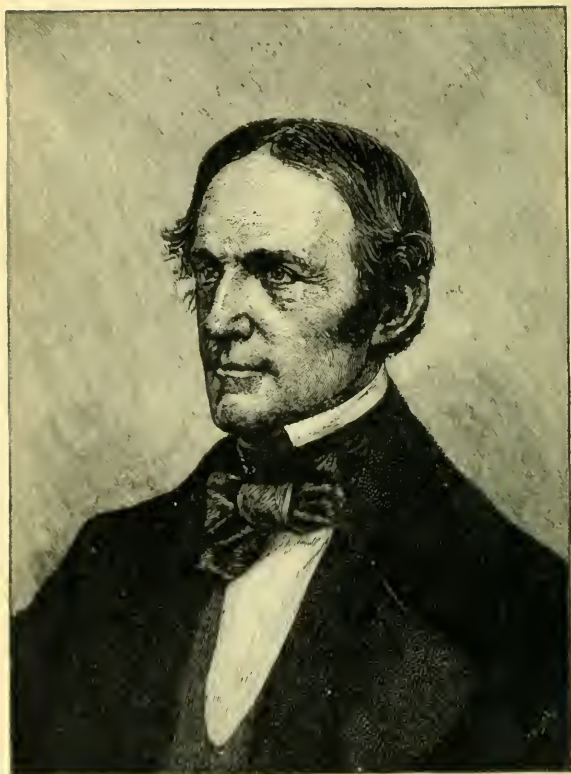
And she was flattered, worshiped, bored;
Her steps were watched, her dress was noted,
Her poodle dog was quite adored,
Her sayings were extremely quoted.
She laughed—and every heart was glad
As if the taxes were abolished;
She frowned—and every look was sad
As if the opera were demolished.

She smiled on many just for fun—
I knew that there was nothing in it;
I was the first, the only one,
Her heart had thought of for a minute
I knew it, for she told me so,
In phrase which was divinely molded;
She wrote a charming hand, and oh!
How sweetly all her notes were folded!

Our love was like most other loves:
 A little glow, a little shiver,
A rosebud and a pair of gloves,
 And 'Fly not Yet' upon the river;
Some jealousy of some one's heir,
 Some hopes of dying broken-hearted,
A miniature, a lock of hair,
 The usual vows—and then we parted.

We parted—months and years rolled by;
 We met again four summers after;
Our parting was all sob and sigh,
 Our meeting was all mirth and laughter:
For in my heart's most secret cell
 There had been many other lodgers;
And she was not the ball-room belle,
 But only Mrs.—Something—Rogers.





W. H. PRESCOTT

WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT

(1796-1859)

BY FRANCIS NEWTON THORPE

PRESCOTT had been at work on his 'Ferdinand and Isabella' about four years when he adopted the plan that distinguishes all his histories. To this he was led by his confidence in Mably, author of 'Étude de l'Histoire,' of whom he made this record:—"I like particularly his notion of the necessity of giving an interest as well as utility to history, by letting events tend to some obvious point or moral; in short, by paying such attention to the development of events tending to this leading result as one would in the construction of a romance or a drama." All the world knows the success of the plan: Prescott is read as freely as the great novelists and dramatists. A critical, rather than a creative, age has charged him with being more interesting than accurate. This is the old charge against Herodotus, and against Thucydides; it is the charge made against Prescott's great English contemporary, Macaulay. What critic of either of these has won an equal place in literature? It would be gratifying, though difficult, to explain why an interesting history provokes suspicion. Each generation revises the record. Learned specialists who venture to become critics, condemn an entire work because of a fault in relating an episode. The story of Philip the Second has been retold by one whose genius Prescott recognized and encouraged, just as his own had been recognized and encouraged by Washington Irving. The Spanish-American story has been retold by Sir Arthur Helps, by Markham, and by John Fiske.

A history is variously judged. One reader estimates it by its authorities; another by its style. Of literary virtues, style is the first to be cultivated and the last to be formed.

"With regard to the style of this work," wrote Prescott of his 'Ferdinand and Isabella,' seven years after its completion, "I will only remark that most of the defects, such as they are, may be comprehended in the words *trop soigné*. At least they may be traced to this source. The only rule is, to write with freedom and nature, even with homeliness of expression occasionally, and with alternation of long and short sentences; for such variety is essential to harmony. But after all. it is not the construction of the sentence, but

the tone of the coloring, which produces the effect. If the sentiment is warm, lively, forcible, the reader will be carried along without much heed to the arrangement of the periods, which differs exceedingly in different standard writers. Put life into the narrative, if you would have it take. Elaborate and artificial fastidiousness in the form of expression is highly detrimental to this. A book may be made up of perfect sentences and yet the general impression be very imperfect. In fine, be engrossed with the thought and not with the fashion of expressing it."

His plan and his style harmonize, and are principal causes of the popularity of his books. There is another cause: the fortunes of the men and women whose lives are depicted on his pages become of personal interest to the reader. Emerson would call this making history subjective,—“doing away with this wild, savage, and preposterous Then or There, and introducing in its place the Here and the Now;” banishing the *not-me* and supplying the *me*. All this Prescott has done. Children are lost in his ‘Mexico’ and ‘Peru’ even more quickly than in Shakespeare or Scott. The dramatist is suddenly philosophical; the novelist now and then technical: but the historian takes them straight on from embarkation through shipwreck, battle, siege, conquest, and retreat, and all as real as the sights in the street. Here is a miracle like that Bunyan wrought, and even a greater; for it is the rare miracle of reality. Few are the historians who let us forget that their page is a paraphrase; their story, second-hand; their battles, sieges, and fortunes, only words.

Prescott's life, like his books, was a development of events tending to a leading result. Yet this result was due to an accident while at Harvard, a junior in his seventeenth year. A piece of bread thoughtlessly thrown at random by a fellow student instantly destroyed the sight of one eye. The other speedily became affected, and he was never again able to use it, except at rare intervals and for a short time. Till the day of his death, forty-seven years after the accident, he suffered almost constantly. His life, without warning, became a strict construction of the law of compensation. He belonged to a distinguished family. His grandfather was that Captain Prescott who commanded at Bunker Hill. His father was an eminent lawyer, among whose closer friends were John Quincy Adams and Daniel Webster. His mother, from whom he inherited a large share of his hopeful temperament and generous affection, was a woman possessed of the qualities of Abigail Adams. He had wealth; he had rare physical beauty. The mental man was complete. He lacked only that which he had lost by accident. He completed his college course; spent some time in search of relief in Europe, and returned to Salem, his home and his native place. At twenty-four he married; at twenty-six he decided on a literary life. Other men had eyes. Could he

not accomplish, though slowly, as much as others less persevering? From the day of his decision his life followed a programme. It was method. His will made real what his wealth, his powers, made possible. But all followed resolutions, many of which a strong love of ease made almost useless. First he must prepare for work, then choose. He began a critical, exhaustive study of the English language and literature. Like studies of the French, the Italian, the Spanish, followed. He employed capable readers; and at twenty-eight, with many misgivings respecting his own powers, planned a history of Ferdinand and Isabella. Ten years of labor followed, and the three volumes were published at Christmas, 1837. They were printed at the Cambridge press at his own expense, a method he adhered to for all his books.

He was long in doubt whether to publish the history. His father's judgment decided his own. Bentley brought it out in England after it had been declined by two publishers. Its reception was an event in English literature, and time has not yet set aside the original verdict. He had found his work: Spain, new and old, at the height of its power. In 1839 he began reading for his 'Conquest of Mexico.' Four years later it was published. It had an unparalleled reception. Five thousand copies were sold in America in four months. This was only the beginning of a popularity which has been renewed by successive generations of readers. No history more perfectly illustrates the harmony of subject and style.

Early in 1844 he "broke ground," as he says, on Peru. In twelve months its 'Conquest' was written. It was nearly two years in press, and issued in 1847. Though most quickly done of his works, it sustained his reputation. Editions in French, German, Dutch, and Spanish, almost immediately appeared. No American book had before been so received. The 'Conquest of Peru' closed his contribution to American history. He was in his fifty-first year, and the most famed American scholar. The mantle of Irving had fallen upon him. His friendships were world-wide, and among the great scholars of the age. Through these he was largely enabled to collect his vast mass of material. As Sismondi wrote him, he had attained rich sources interdicted to European scholars. No other man, certainly no other historian of his day, possessed and used such resources. His library contained the best from the archives of Europe, usually in copy; often the original. In the summer of 1849 he began reading for his history of Philip the Second. Frequent and afflicting interruptions, that would have vanquished a less resolute mind, beset him. Age was creeping on. Domestic sorrow bowed his spirit. In 1850, after many urgent requests, he visited England. His reception remained unique in the annals of society for thirty years. The England he knew was like that England that received James Russell Lowell in

after years. The first volume of 'Philip' was completed in 1852; the second in 1854, when the two were published; and the third in 1858. A fourth was begun, but was carried no further than brief notes at the time of his sudden death at sixty-three.

Prescott never visited the scenes of his histories. For over forty years—his literary life—he divided his time between his three homes, all near his birthplace: the summer at Nahant; the autumn at Pepperell; the winter and spring in Boston,—for some years at the house on Bedford Street, but after 1845 at the Beacon Street home. Here was his great library, and here he died. His infirmity forbade travel. With his mind's eye he saw Mexico, Peru, and other regions in the vast Spanish empire,—all from the vantage-ground of his own library. Of his fidelity to his authorities no doubt has ever been hinted. He believed in foot-notes, and he spread his vouchers before the world. In later years some critics have doubted the value of his authorities, especially for the 'Mexico' and the 'Peru.' If they erred he erred. If they, for their own purposes, read European civilization into the institutions of the Aztecs, Prescott had no means of correcting their vision. He faithfully followed the canons of history, and trusted the evidence brought forward by the actors themselves. What he saw in their records,—duly corrected one by the other,—was that panorama of the New World which was spread before the eyes of Europe by its conquerors, and which the Old World believed, and still believes, true. No historian is responsible for not using undiscovered evidence. Prescott wrote from the archives of Europe, just as others have written before and after him, confident of the accuracy of their evidence. If he moved his Aztec world on too high a plane of civilization, he moved it by authority. Since his death, the world has turned traveler; men of critical skill have explored Mexico and Peru, and each has produced his pamphlet. A mass of ethnological and archæological knowledge has been collected, much of which corrects the angle of Spanish vision of the sixteenth century. But all this is from the American side. Prescott wrote his 'Mexico' and 'Peru' from the European side—of the time of Isabella, Charles, and Philip. If one cares to know how the Old World first understood the New, he will read Prescott. If he wishes to know how the New World of to-day interprets that New World of four centuries ago, he will read Markham and Fiske. Prescott's beautiful character is reflected in his style, and in his fidelity to his authorities. Archæology and ethnology may correct some of his descriptions; but as literature, his four histories will undoubtedly be read with pleasure as long as the English remains a living language.

Francis Norton Morse

"THE MELANCHOLY NIGHT"

From the 'Conquest of Mexico'

THERE was no longer any question as to the expediency of evacuating the capital. The only doubt was as to the time of doing so, and the route. The Spanish commander called a council of officers to deliberate on these matters. It was his purpose to retreat on Tlascala, and in that capital to decide, according to circumstances, on his future operations. After some discussion, they agreed on the causeway of Tlacopan as the avenue by which to leave the city. It would indeed take them back by a circuitous route, considerably longer than either of those by which they had approached the capital. But for that reason it would be less likely to be guarded, as least suspected; and the causeway itself, being shorter than either of the other entrances, would sooner place the army in comparative security on the main land.

There was some difference of opinion in respect to the hour of departure. The daytime, it was argued by some, would be preferable, since it would enable them to see the nature and extent of their danger, and to provide against it. Darkness would be much more likely to embarrass their own movements than those of the enemy, who were familiar with the ground. A thousand impediments would occur in the night, which might prevent their acting in concert, or obeying, or even ascertaining, the orders of the commander. But on the other hand, it was urged that the night presented many obvious advantages in dealing with a foe who rarely carried his hostilities beyond the day. The late active operations of the Spaniards had thrown the Mexicans off their guard, and it was improbable they would anticipate so speedy a departure of their enemies. With celerity and caution they might succeed, therefore, in making their escape from the town, possibly over the causeway, before their retreat should be discovered; and could they once get beyond that pass of peril, they felt little apprehension for the rest.

These views were fortified, it is said, by the counsels of a soldier named Botello, who professed the mysterious science of judicial astrology. He had gained credit with the army by some predictions which had been verified by the events,—those lucky hits which make chance pass for calculation with the credulous

multitude. This man recommended to his countrymen by all means to evacuate the place in the night, as the hour most propitious to them, although he should perish in it. The event proved the astrologer better acquainted with his own horoscope than with that of others. It is possible Botello's predictions had some weight in determining the opinion of Cortés. Superstition was the feature of the age; and the Spanish general, as we have seen, had a full measure of its bigotry. Seasons of gloom, moreover, dispose the mind to a ready acquiescence in the marvellous. It is, however, quite as probable that he made use of the astrologer's opinion, finding it coincided with his own, to influence that of his men, and inspire them with higher confidence. At all events, it was decided to abandon the city that very night.

The general's first care was to provide for the safe transportation of the treasure. Many of the common soldiers had converted their share of the prize, as we have seen, into gold chains, collars, or other ornaments, which they easily carried about their persons. But the royal fifth, together with that of Cortés himself, and much of the rich booty of the principal cavaliers, had been converted into bars and wedges of solid gold, and deposited in one of the strong apartments of the palace. Cortés delivered the share belonging to the Crown to the royal officers; assigning them one of the strongest horses, and a guard of Castilian soldiers, to transport it. Still, much of the treasure, belonging both to the Crown and to individuals, was necessarily abandoned, from the want of adequate means of conveyance. The metal lay scattered in shining heaps along the floor, exciting the cupidity of the soldiers. "Take what you will of it," said Cortés to his men. "Better you should have it than these Mexican hounds. But be careful not to overload yourselves. He travels safest in the dark night who travels lightest." His own more wary followers took heed to his counsel,—helping themselves to a few articles of least bulk, though it might be of greatest value. But the troops of Narvaez, pining for riches of which they had heard so much and hitherto seen so little, showed no such discretion. To them it seemed as if the very mines of Mexico were turned up before them; and rushing on the treacherous spoil, they greedily loaded themselves with as much of it, not merely as they could accommodate about their persons, but as they could stow away in wallets, boxes, or any other means of conveyance at their disposal.

Cortés next arranged the order of march. The van, composed of two hundred Spanish foot, he placed under the command of the valiant Gonzalo de Sandoval, supported by Diego de Ordaz, Francisco de Lujó, and about twenty other cavaliers. The rear-guard, constituting the strength of the infantry, was intrusted to Pedro de Alvarado and Velasquez de Leon. The general himself took charge of the "battle," or centre, in which went the baggage, some of the heavy guns,—most of which, however, remained in the rear,—the treasure, and the prisoners. These consisted of a son and two daughters of Montezuma, Cacama the deposed lord of Tezcucó, and several other nobles, whom Cortés retained as important pledges in his future negotiations with the enemy. The Tlascalans were distributed pretty equally among the three divisions; and Cortés had under his immediate command a hundred picked soldiers, his own veterans most attached to his service, who, with Cristóval de Olid, Francisco de Morla, Alonso de Avila, and two or three other cavaliers, formed a select corps, to act wherever occasion might require.

The general had already superintended the construction of a portable bridge to be laid over the open canals in the causeway. This was given in charge to an officer named Magarino, with forty soldiers under his orders, all pledged to defend the passage to the last extremity. The bridge was to be taken up when the entire army had crossed one of the breaches, and transported to the next. There were three of these openings in the causeway, and most fortunate would it have been for the expedition if the foresight of the commander had provided the same number of bridges. But the labor would have been great, and time was short.

At midnight the troops were under arms, in readiness for the march. Mass was performed by Father Olmedo, who invoked the protection of the Almighty through the awful perils of the night. The gates were thrown open; and on the first of July, 1520, the Spaniards for the last time sallied forth from the walls of the ancient fortress, the scene of so much suffering and such indomitable courage.

The night was cloudy; and a drizzling rain, which fell without intermission, added to the obscurity. The great square before the palace was deserted, as indeed it had been since the fall of Montezuma. Steadily, and as noiselessly as possible, the Spaniards held their way along the great street of Tlacopan, which so

lately had resounded with the tumult of battle. All was now hushed in silence; and they were only reminded of the past by the occasional presence of some solitary corpse, or a dark heap of the slain, which too plainly told where the strife had been hottest. As they passed along the lanes and alleys which opened into the great street, or looked down the canals, whose polished surface gleamed with a sort of ebon lustre through the obscurity of night, they easily fancied that they discerned the shadowy forms of their foe lurking in ambush and ready to spring on them. But it was only fancy; and the city slept undisturbed even by the prolonged echoes of the tramp of the horses and the hoarse rumbling of the artillery and baggage trains. At length a lighter space beyond the dusky line of buildings showed the van of the army that it was emerging on the open causeway. They might well have congratulated themselves on having thus escaped the dangers of an assault in the city itself, and that a brief time would place them in comparative safety on the opposite shore. But the Mexicans were not all asleep.

As the Spaniards drew near the spot where the street opened on the causeway, and were preparing to lay the portable bridge across the uncovered breach which now met their eyes, several Indian sentinels who had been stationed at this, as at the other approaches to the city, took the alarm and fled, rousing their countrymen by their cries. The priests, keeping their night-watch on the summit of the *teocallis*, instantly caught the tidings and sounded their shells, while the huge drum in the desolate temple of the war-god sent forth those solemn tones, which, heard only in seasons of calamity, vibrated through every corner of the capital. The Spaniards saw that no time was to be lost. The bridge was brought forward and fitted with all possible expedition. Sandoval was the first to try its strength; and riding across, was followed by his little body of chivalry,—his infantry and Tlascalan allies, who formed the first division of the army. Then came Cortés and his squadrons, with the baggage, ammunition wagons, and a part of the artillery. But before they had time to defile across the narrow passage, a gathering sound was heard, like that of a mighty forest agitated by the winds. It grew louder and louder, while on the dark waters of the lake was heard a plashing noise, as of many oars. Then came a few stones and arrows striking at random among the hurrying troops. They fell every moment faster and more furious,

till they thickened into a terrible tempest; while the very heavens were rent with the yells and war-cries of myriads of combatants, who seemed all at once to be swarming over land and lake!

The Spaniards pushed steadily on through this arrowy sleet; though the barbarians, dashing their canoes against the sides of the causeway, clambered up and broke in upon their ranks. But the Christians, anxious only to make their escape, declined all combat except for self-preservation. The cavaliers, spurring forward their steeds, shook off their assailants and rode over their prostrate bodies; while the men on foot, with their good swords or the butts of their pieces, drove them headlong again down the sides of the dike.

But the advance of several thousand men, marching probably on a front of not more than fifteen or twenty abreast, necessarily required much time; and the leading files had already reached the second breach in the causeway before those in the rear had entirely traversed the first. Here they halted, as they had no means of effecting a passage; smarting all the while under unintermitting volleys from the enemy, who were clustered thick on the waters around this second opening. Sorely distressed, the vanguard sent repeated messages to the rear to demand the portable bridge. At length the last of the army had crossed; and Margarino and his sturdy followers endeavored to raise the ponderous framework. But it stuck fast in the sides of the dike. In vain they strained every nerve. The weight of so many men and horses, and above all of the heavy artillery, had wedged the timbers so firmly in the stones and earth that it was beyond their power to dislodge them. Still they labored amidst a torrent of missiles, until, many of them slain, and all wounded, they were obliged to abandon the attempt.

The tidings soon spread from man to man; and no sooner was their dreadful import comprehended than a cry of despair arose, which for a moment drowned all the noise of conflict. All means of retreat were cut off. Scarcely hope was left. The only hope was in such desperate exertions as each could make for himself. Order and subordination were at an end. Intense danger produced intense selfishness. Each thought only of his own life. Pressing forward, he trampled down the weak and the wounded, heedless whether it were friend or foe. The leading files, urged on by the rear, were crowded on the brink of the

gulf. Sandoval, Ordaz, and the other cavaliers dashed into the water. Some succeeded in swimming their horses across; others failed; and some who reached the opposite bank, being overthrown in the ascent, rolled headlong with their steeds into the lake. The infantry followed pell-mell, heaped promiscuously on one another, frequently pierced by the shafts or struck down by the war-clubs of the Aztecs; while many an unfortunate victim was dragged half stunned on board their canoes, to be reserved for a protracted but more dreadful death.

The carnage raged fearfully along the length of the causeway. Its shadowy bulk presented a mark of sufficient distinctness for the enemy's missiles, which often prostrated their own countrymen in the blind fury of the tempest. Those nearest the dike, running their canoes alongside with a force that shattered them to pieces, leaped on the land, and grappled with the Christians until both came rolling down the side of the causeway together. But the Aztec fell among his friends, while his antagonist was borne away in triumph to the sacrifice. The struggle was long and deadly. The Mexicans were recognized by their white cotton tunics, which showed faint through the darkness. Above the combatants rose a wild and discordant clamor, in which horrid shouts of vengeance were mingled with groans of agony, with invocations of the saints and the blessed Virgin, and with the screams of women; for there were several women, both natives and Spaniards, who had accompanied the Christian camp. Among these, one named Maria de Estrada is particularly noticed for the courage she displayed, battling with broadsword and target like the stanchest of the warriors.

The opening in the causeway, meanwhile, was filled up with the wreck of matter which had been forced into it,—ammunition wagons, heavy guns, bales of rich stuffs scattered over the waters, chests of solid ingots, and bodies of men and horses,—till over this dismal ruin a passage was gradually formed, by which those in the rear were enabled to clamber to the other side. Cortés, it is said, found a place that was fordable; where, halting, with the water up to his saddle-girths, he endeavored to check the confusion, and lead his followers by a safer path to the opposite bank. But his voice was lost in the wild uproar; and finally, hurrying on with the tide, he pressed forwards with a few trusty cavaliers who remained near his person, to the van; but not before he had seen his favorite page, Juan de Salazar, struck down

a corpse by his side. Here he found Sandoval and his companions, halting before the third and last breach, endeavoring to cheer on their followers to surmount it. But their resolution faltered. It was wide and deep; though the passage was not so closely beset by the enemy as the preceding ones. The cavaliers again set the example by plunging into the water. Horse and foot followed as they could, some swimming, others with dying grasp clinging to the manes and tails of the struggling animals. Those fared best, as the general had predicted, who traveled lightest; and many were the unfortunate wretches who, weighed down by the fatal gold which they loved so well, were buried with it in the salt floods of the lake. Cortés, with his gallant comrades Olid, Morla, Sandoval, and some few others, still kept in the advance, leading his broken remnant off the fatal causeway. The din of battle lessened in the distance; when the rumor reached them that the rear-guard would be wholly overwhelmed without speedy relief. It seemed almost an act of desperation; but the generous hearts of the Spanish cavaliers did not stop to calculate danger when the cry for succor reached them. Turning their horses' bridles, they galloped back to the theatre of action, worked their way through the press, swam the canal, and placed themselves in the thick of the *mêlée* on the opposite bank.

The first gray of the morning was now coming over the waters. It showed the hideous confusion of the scene which had been shrouded in the obscurity of night. The dark masses of combatants, stretching along the dike, were seen struggling for mastery, until the very causeway on which they stood appeared to tremble, and reel to and fro, as if shaken by an earthquake; while the bosom of the lake, as far as the eye could reach, was darkened by canoes crowded with warriors, whose spears and bludgeons, armed with blades of "volcanic glass," gleamed in the morning light.

The cavaliers found Alvarado unhorsed, and defending himself with a poor handful of followers against an overwhelming tide of the enemy. His good steed, which had borne him through many a hard fight, had fallen under him. He was himself wounded in several places, and was striving in vain to rally his scattered column, which was driven to the verge of the canal by the fury of the enemy, then in possession of the whole rear of the causeway, where they were reinforced every hour by fresh combatants

from the city. The artillery in the earlier part of the engagement had not been idle; and its iron shower, sweeping along the dike, had mowed down the assailants by hundreds. But nothing could resist their impetuosity. The front ranks, pushed on by those behind, were at length forced up to the pieces, and pouring over them like a torrent, overthrew men and guns in one general ruin. The resolute charge of the Spanish cavaliers, who had now arrived, created a temporary check, and gave time for their countrymen to make a feeble rally. But they were speedily borne down by the returning flood. Cortés and his companions were compelled to plunge again into the lake,—though all did not escape. Alvarado stood on the brink for a moment, hesitating what to do. Unhorsed as he was, to throw himself into the water, in the face of the hostile canoes that now swarmed around the opening, afforded but a desperate chance of safety. He had but a second for thought. He was a man of powerful frame, and despair gave him unnatural energy. Setting his long lance firmly on the wreck which strewed the bottom of the lake, he sprung forward with all his might, and cleared the wide gap at a leap. Aztecs and Tlascalans gazed in stupid amazement, exclaiming, as they beheld the incredible feat, "This is truly the *Tonatiuh*,—the child of the Sun!" The breadth of the opening is not given. But it was so great that the valorous captain Diaz, who well remembered the place, says the leap was impossible to any man. Other contemporaries, however, do not discredit the story. It was beyond doubt matter of popular belief at the time; it is to this day familiarly known to every inhabitant of the capital; and the name of the Salto de Alvarado, "Alvarado's Leap," given to the spot, still commemorates an exploit which rivaled those of the demigods of Grecian fable.

Cortés and his companions now rode forward to the front, where the troops, in a loose, disorderly manner, were marching off the fatal causeway. A few only of the enemy hung on their rear, or annoyed them by occasional flights of arrows from the lake. The attention of the Aztecs was diverted by the rich spoil that strewed the battle-ground; fortunately for the Spaniards, who, had their enemy pursued with the same ferocity with which he had fought, would in their crippled condition have been cut off, probably, to a man. But little molested, therefore, they were allowed to defile through the adjacent village—or suburbs, it might be called—of Popotla.

The Spanish commander there dismounted from his jaded steed; and sitting down on the steps of an Indian temple, gazed mournfully on the broken files as they passed before him. What a spectacle did they present! The cavalry, most of them dismounted, were mingled with the infantry, who dragged their feeble limbs along with difficulty; their shattered mail and tattered garments dripping with the salt ooze, showing through their rents many a bruise and ghastly wound; their bright arms soiled, their proud crests and banners gone, the baggage, artillery,—all, in short, that constitutes the pride and panoply of glorious war,—forever lost. Cortés, as he looked wistfully on their thin and disordered ranks, sought in vain for many a familiar face, and missed more than one dear companion who had stood side by side with him through all the perils of the conquest. Though accustomed to control his emotions, or at least to conceal them, the sight was too much for him. He covered his face with his hands, and the tears which trickled down revealed too plainly the anguish of his soul.

THE SPANISH ARABS

From 'Ferdinand and Isabella'

NOTWITHSTANDING the high advances made by the Arabians in almost every branch of learning, and the liberal import of certain sayings ascribed to Mahomet, the spirit of his religion was eminently unfavorable to letters. The Koran, whatever be the merit of its literary execution, does not, we believe, contain a single precept in favor of general science. Indeed, during the first century after its promulgation, almost as little attention was bestowed upon this by the Saracens as in their "days of ignorance," as the period is stigmatized which preceded the advent of their apostle. But after the nation had reposed from its tumultuous military career, the taste for elegant pleasures, which naturally results from opulence and leisure, began to flow in upon it. It entered upon this new field with all its characteristic enthusiasm, and seemed ambitious of attaining the same pre-eminence in science that it had already reached in arms.

It was at the commencement of this period of intellectual fermentation that the last of the Omeyyades, escaping into Spain, established there the kingdom of Cordova; and imported along

with him the fondness for luxury and letters that had begun to display itself in the capitals of the East. His munificent spirit descended upon his successors; and on the breaking up of the empire, the various capitals, Seville, Murcia, Malaga, Granada, and others, which rose upon its ruins, became the centres of so many intellectual systems, that continued to emit a steady lustre through the clouds and darkness of succeeding centuries. The period of this literary civilization reached far into the fourteenth century, and thus, embracing an interval of six hundred years, may be said to have exceeded in duration that of any other literature ancient or modern.

There were several auspicious circumstances in the condition of the Spanish Arabs which distinguished them from their Mahometan brethren. The temperate climate of Spain was far more propitious to robustness and elasticity of intellect than the sultry regions of Arabia and Africa. Its long line of coast and convenient havens opened to an enlarged commerce. Its numbers of rival States encouraged a generous emulation, like that which glowed in ancient Greece and modern Italy; and was infinitely more favorable to the development of the mental powers than the far-extended and sluggish empires of Asia. Lastly, a familiar intercourse with the Europeans served to mitigate in the Spanish Arabs some of the more degrading superstitions incident to their religion, and to impart to them nobler ideas of the independence and moral dignity of man than are to be found in the slaves of Eastern despotism.

Under these favorable circumstances, provisions for education were liberally multiplied; colleges, academies, and gymnasiums springing up spontaneously, as it were, not merely in the principal cities, but in the most obscure villages of the country. No less than fifty of these colleges or schools could be discerned scattered over the suburbs and populous plains of Granada. Seventy public libraries are enumerated in Spain by a contemporary, at the beginning of the fourteenth century. Every place of note seems to have furnished materials for a literary history. The copious catalogues of writers still extant in the Escorial show how extensively the cultivation of science was pursued, even through its minutest subdivisions; while a biographical notice of blind men eminent for their scholarship in Spain proves how far the general avidity for knowledge triumphed over the most discouraging obstacles of nature.

The Spanish Arabs emulated their countrymen of the East in their devotion to natural and mathematical science. They penetrated into the remotest regions of Africa and Asia, transmitting an exact account of their proceedings to the national academies. They contributed to astronomical knowledge by the number and accuracy of their observations, and by the improvement of instruments and the erection of observatories, of which the noble tower of Seville is one of the earliest examples. They furnished their full proportion in the department of history; which, according to an Arabian author cited by D'Herbelot, could boast of thirteen hundred writers. The treatises on logic and metaphysics amount to one ninth of the surviving treasures of the Escorial; and to conclude this summary of naked details, some of their scholars appear to have entered upon as various a field of philosophical inquiry as would be crowded into a modern encyclopædia.

The results, it must be confessed, do not appear to have corresponded with this magnificent apparatus and unrivaled activity of research. The mind of the Arabians was distinguished by the most opposite characteristics, which sometimes indeed served to neutralize each other. An acute and subtle perception was often clouded by mysticism and abstraction. They combined a habit of classification and generalization with a marvelous fondness for detail; a vivacious fancy with a patience of application that a German of our day might envy; and while in fiction they launched boldly into originality, indeed extravagance, they were content in philosophy to tread servilely in the track of their ancient masters. They derived their science from versions of the Greek philosophers; but as their previous discipline had not prepared them for its reception, they were oppressed rather than stimulated by the weight of the inheritance. They possessed an indefinite power of accumulation, but they rarely ascended to general principles, or struck out new and important truths; at least this is certain in regard to their metaphysical labors.

Hence Aristotle, who taught them to arrange what they had already acquired rather than to advance to new discoveries, became the god of their idolatry. They piled commentary on commentary; and in their blind admiration of his system, may be almost said to have been more of Peripatetics than the Stagirite himself. The Cordovan Averroës was the most eminent of his Arabian commentators, and undoubtedly contributed more than any other individual to establish the authority of Aristotle

over the reason of mankind for so many ages. Yet his various illustrations have served, in the opinion of European critics, to darken rather than dissipate the ambiguities of his original, and have even led to the confident assertion that he was wholly unacquainted with the Greek language.

The Saracens gave an entirely new face to pharmacy and chemistry. They introduced a great variety of salutary medicines into Europe. The Spanish Arabs, in particular, are commended by Sprengel above their brethren for their observations on the practice of medicine. But whatever real knowledge they possessed was corrupted by their inveterate propensity for mystical and occult science. They too often exhausted both health and fortune in fruitless researches after the elixir of life and the philosopher's stone. Their medical prescriptions were regulated by the aspect of the stars. Their physics were debased by magic, their chemistry degenerated into alchemy, their astronomy into astrology.

In the fruitful field of history their success was even more equivocal. They seem to have been wholly destitute of the philosophical spirit, which gives life to this kind of composition. They were the disciples of fatalism, and the subjects of a despotic government. Man appeared to them only in the contrasted aspects of slave and master. What could they know of the finer moral relations, or of the higher energies of the soul, which are developed only under free and beneficent institutions? Even could they have formed conceptions of these, how would they have dared to express them? Hence their histories are too often mere barren chronological details, or fulsome panegyrics on their princes, unenlivened by a single spark of philosophy or criticism.

Although the Spanish Arabs are not entitled to the credit of having wrought any important revolution in intellectual or moral science, they are commended by a severe critic as exhibiting in their writings "the germs of many theories which have been reproduced as discoveries in later ages," and they silently perfected several of those useful arts which have had a sensible influence on the happiness and improvement of mankind. Algebra and the higher mathematics were taught in their schools, and thence diffused over Europe. The manufacture of paper, which, since the invention of printing, has contributed so essentially to the rapid circulation of knowledge, was derived through them. Casiri has discovered several manuscripts on cotton paper

in the Escorial as early as 1009, and of linen paper of the date of 1106; the origin of which latter fabric Tiraboschi has ascribed to an Italian of Trevigi, in the middle of the fourteenth century. Lastly, the application of gunpowder to military science, which has wrought an equally important revolution, though of a more doubtful complexion, in the condition of society, was derived through the same channel.

The influence of the Spanish Arabs, however, is discernible not so much in the amount of knowledge, as in the impulse which they communicated to the long-dormant energies of Europe. Their invasion was coeval with the commencement of that night of darkness which divides the modern from the ancient world. The soil had been impoverished by long, assiduous cultivation. The Arabians came like a torrent, sweeping down and obliterating even the landmarks of former civilization, but bringing with it a fertilizing principle, which as the waters receded gave new life and loveliness to the landscape. The writings of the Saracens were translated and diffused throughout Europe. Their schools were visited by disciples, who, roused from their lethargy, caught somewhat of the generous enthusiasm of their masters; and a healthful action was given to the European intellect, which, however ill directed at first, was thus prepared for the more judicious and successful efforts of later times.

It is comparatively easy to determine the value of the scientific labors of a people, for truth is the same in all languages; but the laws of taste differ so widely in different nations, that it requires a nicer discrimination to pronounce fairly upon such works as are regulated by them. Nothing is more common than to see the poetry of the East condemned as tumid, over-refined, infected with meretricious ornament and conceits, and in short, as everyway contravening the principles of good taste. Few of the critics who thus peremptorily condemn are capable of reading a line of the original. The merit of poetry, however, consists so much in its literary execution, that a person, to pronounce upon it, should be intimately acquainted with the whole import of the idiom in which it is written. The style of poetry, indeed of all ornamental writing, whether prose or verse, in order to produce a proper effect, must be raised or relieved, as it were, upon the prevailing style of social intercourse. Even where this is highly figurative and impassioned, as with the Arabians, whose

ordinary language is made up of metaphor, that of the poet must be still more so. Hence the tone of elegant literature varies so widely in different countries,—even in those of Europe, which approach the nearest to each other in their principles of taste,—that it would be found extremely difficult to effect a close translation of the most admired specimens of eloquence from the language of one nation into that of any other. A page of Boccaccio or Bembo, for instance, done into literal English, would have an air of intolerable artifice and verbiage. The choicest morsels of Massillon, Bossuet, or the rhetorical Thomas, would savor marvelously of bombast; and how could we in any degree keep pace with the magnificent march of the Castilian! Yet surely we are not to impugn the taste of all these nations, who attach much more importance, and have paid (at least this is true of the French and Italian) much greater attention to the mere beauties of literary finish than English writers.

Whatever may be the sins of the Arabians on this head, they are certainly not those of negligence. The Spanish Arabs, in particular, were noted for the purity and elegance of their idiom; insomuch that Casiri affects to determine the locality of an author by the superior refinement of his style. Their copious philological and rhetorical treatises, their arts of poetry, grammars, and rhyming dictionaries, show to what an excessive refinement they elaborated the art of composition. Academies, far more numerous than those of Italy, to which they subsequently served for a model, invited by their premiums frequent competitions in poetry and eloquence. To poetry, indeed, especially of the tender kind, the Spanish Arabs seem to have been as indiscriminately addicted as the Italians in the time of Petrarch; and there was scarcely a doctor in Church or State but at some time or other offered up his amorous incense on the altar of the Muse.

With all this poetic feeling, however, the Arabs never availed themselves of the treasures of Grecian eloquence which lay open before them. Not a poet or orator of any eminence in that language seems to have been translated by them. The temperate tone of Attic composition appeared tame to the fervid conceptions of the East. Neither did they venture upon what in Europe are considered the higher walks of the art, the drama, and the epic. None of their writers in prose or verse show much attention to the development or dissection of character. Their inspiration

exhaled in lyrical effusions, in elegies, epigrams, and idyls. They sometimes, moreover, like the Italians, employed verse as the vehicle of instruction in the grave and recondite sciences. The general character of their poetry is bold, florid, impassioned, richly colored with imagery, sparkling with conceits and metaphors, and occasionally breathing a deep tone of moral sensibility, as in some of the plaintive effusions ascribed by Condé to the royal poets of Cordova. The compositions of the golden age of the Abassides, and of the preceding period, do not seem to have been infected with the taint of exaggeration, so offensive to a European, which distinguishes the later productions in the decay of the empire.

Whatever be thought of the influence of the Arabic on European literature in general, there can be no reasonable doubt that it has been considerable on the Provençal and the Castilian. In the latter especially, so far from being confined to the vocabulary, or to external forms of composition, it seems to have penetrated deep into its spirit, and is plainly discernible in that affectation of stateliness and Oriental hyperbole which characterizes Spanish writers even at the present day; in the subtleties and conceits with which the ancient Castilian verse is so liberally bespangled; and in the relish for proverbs and prudential maxims, which is so general that it may be considered national.

A decided effect has been produced on the romantic literature of Europe by those tales of fairy enchantment so characteristic of Oriental genius, and in which it seems to have reveled with uncontrolled delight. These tales, which furnished the principal diversion of the East, were imported by the Saracens into Spain; and we find the monarchs of Cordova solacing their leisure hours with listening to their *rawis*, or novelists, who sang to them

“Of ladye-love and war, romance, and knightly worth.”

The same spirit, penetrating into France, stimulated the more sluggish inventions of the *trouvère*; and at a later and more polished period called forth the imperishable creations of the Italian Muse.

It is unfortunate for the Arabians, that their literature should be locked up in a character and idiom so difficult of access to European scholars. Their wild, imaginative poetry, scarcely capable of transfusion into a foreign tongue, is made known to us only through the medium of bald prose translation; while their scientific treatises have been done into Latin with an inaccuracy

which, to make use of a pun of Casiri's, merits the name of perversions rather than versions of the originals. How obviously inadequate, then, are our means of forming any just estimate of their merits! It is unfortunate for them, moreover, that the Turks, the only nation which, from an identity of religion and government with the Arabs, as well as from its political consequence, would seem to represent them on the theatre of modern Europe, should be a race so degraded; one which, during the five centuries that it has been in possession of the finest climate and monuments of antiquity, has so seldom been quickened into a display of genius, or added so little of positive value to the literary treasures descended from its ancient masters. Yet this people, so sensual and sluggish, we are apt to confound in imagination with the sprightly, intellectual Arab. Both indeed have been subjected to the influence of the same degrading political and religious institutions, which on the Turks have produced the results naturally to have been expected; while the Arabians, on the other hand, exhibit the extraordinary phenomenon of a nation, under all these embarrassments, rising to a high degree of elegance and intellectual culture

The empire which once embraced more than half of the ancient world has now shrunk within its original limits; and the Bedouin wanders over his native desert as free, and almost as uncivilized, as before the coming of his apostle. The language which was once spoken along the southern shores of the Mediterranean, and the whole extent of the Indian Ocean, is broken up into a variety of discordant dialects. Darkness has again settled over those regions of Africa which were illumined by the light of learning. The elegant dialect of the Koran is studied as a dead language, even in the birthplace of the prophet. Not a printing-press at this day is to be found throughout the whole Arabian peninsula. Even in Spain, in Christian Spain, alas! the contrast is scarcely less degrading. A death-like torpor has succeeded to her former intellectual activity. Her cities are emptied of the population with which they teemed in the days of the Saracens. Her climate is as fair, but her fields no longer bloom with the same rich and variegated husbandry. Her most interesting monuments are those constructed by the Arabs; and the traveler, as he wanders amid their desolate but beautiful ruins, ponders on the destinies of a people whose very existence seems now to have been almost as fanciful as the magical creations in one of their own fairy tales.

THE CAPTURE OF THE INCA

From the 'Conquest of Peru'

THE clouds of the evening had passed away, and the sun rose bright on the following morning,—the most memorable epoch in the annals of Peru. It was Saturday, the sixteenth of November, 1532. The loud cry of the trumpet called the Spaniards to arms with the first streak of dawn; and Pizarro, briefly acquainting them with the plan of the assault, made the necessary dispositions.

The *plaza*, as mentioned in the preceding chapter, was defended on its three sides by low ranges of buildings, consisting of spacious halls with wide doors or vomitories opening into the square. In these halls he stationed his cavalry in two divisions; one under his brother Hernando, the other under De Soto. The infantry he placed in another of the buildings, reserving twenty chosen men to act with himself as occasion might require. Pedro de Candia, with a few soldiers and the artillery,—comprehending under this imposing name two small pieces of ordnance, called falconets,—he established in the fortress. All received orders to wait at their posts till the arrival of the Inca. After his entrance into the great square, they were still to remain under cover, withdrawn from observation, till the signal was given by the discharge of a gun, when they were to cry their war-cries, to rush out in a body from their covert, and putting the Peruvians to the sword, bear off the person of the Inca. The arrangement of the immense halls, opening on a level with the *plaza*, seemed to be contrived on purpose for a *coup de théâtre*. Pizarro particularly inculcated order and implicit obedience, that in the hurry of the moment there should be no confusion. Everything depended on their acting with concert, coolness, and celerity.

The chief next saw that their arms were in good order, and that the breastplates of their horses were garnished with bells, to add by their noise to the consternation of the Indians. Refreshments were also liberally provided, that the troops should be in condition for the conflict. These arrangements being completed, mass was performed with great solemnity by the ecclesiastics who attended the expedition; the God of battles was invoked to spread his shield over the soldiers who were fighting to extend the empire of the Cross; and all joined with enthusiasm in the chant, "Exsurge, Domine,"—"Rise, O Lord! and judge thine own cause."

One might have supposed them a company of martyrs about to lay down their lives in defense of their faith, instead of a licentious band of adventurers meditating one of the most atrocious acts of perfidy on the record of history! Yet, whatever were the vices of the Castilian cavalier, hypocrisy was not among the number. He felt that he was battling for the Cross; and under this conviction, exalted as it was at such a moment as this into the predominant impulse, he was blind to the baser motives which mingled with the enterprise. With feelings thus kindled to a flame of religious ardor, the soldiers of Pizarro looked forward with renovated spirits to the coming conflict; and the chieftain saw with satisfaction that in the hour of trial his men would be true to their leader and themselves.

It was late in the day before any movement was visible in the Peruvian camp, where much preparation was making to approach the Christian quarters with due state and ceremony. A message was received from Atahualpa, informing the Spanish commander that he should come with his warriors fully armed, in the same manner as the Spaniards had come to his quarters the night preceding. This was not an agreeable intimation to Pizarro, though he had no reason, probably, to expect the contrary. But to object might imply distrust, or perhaps disclose in some measure his own designs. He expressed his satisfaction, therefore, at the intelligence, assuring the Inca that, come as he would, he would be received by him as a friend and brother.

It was noon before the Indian procession was on its march, when it was seen occupying the great causeway for a long extent. In front came a large body of attendants, whose office seemed to be to sweep away every particle of rubbish from the road. High above the crowd appeared the Inca, borne on the shoulders of his principal nobles, while others of the same rank marched by the sides of his litter, displaying such a dazzling show of ornaments on their persons, that, in the language of one of the Conquerors, "they blazed like the sun." But the greater part of the Inca's forces mustered along the fields that lined the road, and were spread over the broad meadows as far as the eye could reach.

When the royal procession had arrived within half a mile of the city, it came to a halt; and Pizarro saw with surprise that Atahualpa was preparing to pitch his tents, as if to encamp there. A messenger soon after arrived, informing the Spaniards

that the Inca would occupy his present station the ensuing night, and enter the city on the following morning.

This intelligence greatly disturbed Pizarro, who had shared in the general impatience of his men at the tardy movements of the Peruvians. The troops had been under arms since daylight, the cavalry mounted, and the infantry at their post, waiting in silence the coming of the Inca. A profound stillness reigned throughout the town, broken only at intervals by the cry of the sentinel from the summit of the fortress, as he proclaimed the movements of the Indian army. Nothing, Pizarro well knew, was so trying to the soldier as prolonged suspense, in a critical situation like the present; and he feared lest his ardor might evaporate, and be succeeded by that nervous feeling natural to the bravest soul at such a crisis, and which, if not fear, is near akin to it. He returned an answer, therefore, to Atahualpa, deprecating his change of purpose, and adding that he had provided everything for his entertainment, and expected him that night to sup with him.

This message turned the Inca from his purpose; and striking his tents again, he resumed his march, first advising the general that he should leave the greater part of his warriors behind, and enter the place with only a few of them, and without arms, as he preferred to pass the night at Caxamalca. At the same time he ordered accommodations to be provided for himself and his retinue in one of the large stone buildings, called, from a serpent sculptured on the walls, the "House of the Serpent." No tidings could have been more grateful to the Spaniards. It seemed as if the Indian monarch was eager to rush into the snare that had been spread for him! The fanatical cavalier could not fail to discern in it the immediate finger of Providence.

It is difficult to account for this wavering conduct of Atahualpa, so different from the bold and decided character which history ascribes to him. There is no doubt that he made his visit to the white men in perfect good faith; though Pizarro was probably right in conjecturing that this amiable disposition stood on a very precarious footing. There is as little reason to suppose that he distrusted the sincerity of the strangers; or he would not thus unnecessarily have proposed to visit them unarmed. His original purpose of coming with all his force was doubtless to display his royal state, and perhaps also to show greater respect for the Spaniards; but when he consented to accept their hospitality

and pass the night in their quarters, he was willing to dispense with a great part of his armed soldiery, and visit them in a manner that implied entire confidence in their good faith. He was too absolute in his own empire easily to suspect; and he probably could not comprehend the audacity with which a few men, like those now assembled in Caxamalca, meditated an assault on a powerful monarch in the midst of his victorious army. He did not know the character of the Spaniard.

It was not long before sunset when the van of the royal procession entered the gates of the city. First came some hundreds of the menials employed to clear the path of every obstacle, and singing songs of triumph as they came, "which in our ears," says one of the Conquerors, "sounded like the songs of hell!" Then followed other bodies of different ranks, and dressed in different liveries. Some wore a showy stuff, checkered white and red, like the squares of a chess-board. Others were clad in pure white, bearing hammers or maces of silver or copper; and the guards, together with those in immediate attendance on the prince, were distinguished by a rich azure livery and a profusion of gay ornaments, while the large pendants attached to the ears indicated the Peruvian noble.

Elevated high above his vassals came the Inca Atahualpa, borne on a sedan or open litter, on which was a sort of throne made of massive gold of inestimable value. The palanquin was lined with the richly colored plumes of tropical birds, and studded with shining plates of gold and silver. The monarch's attire was much richer than on the preceding evening. Round his neck was suspended a collar of emeralds of uncommon size and brilliancy. His short hair was decorated with golden ornaments, and the imperial *borla* encircled his temples. The bearing of the Inca was sedate and dignified; and from his lofty station he looked down on the multitudes below with an air of composure, like one accustomed to command.

As the leading files of the procession entered the great square, —larger, says an old chronicler, than any square in Spain—they opened to the right and left for the royal retinue to pass. Everything was conducted with admirable order. The monarch was permitted to traverse the *plaza* in silence, and not a Spaniard was to be seen. When some five or six thousand of his people had entered the place, Atahualpa halted, and turning round with an inquiring look, demanded, "Where are the strangers?"

At this moment Fray Vicente de Valverde, a Dominican friar, —Pizarro's chaplain, and afterward Bishop of Cuzco,—came forward with his breviary, or as other accounts say, a Bible, in one hand, and a crucifix in the other; and approaching the Inca, told him that he came by order of his commander to expound to him the doctrines of the true faith, for which purpose the Spaniards had come from a great distance to his country. The friar then explained, as clearly as he could, the mysterious doctrine of the Trinity; and ascending high in his account, began with the creation of man, thence passed to his fall, to his subsequent redemption by Jesus Christ, to the crucifixion, and the ascension, when the Savior left the Apostle Peter as his vicegerent upon earth. This power had been transmitted to the successors of the apostles, good and wise men, who, under the title of Popes, held authority over all powers and potentates on earth. One of the last of these Popes had commissioned the Spanish Emperor, the most mighty monarch in the world, to conquer and convert the natives in this western hemisphere; and his general, Francisco Pizarro, had now come to execute this important mission. The friar concluded with beseeching the Peruvian monarch to receive him kindly, to abjure the errors of his own faith, and embrace that of the Christians now proffered to him,—the only one by which he could hope for salvation,—and furthermore, to acknowledge himself a tributary of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, who, in that event, would aid and protect him as his loyal vassal.

Whether Atahualpa possessed himself of every link in the curious chain of argument by which the monk connected Pizarro with St. Peter, may be doubted. It is certain, however, that he must have had very incorrect notions of the Trinity, if, as Garcilasso states, the interpreter Felipillo explained it by saying that "the Christians believed in three Gods and one God, and that made four." But there is no doubt he perfectly comprehended that the drift of the discourse was to persuade him to resign his sceptre, and acknowledge the supremacy of another.

The eyes of the Indian monarch flashed fire, and his dark brow grew darker as he replied, "I will be no man's tributary. I am greater than any prince upon earth. Your Emperor may be a great prince; I do not doubt it, when I see that he has sent his subjects so far across the waters: and I am willing to hold him as a brother. As for the Pope of whom you speak, he

must be crazy to talk of giving away countries which do not belong to him. For my faith," he continued, "I will not change it. Your own God, as you say, was put to death by the very men whom he created. But mine," he concluded, pointing to his deity,—then, alas! sinking in glory behind the mountains,—“my God still lives in the heavens and looks down on his children.”

He then demanded of Valverde by what authority he had said these things. The friar pointed to the book which he held, as his authority. Atahualpa, taking it, turned over the pages a moment; then, as the insult he had received probably flashed across his mind, he threw it down with vehemence, and exclaimed, “Tell your comrades that they shall give me an account of their doings in my land. I will not go from here till they have made me full satisfaction for all the wrongs they have committed.”

The friar, greatly scandalized by the indignity offered to the sacred volume, stayed only to pick it up, and hastening to Pizarro, informed him of what had been done; exclaiming at the same time, “Do you not see that while we stand here wasting our breath in talking with this dog, full of pride as he is, the fields are filling with Indians? Set on, at once: I absolve you.” Pizarro saw that the hour had come. He waved a white scarf in the air, the appointed signal. The fatal gun was fired from the fortress. Then, springing into the square, the Spanish captain and his followers shouted the old war-cry of “St. Jago and at them.” It was answered by the battle-cry of every Spaniard in the city, as rushing from the avenues of the great halls in which they were concealed, they poured into the *plaza*, horse and foot, each in his own dark column, and threw themselves into the midst of the Indian crowd. The latter, taken by surprise, stunned by the report of artillery and muskets, the echoes of which reverberated like thunder from the surrounding buildings, and blinded by the smoke which rolled in sulphurous volumes along the square, were seized with a panic. They knew not whither to fly for refuge from the coming ruin. Nobles and commoners, all were trampled down under the fierce charge of the cavalry, who dealt their blows right and left without sparing; while their swords, flashing through the thick gloom, carried dismay into the hearts of the wretched natives, who now for the first time saw the horse and rider in all their terrors. They

made no resistance,—as indeed they had no weapons with which to make it. Every avenue to escape was closed, for the entrance to the square was choked up with the dead bodies of men who had perished in vain efforts to fly; and such was the agony of the survivors under the terrible pressure of their assailants that a large body of Indians, by their convulsive struggles, burst through the wall of stone and dried clay which formed part of the boundary of the plaza! It fell, leaving an opening of more than a hundred paces, through which multitudes now found their way into the country, still hotly pursued by the cavalry, who, leaping the fallen rubbish, hung on the rear of the fugitives, striking them down in all directions.

Meanwhile the fight, or rather massacre, continued hot around the Inca, whose person was the great object of the assault. His faithful nobles, rallying about him, threw themselves in the way of the assailants, and strove, by tearing them from their saddles, or at least by offering their own bosoms as a mark for their vengeance, to shield their beloved master. It is said by some authorities that they carried weapons concealed under their clothes. If so, it availed them little, as it is not pretended that they used them. But the most timid animal will defend itself when at bay. That the Indians did not do so in the present instance is proof that they had no weapons to use. Yet they still continued to force back the cavaliers, clinging to their horses with dying grasp, and as one was cut down, another taking the place of his fallen comrade with a loyalty truly affecting.

The Indian monarch, stunned and bewildered, saw his faithful subjects falling around him, without fully comprehending his situation. The litter on which he rode heaved to and fro, as the mighty press swayed backward and forward; and he gazed on the overwhelming ruin like some forlorn mariner, who, tossed about in his bark by the furious elements, sees the lightning's flash and hears the thunder bursting around him, with the consciousness that he can do nothing to avert his fate. At length, weary with the work of destruction, the Spaniards, as the shades of evening grew deeper, felt afraid that the royal prize might after all elude them; and some of the cavaliers made a desperate attempt to end the affray at once by taking Atahualpa's life. But Pizarro, who was nearest his person, called out with stentorian voice, "Let no one who values his life strike at the Inca;" and stretching out his arm to shield him, received a wound on

the hand from one of his own men,—the only wound received by a Spaniard in the action.

The struggle now became fiercer than ever round the royal litter. It reeled more and more; and at length, several of the nobles who supported it having been slain, it was overturned, and the Indian prince would have come with violence to the ground, had not his fall been broken by the efforts of Pizarro and some other of the cavaliers, who caught him in their arms. The imperial *borla* was instantly snatched from his temples by a soldier named Estete; and the unhappy monarch, strongly secured, was removed to a neighboring building, where he was carefully guarded.

THE PERSONAL HABITS OF PHILIP II.

From the 'History of Philip II.'

PHILIP, unlike most of his predecessors, rarely took his seat in the council of State. It was his maxim that his ministers would more freely discuss measures in the absence of their master than when he was there to overawe them. The course he adopted was for a *consulta*, or a committee of two or three members, to wait on him in his cabinet, and report to him the proceedings of the council. He more commonly, especially in the later years of his reign, preferred to receive a full report of the discussion, written so as to leave an ample margin for his own commentaries. These were eminently characteristic of the man, and were so minute as usually to cover several sheets of paper. Philip had a reserved and unsocial temper. He preferred to work alone in the seclusion of his closet rather than in the presence of others. This may explain the reason, in part, why he seemed so much to prefer writing to talking. Even with his private secretaries, who were always near at hand, he chose to communicate by writing; and they had as large a mass of his autograph notes in their possession as if the correspondence had been carried on from different parts of the kingdom. His thoughts too—at any rate his words—came slowly; and by writing he gained time for the utterance of them.

Philip has been accused of indolence. As far as the body was concerned, such an accusation was well founded. Even when young he had no fondness, as we have seen, for the robust and

chivalrous sports of the age. He never, like his father, conducted military expeditions in person. He thought it wiser to follow the example of his great-grandfather, Ferdinand the Catholic, who stayed at home and sent his generals to command his armies. As little did he like to travel,—forming too in this respect a great contrast to the Emperor. He had been on the throne before he made a visit to his great southern capital, Seville. It was a matter of complaint in Cortes that he thus withdrew himself from the eyes of his subjects. The only sport he cared for—not by any means to excess—was shooting with his gun or his crossbow such game as he could find in his own grounds at the Wood of Segovia, or Aranjuez, or some other of his pleasant country-seats, none of them at a great distance from Madrid. On a visit to such places, he would take with him as large a heap of papers as if he were a poor clerk earning his bread; and after the fatigues of the chase, he would retire to his cabinet and refresh himself with his dispatches.

It would indeed be a great mistake to charge him with sluggishness of mind. He was content to toil for hours, and long into the night, at his solitary labors. No expression of weariness or of impatience was known to escape him. A characteristic anecdote is told of him in regard to this. Having written a dispatch, late at night, to be sent on the following morning, he handed it to his secretary to throw some sand over it. This functionary, who happened to be dozing, suddenly roused himself, and snatching up the inkstand, emptied it on the paper. The King, coolly remarking that "it would have been better to use the sand," set himself down, without any complaint, to rewrite the whole of the letter. A prince so much addicted to the pen, we may well believe, must have left a large amount of autograph materials behind him. Few monarchs, in point of fact, have done so much in this way to illustrate the history of their reigns. Fortunate would it have been for the historian who was to profit by it, if the royal composition had been somewhat less diffuse, and the handwriting somewhat more legible.

Philip was an economist of time, and regulated the distribution of it with great precision. In the morning he gave audience to foreign ambassadors. He afterwards heard mass. After mass came dinner, in his father's fashion. But dinner was not an affair with Philip of so much moment as it was with Charles. He was exceedingly temperate both in eating and drinking; and

not unfrequently had his physician at his side to warn him against any provocative of the gout,—the hereditary disease which at a very early period had begun to affect his health. After a light repast he gave audience to such of his subjects as desired to present their memorials. He received the petitioners graciously, and listened to all they had to say with patience,—for that was his virtue. But his countenance was exceedingly grave,—which in truth was its natural expression; and there was a reserve in his deportment which made the boldest feel ill at ease in his presence. On such occasions he would say, “Compose yourself;”—a recommendation that had not always the tranquillizing effect intended. Once when a papal nuncio forgot, in his confusion, the address he had prepared, the King coolly remarked: “If you will bring it in writing, I will read it myself, and expedite your business.” It was natural that men of even the highest rank should be overawed in the presence of a monarch who held the destinies of so many millions in his hands, and who surrounded himself with a veil of mystery which the most cunning politician could not penetrate.

The reserve, so noticeable in his youth, increased with age. He became more difficult of access. His public audiences were much less frequent. In the summer he would escape from them altogether, by taking refuge in some one of his country places. His favorite retreat was his palace monastery of the Escorial,—then slowly rising under his patronage, and affording him an occupation congenial with his taste. He seems, however, to have sought the country not so much from the love of its beauties as for the retreat it afforded him from the town. When in the latter he rarely showed himself to the public eye, going abroad chiefly in a close carriage, and driving late so as to return to the city after dark.

Thus he lived in solitude even in the heart of his capital, knowing much less of men from his own observation than from the reports that were made to him. In availing himself of these sources of information he was indefatigable. He caused a statistical survey of Spain to be prepared for his own use. It was a work of immense labor, embracing a vast amount of curious details, such as were rarely brought together in those days. He kept his spies at the principal European courts, who furnished him with intelligence; and he was as well acquainted with what was passing in England and in France as if he had resided on

PHILIP H. REEVENING, A DELFTMAN

Photograph from a painting by S. J. van







the spot. We have seen how well he knew the smallest details of the proceedings in the Netherlands, sometimes even better than Margaret herself. He employed similar means to procure information that might be of service in making appointments to ecclesiastical and civil offices.

In his eagerness for information, his ear was ever open to accusations against his ministers; which, as they were sure to be locked up in his own bosom, were not slow in coming to him. This filled his mind with suspicions. He waited till time had proved their truth, treating the object of them with particular favor till the hour of vengeance had arrived. The reader will not have forgotten the terrible saying of Philip's own historian, "His dagger followed close upon his smile."

Even to the ministers in whom Philip appeared most to confide, he often gave but half his confidence. Instead of frankly furnishing them with a full statement of facts, he sometimes made so imperfect a disclosure that when his measures came to be taken, his counselors were surprised to find of how much they had been kept in ignorance. When he communicated to them any foreign dispatches, he would not scruple to alter the original, striking out some passages and inserting others, so as best to serve his purpose. The copy, in this garbled form, was given to the council. Such was the case with a letter of Don John of Austria, containing an account of the troubles of Genoa, the original of which, with its numerous alterations in the royal handwriting, still exists in the archives of Simancas.

But though Philip's suspicious nature prevented him from entirely trusting his ministers,—though with chilling reserve he kept at a distance even those who approached him nearest,—he was kind, even liberal, to his servants, was not capricious in his humors, and seldom if ever gave way to those sallies of passion so common in princes clothed with absolute power. He was patient to the last degree, and rarely changed his ministers without good cause. Ruy Gomez was not the only courtier who continued in the royal service to the end of his days.

Philip was of a careful, or to say truth, of a frugal disposition, which he may well have inherited from his father; though this did not, as with his father in later life, degenerate into parsimony. The beginning of his reign, indeed, was distinguished by some acts of uncommon liberality. One of these occurred at the close of Alva's campaigns in Italy, when the King presented

that commander with a hundred and fifty thousand ducats, greatly to the discontent of the Emperor. This was contrary to his usual policy. As he grew older, and the expenses of government pressed more heavily on him, he became more economical. Yet those who served him had no reason, like the Emperor's servants, to complain of their master's meanness. It was observed, however, that he was slow to recompense those who served him until they had proved themselves worthy of it. Still it was a man's own fault, says a contemporary, if he was not well paid for his services in the end.

In one particular he indulged in a most lavish expenditure. This was his household. It was formed on the Burgundian model,—the most stately and magnificent in Europe. Its peculiarity consisted in the number and quality of the members who composed it. The principal officers were nobles of the highest rank, who frequently held posts of great consideration in the State. Thus the Duke of Alva was chief major-domo; the Prince of Eboli was first gentleman of the bedchamber; the Duke of Feria was Captain of the Spanish Guard. There was the grand equerry, the grand huntsman, the chief muleteer, and a host of officers, some of whom were designated by menial titles, though nobles and cavaliers of family. There were forty pages, sons of the most illustrious houses in Castile. The whole household amounted to no less than fifteen hundred persons. The King's guard consisted of three hundred men; one-third of whom were Spaniards, one-third Flemings, and the remainder Germans.

The Queen had also her establishment on the same scale. She had twenty-six ladies-in-waiting, and among other functionaries, no less than four physicians to watch over her health.

The annual cost of the royal establishment amounted to full two hundred thousand florins. The Cortes earnestly remonstrated against this useless prodigality, beseeching the King to place his household on the modest scale to which the monarchs of Castile had been accustomed. And it seems singular that one usually so averse to extravagance and pomp should have so recklessly indulged in them here. It was one of those inconsistencies which we sometimes meet with in private life, when a man habitually careful of his expenses indulges himself in some whim which taste, or as in this case, early habits, have made him regard as indispensable. The Emperor had been careful to form the household of his son, when very young, on the Burgundian model;

and Philip, thus early trained, probably regarded it as essential to the royal dignity. . . .

It was a capital defect in Philip's administration that his love of power and his distrust of others made him desire to do everything himself,—even those things which could be done much better by his ministers. As he was slow in making up his own opinions, and seldom acted without first ascertaining those of his council, we may well understand the mischievous consequences of such delay. Loud were the complaints of private suitors, who saw month after month pass away without an answer to their petitions. The State suffered no less, as the wheels of government seemed actually to stand still under the accumulated pressure of the public business. Even when a decision did come, it often came too late to be of service; for the circumstances which led to it had wholly changed. Of this the reader has seen more than one example in the Netherlands. The favorite saying of Philip, that "time and he were a match for any other two," was a sad mistake. The time he demanded was his ruin. It was in vain that Granvelle, who at a later day came to Castile to assume the direction of affairs, endeavored in his courtly language to convince the King of his error; telling him that no man could bear up under such a load of business, which sooner or later must destroy his health, perhaps his life.

THE SPANISH MOORS PERSECUTED INTO REBELLION

From the 'History of Philip II.'

THESE impolitic edicts [forbidding the importation of African slaves by the Moors, and the possession of arms except under license] were but preludes to an ordinance of so astounding a character as to throw the whole country into a state of revolution. The apostasy of the Moriscos,—or to speak more correctly, the constancy with which they adhered to the faith of their fathers,—gave great scandal to the old Christians, especially to the clergy; and above all to its head, Don Pedro Guerrero, archbishop of Granada. This prelate seems to have been a man of an uneasy, meddling spirit, and possessed of a full share of the bigotry of his time. While in Rome, shortly before this period, he had made such a representation to Pope Pius the Fourth as drew from that pontiff a remonstrance, addressed to the Spanish government, on the spiritual condition of

the Moriscoes. Soon after, in the year 1567, a memorial was presented to the government, by Guerrero and the clergy of his diocese, in which, after insisting on the manifold backslidings of the "New Christians," as the Moriscoes were termed, they loudly called for some efficacious measures to arrest the evil. These people, they said, whatever show of conformity they might make to the requisitions of the Church, were infidels at heart. When their children were baptized, they were careful, on returning home, to wash away the traces of baptism; and after circumcising them, to give them Moorish names. In like manner, when their marriages had been solemnized with Christian rites, they were sure to confirm them afterwards by their own ceremonies, accompanied with the national songs and dances. They continued to observe Friday as a holy day; and what was of graver moment, they were known to kidnap the children of the Christians and sell them to their brethren on the coast of Barbary, where they were circumcised, and nurtured in the Mahometan religion. This last accusation, however improbable, found credit with the Spaniards, and sharpened the feelings of jealousy and hatred with which they regarded the unhappy race of Ishmael.

The memorial of the clergy received prompt attention from the government, at whose suggestion, very possibly, it had been prepared. A commission was at once appointed to examine into the matter; and their report was laid before a junta consisting of both ecclesiastics and laymen, and embracing names of the highest consideration for talent and learning in the kingdom. Among its members we find the Duke of Alva, who had not yet set out on his ominous mission to the Netherlands. At its head was Diego de Espinosa, at that time the favorite minister of Philip.

The man who was qualified for the place of grand inquisitor was not likely to feel much sympathy for the race of unbelievers. It was unfortunate for the Moriscoes that their destinies should be placed in the hands of such a minister as Espinosa. After due deliberation, the junta came to the decision that the only remedy for the present evil was to lay the axe to the root of it; to cut off all those associations which connected the Moriscoes with their earlier history, and which were so many obstacles in the way of their present conversion. It was recommended that they should be interdicted from employing the Arabic either in speaking or writing, for which they were to use only the Castilian. They were not even to be allowed to retain their family

names, but were to exchange them for Spanish ones. All written instruments and legal documents, of whatever kind, were declared to be void and of no effect unless in the Castilian. As time must be allowed for a whole people to change its language, three years were assigned as the period at the end of which this provision should take effect.

They were to be required to exchange their national dress for that of the Spaniards; and as the Oriental costume was highly ornamented, and often very expensive, they were to be allowed to wear their present clothes one year longer if of silk, and two years if of cotton,—the latter being the usual apparel of the poorer classes. The women, moreover, both old and young, were to be required, from the passage of the law, to go abroad with their faces uncovered,—a scandalous thing among Mahometans.

Their weddings were to be conducted in public, after the Christian forms; and the doors of their houses were to be left open during the day of the ceremony, that any one might enter and see that they did not have recourse to unhallowed rites. They were further to be interdicted from the national songs and dances with which they were wont to celebrate their domestic festivities. Finally, as rumors—most absurd ones—had got abroad that the warm baths which the natives were in the habit of using in their houses were perverted to licentious indulgences, they were to be required to destroy the vessels in which they bathed, and to use nothing of the kind thereafter.

These several provisions were to be enforced by penalties of the sternest kind. . . .

Such were the principal provisions of a law, which for cruelty and absurdity has scarcely a parallel in history. For what could be more absurd than the attempt by an act of legislation to work such a change in the long-established habits of a nation,—to efface those recollections of the past to which men ever cling most closely under the pressure of misfortune,—to blot out by a single stroke of the pen, as it were, not only the creed but the nationality of a people,—to convert the Moslem at once both into a Christian and into a Castilian? It would be difficult to imagine any greater outrage offered to a people than the provision compelling women to lay aside their veils,—associated as these were in every Eastern mind with the obligations of modesty; or that in regard to opening the doors of the houses, and exposing those within to the insolent gaze of every passer; or that in

relation to the baths,—so indispensable to cleanliness and comfort, especially in the warm climate of the south.

But the masterpiece of absurdity, undoubtedly, is the stipulation in regard to the Arabic language; as if by any human art a whole population, in the space of three years, could be made to substitute a foreign tongue for its own; and that too under circumstances of peculiar difficulty,—partly arising from the total want of affinity between the Semitic and the European languages, and partly from the insulated position of the Moriscoes, who in the cities had separate quarters assigned to them in the same manner as the Jews, which cut them off from intimate intercourse with the Christians. We may well doubt, from the character of this provision, whether the government had so much at heart the conversion of the Moslems as the desire to entangle them in such violations of the law as should afford a plausible pretext for driving them from the country altogether. One is strengthened in this view of the subject by the significant reply of Otadin, professor of theology at Alcalá, who, when consulted by Philip on the expediency of the ordinance, gave his hearty approbation of it by quoting the appalling Spanish proverb, "The fewer enemies the better." It was reserved for the imbecile Philip the Third to crown the disasters of his reign by the expulsion of the Moriscoes. Yet no one can doubt that it was a consummation earnestly desired by the great body of the Spaniards; who looked, as we have seen, with longing eyes to the fair territory which they possessed, and who regarded them with the feelings of distrust and aversion with which men regard those on whom they have inflicted injuries too great to be forgiven. . . .

On the appointed day the magistrates of the principal tribunals, with the corregidor of Granada at their head, went in solemn procession to the Albaicin, the quarter occupied by the Moriscoes. They marched to the sound of kettle-drums, trumpets, and other instruments; and the inhabitants, attracted by the noise and fond of novelty, came running from their houses to swell the ranks of the procession on its way to the great square of Bab el Bonat. This was an open space of large extent, where the people of Granada in ancient times used to assemble to celebrate the coronation of a new sovereign; and the towers were still standing from which the Moslem banners waved, on those days, over the heads of the shouting multitude. As the people

now gathered tumultuously around these ancient buildings, the public crier from an elevated place read, in audible tones and in the Arabic language, the royal ordinance. . . .

Some of the weaker sort gave way to piteous and passionate exclamations, wringing their hands in an agony of grief. Others, of sterner temper, broke forth into menaces and fierce invective, accompanied with the most furious gesticulations. Others again listened with that dogged, determined air which showed that the mood was not the less dangerous that it was a silent one. The whole multitude was in a state of such agitation that an accident might have readily produced an explosion which would have shaken Granada to its foundations. Fortunately there were a few discreet persons in the assembly, older and more temperate than the rest, who had sufficient authority over their countrymen to prevent a tumult. They reminded them that in their fathers' time the Emperor Charles the Fifth had consented to suspend the execution of a similar ordinance. At all events, it was better to try first what could be done by argument and persuasion. When these failed, it would be time enough to think of vengeance.

One of the older Moriscoes, a man of much consideration among his countrymen, was accordingly chosen to wait on the president and explain their views in regard to the edict. This he did at great length, and in a manner which must have satisfied any fair mind of the groundlessness of the charges brought against the Moslems, and the cruelty and impracticability of the measures proposed by the government. The president, having granted to the envoy a patient and courteous hearing, made a short and not very successful attempt to vindicate the course of the administration. He finally disposed of the whole question by declaring that "the law was too just and holy, and had been made with too much consideration, ever to be repealed; and that in fine, regarded as a question of interest, his Majesty estimated the salvation of a single soul as of greater price than all the revenues he drew from the Moriscoes." An answer like this must have effectually dispelled all thoughts of a composition such as had formerly been made with the Emperor.

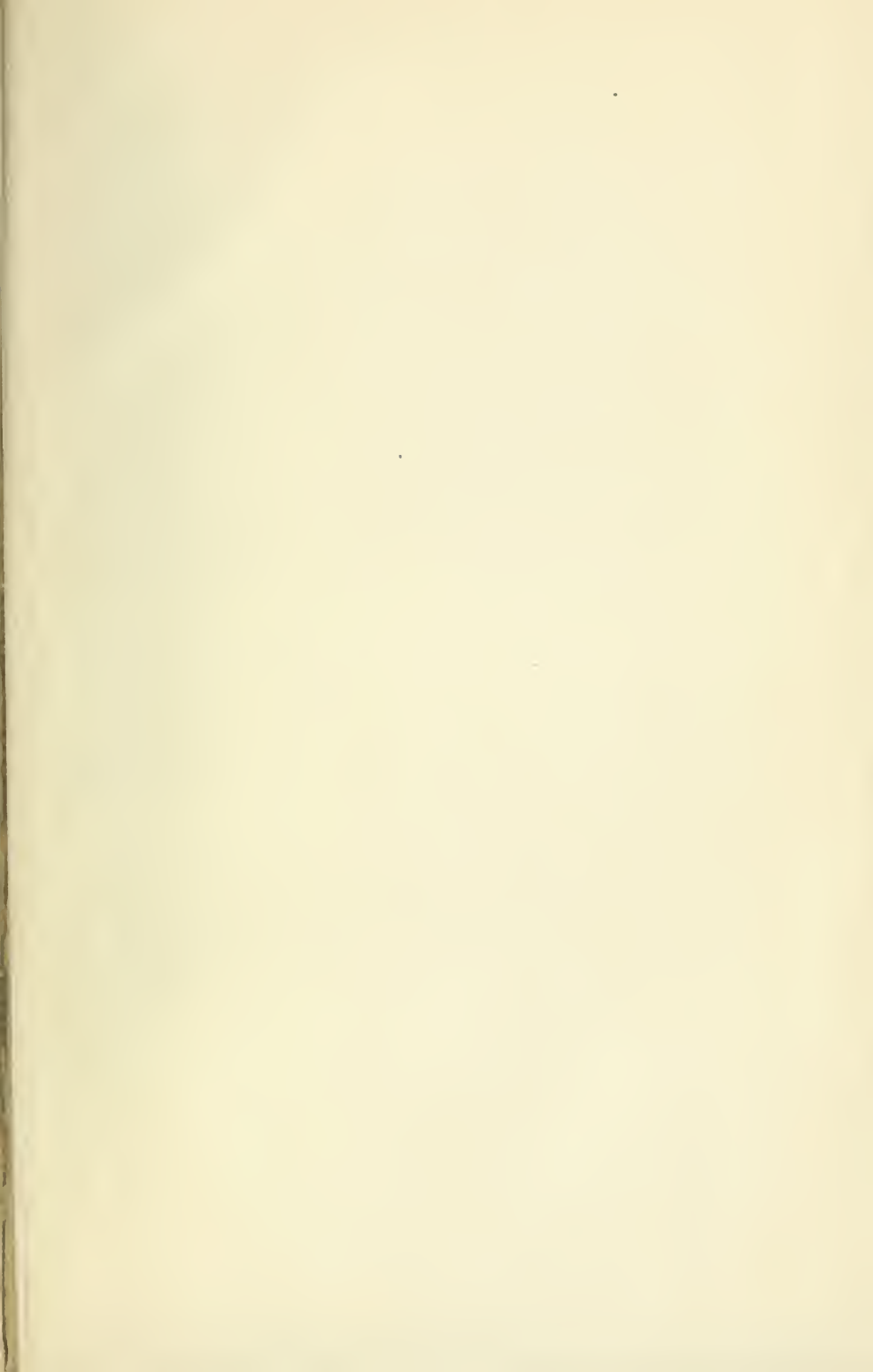
Defeated in this quarter, the Moriscoes determined to lay their remonstrance before the throne. They were fortunate in obtaining for this purpose the services of Don Juan Henriquez, a nobleman of the highest rank and consideration, who had large

estates at Beza, in the heart of Granada, and who felt a strong sympathy for the unfortunate natives. Having consented, though with much reluctance, to undertake the mission, he repaired to Madrid, obtained an audience of the King, and presented to him a memorial on behalf of his unfortunate subjects. Philip received him graciously, and promised to give all attention to the paper. "What I have done in this matter," said the King, "has been done by the advice of wise and conscientious men, who have given me to understand that it was my duty."

Shortly afterwards, Henriquez received an intimation that he was to look for his answer to the president of Castile. Espinosa, after listening to the memorial, expressed his surprise that a person of the high condition of Don Juan Henriquez should have consented to take charge of such a mission. "It was for that very reason I undertook it," replied the nobleman, "as affording me a better opportunity to be of service to the King." "It can be of no use," said the minister: "religious men have represented to his Majesty that at his door lies the salvation of these Moors; and the ordinance which has been decreed, he has determined shall be carried into effect."

Baffled in this direction, the persevering envoy laid his memorial before the councilors of State, and endeavored to interest them in behalf of his clients. In this he met with more success; and several of that body, among whom may be mentioned the Duke of Alva, and Luis de Avila the grand commander of Alcántara, whom Charles the Fifth had honored with his friendship, entered heartily into his views. But it availed little with the minister, who would not even consent to delay the execution of the ordinance until time should have been given for further inquiry; or to confine the operation of it at the outset to one or two of the provisions, in order to ascertain what would probably be the temper of the Moriscoes. Nothing would suit the peremptory humor of Espinosa but the instant execution of the law in all its details. . . .

It was clear that no door was left open to further discussion, and that under the present government no chance remained to the unfortunate Moriscoes of buying off the law by the payment of a round sum, as in the time of Charles the Fifth. All negotiations were at an end. They had only to choose between implicit obedience and open rebellion. It was not strange that they chose the latter.





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